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JOSEPH AND HIS FRIEND.

CHAPTER XI.

THERE was not much of the happy bridegroom to be seen in Joseph's face when he arose the next morning. To Philip's eyes he appeared to have suddenly grown several years older; his features had lost their boyish softness and sweetness, which would thenceforth never wholly come back again. He spoke but little, and went about his preparation with an abstracted, mechanical air, which told how much his mind was preoccupied. Philip quietly assisted, and when all was complete, led him before the mirror.

"There!" he said; "now study the general effect; I think nothing more is wanting."

"It hardly looks like myself," Joseph remarked, after a careless inspection.

"In all the weddings I have seen," said Philip, "the bridegrooms were pale and grave, the brides flushed and trembling. You will not make an exception to the rule; but it is a solemn thing, and I — don't misunderstand me, Joseph — I almost wish you were not to be married to-day."

"Philip!" Joseph exclaimed, "let me think, now, at least, — now, at the last moment, — that it is best for me! If you knew how cramped, restricted, fettered, my life has been, and how much emancipation has already come with this — this love! Perhaps my marriage is a venture, but it is one which must be made; and no consequence of it shall ever come between us!"

"No; and I ought not to have spoken a word that might imply a doubt. It may be that your emancipation, as you rightly term it, can only come in this way. My life has been so different, that I am unconsciously putting myself in your place, instead of trying to look with your eyes. When I next go to Coventry Forge, I shall drive over and dine with you, and I hope your Julia will be as ready to receive me as a friend as I am to find one in her. There is the carriage at the door, and you had better arrive a little before the appointed hour. Take only my good wishes, my prayers for your happiness, along with you, — and now, God bless you, Joseph!"

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VOL. XXV. — NO. 151.

33

The carriage rolled away. Joseph, in full wedding costume, was painfully conscious of the curious glances which fell upon him, and presently pulled down the curtains. Then, with an impatient self-reprimand, he pulled them up again, lowered the window, and let the air blow upon his hot cheeks. The house was speedily reached, and he was admitted by a festive waiter (hired for the occasion) before he had been exposed for more than five seconds to the gaze of curious eyes in all the windows around.

Mrs. Blessing, resplendent in purple, and so bedight that she seemed almost as young as her portrait, swept into the drawing-room. She inspected him rapidly, and approved, while advancing; otherwise he would scarcely have received the thin, dry kiss with which she favored him.

"It lacks half an hour," she said; "but you have the usual impatience of a bridegroom. I am accustomed to it. Mr. Blessing is still in his room; he has only just commenced arranging his cambric cravat, which is a work of time. He cannot forget that he was distinguished on an elegant tie in his youth. Clementina," — as that young lady entered the room, — "is the bride completely attired?"

"All but her gloves," replied Clementina, offering three fourths of her hand to Joseph. "And she don't know what ear-rings to wear."

"I think we might venture," Mrs. Blessing remarked, "as there seems to be no rule applicable to the case, to allow Mr. Astén a sight of his bride. Perhaps his taste might assist her in the choice."

Thereupon she conducted Joseph up stairs, and, after some preliminary whispering, he was admitted to the room. He and Julia were equally surprised at the change in each other's appearance: he older, paler, with a grave and serious bearing; she younger, brighter, rounder, fresher, and with the loveliest pink flush on her cheeks. The gloss of her hair rivalled that of the white satin which draped her form and gave

grace to its outlines; her neck and shoulders were slight, but no one could have justly called them lean; and even the thinness of her lips was forgotten in the vivid coral of their color, and the nervous life which hovered about their edges. At that moment she was certainly beautiful, and a stranger would have supposed her to be young.

She looked into Joseph's face with a smile in which some appearance of maiden shyness yet lingered. A shrewder bridegroom would have understood its meaning, and would have said, "How lovely you *are*!" Joseph, it is true, experienced a sense of relief, but he knew not why, and could not for his life have put it into words. His eyes dwelt upon and followed her, and she seemed to be satisfied with that form of recognition. Mrs. Blessing inspected the dress with a severe critical eye, pulling out a fold here and smoothing a bit of lace there, until nothing further could be detected. Then, the adornment of the victim being completed, she sat down and wept moderately.

"O ma, try to bear up!" Julia exclaimed, with the very slightest touch of impatience in her voice; "it is all to come yet."

There was a ring at the door.

"It must be your aunt," said Mrs. Blessing, drying her eyes. "My sister," she added, turning to Joseph, — Mrs. Woollish, with Mr. Woollish and their two sons and one daughter. He's in the — the leather trade, so to speak, which has thrown her into a very different circle; but, as we have no nearer relations in the city, they will be present at the ceremony. He is said to be wealthy. I have no means of knowing; but one would scarcely think so, to judge from his wedding-gift to Julia."

"Ma, why should you mention it?"

"I wish to enlighten Mr. Astén. Six pairs of shoes! — of course all of the same pattern; and the fashion may change in another year!"

"In the country we have no fashions in shoes," Joseph suggested.

"Certainly!" said Julia. "I find Un-

cle Woollish's present very practical indeed."

Mrs. Blessing looked at her daughter, and said nothing.

Mr. Blessing, very red in the face, but with triumphant cambric about his throat, entered the room, endeavoring to get his fat hands into a pair of No. 9 gloves. A strong smell of turpentine or benzine entered with him.

"Eliza," said he, "you must find me some eau de cologne. The odor left from my — my rheumatic remedy is still perceptible. Indeed, patchouly would be better, if it were not the scent peculiar to *parvenus*."

Clementina came to say that the clergyman's carriage had just reached the door, and Mr. Blessing was hurried down stairs, mopping his gloves and the collar of his coat with liquid fragrance by the way. Mrs. Blessing and Clementina presently followed.

"Julia," said Joseph when they were quite alone, "have you thought that this is for life?"

She looked up with a tender smile, but something in his face arrested it on her lips.

"I have lived ignorantly until now," he continued, — "innocently and ignorantly. From this time on I shall change more than you, and there may be, years hence, a very different Joseph Asten from the one whose name you will take to-day. If you love me with the love I claim from you, — the love that grows with and through all new knowledge and experience, — there will be no discord in our lives. We must both be liberal and considerate towards each other; it has been but a short time since we met, and we have still much to learn."

"O Joseph!" she murmured, in a tone of gentle reproach, "I knew your nature at first sight."

"I hope you did," he answered gravely, "for then you will be able to see its needs, and help me to supply them. But, Julia, there must not the shadow of concealment come between us: nothing must be reserved. I understand no love that does not include

perfect trust. I must draw nearer, and be drawn nearer to you, constantly, or —"

He paused; it was no time to utter the further sentence in his mind. Julia glided to him, clasped her arms about his waist, and laid her head against his shoulder. Although she said nothing, the act was eloquent. It expressed acquiescence, trust, fidelity, the surrender of her life to his, and no man in his situation could have understood it otherwise. A tenderness, which seemed to be the something hitherto lacking to his love, crept softly over his heart, and the lurking unrest began to fade from his face.

There was a rustle on the stairs; Clementina and Miss Woollish made their appearance. "Mr. Bogue has arrived," whispered the former, "and ma thinks you should come down soon. Are you entirely ready? I don't think you need the salts, Julia; but you might carry the bottle in your left hand: brides are expected to be nervous."

She gave a light laugh, like the purl and bubble of a brook, but Joseph shrank, with an inward chill, from the sound.

"So! shall we go? Fanny and I — (I beg pardon; Mr. Asten — Miss Woollish) — will lead the way. We will stand a little in the rear, not beside you, as there are no groomsmen. Remember, the farther end of the room!"

They rustled slowly downward, in advance, and the bridal pair followed. The clergyman, Mr. Bogue, suddenly broke off in the midst of an oracular remark about the weather, and, standing in the centre of the room, awaited them. The other members of the two families were seated, and very silent.

Joseph heard the introductory remarks, the ceremony, and the final benediction as in a dream. His lips opened mechanically, and a voice which did not exactly seem to be his own uttered the "I will!" at the proper time; yet, in recalling the experience afterwards, he was unable to decide whether any definite thought or memory or hope had passed through his mind. From his

entrance into the room until his hand was violently shaken by Mr. Blessing there was a blank.

Of course there were tears, but the beams of congratulation shone through them, and they saddened nobody. Miss Fanny Woollish assured the bridal pair, in an audible whisper, that she had never seen a *sweeter* wedding; and her mother, a stout, homely little body, confirmed the opinion with, "Yes, you both did beautifully!" Then the marriage certificate was produced and signed, and the company partook of wine and refreshments to strengthen them for the reception.

Until there had been half a dozen arrivals, Mrs. Blessing moved about restlessly, and her eyes wandered to the front window. Suddenly three or four carriages came rattling together up the street, and Joseph heard her whisper to her husband: "There they are! it will be a success!" It was not long before the little room was uncomfortably crowded, and the presentations followed so rapidly that Joseph soon became bewildered. Julia, however, knew and welcomed every one with the most bewitching grace, being rewarded with kisses by the gorgeous young ladies and compliments by the young men with weak mouths and retreating chins.

In the midst of the confusion Mr. Blessing, with a wave of his hand, presented "Mr. Collector Twining" and "Mr. Surveyor Knob" and "Mr. Appraiser Gerrish," all of whom greeted Joseph with a bland, almost affectionate, cordiality. The door of the dining-room was then thrown open, and the three dignitaries accompanied the bridal pair to the table. Two servants rapidly whisked the champagne-bottles from a cooling-tub in the adjoining closet, and Mr. Blessing commenced stirring and testing a huge bowl of punch. Collector Twining made a neat little speech, proposing the health of bride and bridegroom, with a pun upon the former's name, which was received with as much delight as if it had never been heard before. Therefore Mr. Sur-

veyor Knob repeated it in giving the health of the bride's parents. The enthusiasm of the company not having diminished, Mr. Appraiser Gerrish improved the pun in a third form, in proposing "the Ladies." Then Mr. Blessing, although his feelings overcame him, and he was obliged to use a handkerchief smelling equally of benzine and eau de cologne, responded, introducing the collector's and surveyor's names with an ingenuity which was accepted as the inspiration of genius. His peroration was especially admired.

"On this happy occasion," he said, "the elements of national power and prosperity are represented. My son-in-law, Mr. Astin, is a noble specimen of the agricultural population,—the free American yeomanry; my daughter, if I may be allowed to say it in the presence of so many bright eyes and blooming cheeks, is a representative child of the city, which is the embodiment of the nation's action and enterprise. The union of the two is the movement of our life. The city gives to the country as the ocean gives the cloud to the mountain-springs: the country gives to the city as the streams flow back to the ocean. ["Admirable!" Mr. Collector Twining exclaimed.] Then we have, as our highest honor, the representatives of the political system under which city and country flourish alike. The wings of our eagle must be extended over this fortunate house to-day, for here are the strong Claws which seize and guard its treasures!"

The health of the Claws was enthusiastically drunk. Mr. Blessing was congratulated on his eloquence; the young gentlemen begged the privilege of touching their glasses to his, and every touch required that the contents be replenished; so that the bottom of the punch-bowl was nearly reached before the guests departed.

When Joseph came down in his travelling-dress, he found the drawing-room empty of the crowd; but leaves, withered flowers, crumbs of cake and crumpled cards, scattered over the carpet,

indicated what had taken place. In the dining-room Mr. Blessing, with his cravat loosened, was smoking a cigar at the open window.

"Come, son-in-law!" he cried; "take another glass of punch before you start."

Joseph declined, on the plea that he was not accustomed to the beverage.

"Nothing could have gone off better!" said Mr. Blessing. "The collector was delighted: by the by, you're to go to the St. Jerome, when you get to New York this evening. He telegraphed to have the bridal-chamber reserved for you. Tell Julia: she won't forget it. That girl has a deuced sharp intellect: if you'll be guided by her in your operations—"

"Pa, what are you saying about me?" Julia asked, hastily entering the room.

"Only that you have a deuced sharp intellect, and to-day proves it. Asten is one of us now, and I may tell him of his luck."

He winked and laughed stupidly, and Joseph understood and obeyed his wife's appealing glance. He went to his mother-in-law in the drawing-room.

Julia lightly and swiftly shut the door. "Pa," she said, in a strong, angry whisper; "if you are not able to talk coherently, you must keep your tongue still. What will Joseph think of me, to hear you?"

"What he'll think anyhow, in a little while," he doggedly replied. "Julia, you have played a keen game, and played it well; but you don't know much of men yet. He'll not always be the innocent, white-nosed lamb he is now, nibbling the posies you hold out to him. Wait till he asks for stronger feed, and see whether he'll follow you!"

She was looking on the floor, pale and stern. Suddenly one of her gloves burst, across the back of the hand. "Pa," she then said, "it's very cruel to say such things to me, now when I'm leaving you."

"So it is!" he exclaimed, tearfully contrite; "I am a wretch! They

flattered my speech so much,—the collector was so impressed by me,—and said so many pleasant things, that—I don't feel quite steady. Don't forget the St. Jerome; the bridal-chamber is ordered, and I'll see that Mumm writes a good account for the 'Evening Mercury.' I wish you could be here to remember my speech for me. O, I shall miss you! I shall miss you!"

With these words, and his arm lovingly about his daughter, they joined the family. The carriage was already at the door, and the coachman was busy with the travelling-trunks. There were satchels, and little packages,—an astonishing number it seemed to Joseph,—to be gathered together, and then the farewells were said.

As they rolled through the streets towards the station, Julia laid her head upon her husband's shoulder, drew a long, deep breath, and said: "Now all our obligations to society are fulfilled, and we can rest awhile. For the first time in my life I am a free woman,—and you have liberated me!"

He answered her in glad and tender words; he was equally grateful that the exciting day was over. But, as they sped away from the city through the mellow October landscapes, Philip's earnest, dark gray eyes, warm with more than brotherly love, haunted his memory, and he knew that Philip's faithful thoughts followed him.

CHAPTER XII.

THERE are some days when the sun comes slowly up, filling the vapory air with diffused light, in advance of his coming; when the earth grows luminous in the broad, breezeless morning; when nearer objects shine and sparkle, and the distances melt into dim violet and gold; when the vane points to the southwest, and the blood of man feels neither heat nor cold, but only the freshness of that perfect temperature, wherein the limits of the body are lost, and the pulses of its life beat in all the life of the world. But ere-long the haze, instead of thinning into

blue, gradually thickens into gray; the vane creeps southward, swinging to southeast in brief, rising flaws of the air; the horizon darkens; the enfranchised life of the spirit creeps back to its old isolation, shorn of all its rash delight, and already foreboding the despondency which comes with the east wind and the chilly rains.

Some such variation of the atmospheric influences attended Joseph Asten's wedding-travel. The mellow, magical glory of his new life diminished day by day; the blue of his sky became colder and grayer. Yet he could not say that his wife had changed: she was always ready with her smiles, her tender phrases, her longings for quiet and rest, and simple, natural life, away from the conventionalities and claims of Society. But, even as, looking into the pale, tawny-brown of her eyes, he saw no changing depth below the hard, clear surface, so it also seemed with her nature; he painfully endeavored to penetrate beyond expressions, the repetition of which it was hard not to find tiresome, and to reach some spring of character or feeling; yet he found nothing. It was useless to remember that he had been content with those expressions before marriage, had given them his own eager interpretation, independent of her will and knowledge; that his duty to her remained the same, for she had not deceived him.

On the other hand, she was as tender and affectionate as he could desire. Indeed, he would often have preferred a less artless manifestation of her fondness; but she playfully insisted on his claiming the best quarters at every stopping-place, on the ground of their bridal character, and was sometimes a little petulant when she fancied that they had not been sufficiently honored. Joseph would have willingly escaped the distinction, allowing himself to be confounded with the prosaic multitude, but she would not permit him to try the experiment.

"The newly married are always detected," she would say, "and they are

only laughed at when they try to seem like old couples. Why not be frank and honest, and meet half-way the sympathy which I am sure everybody has for us?"

To this he could make no reply, except that it was not agreeable to exact a special attention.

"But it is our right!" was her answer.

In every railway-car they entered she contrived, in a short time, to impress the nature of their trip upon the other travellers; yet it was done with such apparent unconsciousness, such innocent, impulsive manifestations of her happiness in him, that he could not, in his heart, charge her with having intentionally brought upon him the discomfort of being curiously observed. He could have accustomed himself to endure the latter, had it been inevitable; the suspicion that he owed it to her made it an increasing annoyance. Yet, when the day's journey was over, and they were resting together in their own private apartment, she would bring a stool to his feet, lay her head on his knee, and say: "Now we can talk as we please,—there are none watching and listening."

At such times he was puzzled to guess whether some relic of his former nervous shyness were not remaining, and had made him over-sensitive to her ways. The doubt gave him an additional power of self-control; he resolved to be more slow and cautious of judgment, and observe men and women more carefully than he had been wont to do. Julia had no suspicion of what was passing in his mind: she took it for granted that his nature was still as shallow and transparent as when she first came in contact with it.

After nearly a fortnight this flying life came to an end. They returned to the city for a day, before going home to the farm. The Blessing mansion received them with a hearty welcome, yet, in spite of it, a depressing atmosphere seemed to fill the house. Mrs. Blessing looked pinched and care-worn, Clementina discontented, and Mr. Blessing as

melancholy as was possible to so buoyant a politician.

"What's the matter? I hope pa has n't lost his place," Julia remarked in an undertone to her mother.

"Lost my place!" Mr. Blessing exclaimed aloud; "I'd like to see how the collection of customs would go on without me. But a man may keep his place, and yet lose his house and home."

Clementina vanished, Mrs. Blessing followed, with her handkerchief to her eyes, and Julia hastened after them, crying: "Ma! dear ma!"

"It's only on *their* account," said Mr. Blessing, pointing after them and speaking to Joseph. "A plucky man never desponds, sir, but women, you'll find, are upset by every reverse."

"May I ask what has happened?"

"A delicate regard for you," Mr. Blessing replied, "would counsel me to conceal it, but my duty as your father-in-law leaves me no alternative. Our human feelings prompt us to show only the bright side of life to those whom we love; principle, however, conscience, commands us not to suppress the shadows. I am but one out of the many millions of victims of mistaken judgment. The case is simply this: I will omit certain legal technicalities touching the disposition of property, which may not be familiar to you, and state the facts in the most intelligible form; securities which I placed as collaterals for the loan of a sum, not a very large amount, have been very unexpectedly depreciated, but only temporarily so, as all the market knows. If I am forced to sell them, at such an untoward crisis, I lose the largest part of my limited means; if I retain them they will ultimately recover their full value."

"Then why not retain them?" Joseph asked.

"The sum advanced upon them must be repaid, and it so happens—the market being very tight—that every one of my friends is short. Of course, where their own paper is on the street, I can't ask them to float mine for three

months longer, which is all that is necessary. A good indorsement is the extent of my necessity; for any one who is familiar with the aspects of the market can see that there must be a great rebound before three months."

"If it were not a very large amount," Joseph began.

"Only a thousand! I know what you were going to say: it is perfectly natural: I appreciate it, because, if our positions were reversed, I should have done the same thing. But, although it is a mere form, a temporary fiction, which has the force of reality, and, therefore, so far as you are concerned, I should feel entirely easy, yet it might subject me to very dishonoring suspicions! It might be said that I had availed myself of your entrance into my family to beguile you into pecuniary entanglements; the amount might be exaggerated, the circumstances misrepresented,—no, no! rather than that, let me make the sacrifice like a man! I'm no longer young, it is true, but the feeling that I stand on principle will give me strength to work."

"On the other hand, Mr. Blessing," said Joseph, "very unpleasant things might be said of me, if I should permit you to suffer so serious a loss, when my assistance would prevent it."

"I don't deny it. You have made a two-horned dilemma out of a one-sided embarrassment. Would that I had kept the secret in my own breast! The temptation is strong, I confess: for the mere use of your name for a few months is all I should require. Either the securities will rise to their legitimate value, or some of the capitalists with whom I have dealings will be in a position to accommodate me. I have frequently tided over similar snags and sand-bars in the financial current; they are familiar even to the most skillful operators,—navigators, I might say, to carry out the figure,—and this is an instance where an additional inch of water will lift me from wreck to flood-tide. The question is, should I allow what I feel to be a just principle, a natural suggestion of delicacy, to inter-

vene between my necessity and your generous proffer of assistance?"

"Your family—" Joseph began.

"I know! I know!" Mr. Blessing cried, leaning his head upon his hand. "There is my vulnerable point,—my heel of Achilles! There would be no alternative,—better sell this house than have my paper dishonored! Then, too, I feel that this is a turning-point in my fortunes: if I can squeeze through this narrow pass, I shall find a smooth road beyond. It is not merely the sum which is at stake, but the future possibilities into which it expands. Should I crush the seed while it is germinating? Should I tear up the young tree, with an opening fruit-bud on every twig? You see the considerations that sway me: unless you withdraw your most generous proffer, what can I do but yield, and accept it?"

"I have no intention of withdrawing it," Joseph answered, taking his words literally; "I made the offer freely and willingly. If my indorsement is all that is necessary now, I can give it at once."

Mr. Blessing grasped him by the hand, winked hard three or four times, and turned away his head without speaking. Then he drew a large leather pocket-book from his breast, opened it, and produced a printed promissory note.

"We will make it payable at your county bank," said he, "because your name is known there, and upon acceptance—which can be procured in two days—the money will be drawn here. Perhaps we had better say four months, in order to cover all contingencies."

He went to a small writing-desk, at the farther end of the room, and filled the blanks in the note, which Joseph then indorsed. When it was safely lodged in his breast-pocket, he said: "We will keep this entirely to ourselves. My wife, let me whisper to you, is very proud and sensitive, although the De l'Hotels (Doolittles now) were never quite the equals of the De Belsains; but women see matters in a different light. They can't understand the accommodation of a name,

but fancy that it implies a kind of humiliation, as if one were soliciting charity."

He laughed and rubbed his hands. "I shall soon be in a position," he said, "to render you a favor in return. My long experience, and, I may add, my intimate knowledge of the financial field, enables me to foresee many splendid opportunities. There are, just now, some movements which are not yet perceptible on the surface. Mark my words! we shall shortly have a new excitement, and a cool, well-seasoned head is a fortune at such times."

"In the country," Joseph replied, "we only learn enough to pay off our debts and invest our earnings. We are in the habit of moving slowly and cautiously. Perhaps we miss opportunities; but if we don't see them, we are just as contented as if they had not been. I have enough for comfort, and try to be satisfied."

"Inherited ideas! They belong to the community in which you live. Are you satisfied with your neighbors' ways of living and thinking? I do not mean to disparage them, but have you no desire to rise above their level? Money,—as I once said at a dinner given to a distinguished railroad man,—money is the engine which draws individuals up the steepest grades of society; it is the lubricating oil which makes the truck of life run easy; it is the safety-break which renders collision and wreck impossible! I have long been accustomed to consider it in the light of power, not of property, and I classify men according as they take one or the other view. The latter are misers; but the former, sir, are philosophers!"

Joseph scarcely knew how to answer this burst of eloquence. But there was no necessity for it; the ladies entered the room at that moment, each one, in her own way, swiftly scrutinizing the two gentlemen. Mrs. Blessing's face lost its woe-worn expression, while a gleam of malicious satisfaction passed over Clementina's.

The next day, on their journey to

the country, Julia suddenly said, "I am sure, Joseph, that pa made use of your generosity; pray don't deny it!"

There was the faintest trace of hardness in her voice, which he interpreted as indicating dissatisfaction with his failure to confide the matter to her.

"I have no intention of denying anything, Julia," he answered. "I was not called upon to exercise generosity; it was simply what your father would term an 'accommodation'?"

"I understand. How much?"

"An indorsement of his note for a thousand dollars, which is little, when it will prevent him from losing valuable securities."

Julia was silent for at least ten minutes; then, turning towards him with a sternness which she vainly endeavored to conceal under a "wreathed smile," she said: "In future, Joseph, I hope you will always consult me in any pecuniary venture. I may not know much about such matters, but it is my duty to learn. I have been obliged to hear a great deal of financial talk from pa and his friends, and could not help guessing some things which I think I can apply for your benefit. We are to have no secrets from each other, you know."

His own words! After all, what she said was just and right, and he could not explain to himself why he should feel annoyed. Perhaps he missed a frank expression of delight in the assistance he had so promptly given; but why should he suspect that it was unwelcome to her? He tried to banish the feeling, to hide it under self-reproach and shame, but it clung to him most uncomfortably.

Nevertheless, he forgot everything in the pleasure of the homeward drive from the station. The sadness of late autumn lay upon the fields, but spring already said, "I am coming!" in the young wheat; the houses looked warm and cosy behind their sheltering fir-trees; cattle still grazed on the meadows, and the corn was not yet deserted by the huskers. The sun gave a bright edge to the sombre colors of the land-

scape, and to Joseph's eyes it was beautiful as never before. Julia leaned back in the carriage, and complained of the cold wind.

"There!" cried Joseph, as a view of the valley opened below them, with the stream flashing like steel between the leafless sycamores,—"there is home-land! Do you know where to look for our house?"

Julia made an effort, leaned forward, smiled, and pointed silently across the shoulder of a hill to the eastward. "You surely didn't suppose I *could* forget," she murmured.

Rachel Miller awaited them at the gate, and Julia had no sooner alighted than she flung herself into her arms. "Dear Aunt Rachel!" she cried: "you must now take my mother's place; I have *so* much to learn from you! It is doubly a home since you are here. I feel that we shall all be happy together!"

Then there were kisses, of which Joseph received his share, and the first evening lapsed away in perfect harmony. Everything was delightful; the room, the furniture, the meal, even the roar of the wind in the dusky trees. While Julia lay in the cushioned rocking-chair, Rachel gave her nephew an account of all that had been done on the farm; but Joseph only answered her from the surface of his mind. Under the current of his talk ran a graver thought, which said: "You wanted independence and a chance of growth for your life; you fancied they would come in this form. Lo, now! here are the conditions which you desired to establish; from this hour begins the new life of which you dreamed. Whether you have been wise or rash, you can change nothing. You are limited, as before, though within a different circle. You may pace it to its fullest extent, but all the lessons you have yet learned require you to be satisfied within it."

CHAPTER XIII.

THE autumn lapsed into winter, and the household on the Astén farm began

to share the isolation of the season. There had been friendly visits from all the nearest neighbors and friends, followed by return visits, and invitations which Julia willingly accepted. She was very amiable, and took pains to confirm the favorable impression which she knew she had made in the summer. Everybody remarked how she had improved in appearance, how round and soft her neck and shoulders, how bright and fresh her complexion. She thanked them, with many grateful expressions to which they were not accustomed, for their friendly reception, which she looked upon as an adoption into their society; but at home, afterwards, she indulged in criticisms of their manners and habits which were not always friendly. Although these were given in a light, playful tone, and it was sometimes impossible not to be amused, Rachel Miller always felt uncomfortable when she heard them.

Then came quiet, lonely days, and Julia, weary of her idle life, undertook to master the details of the housekeeping. She went from garret to cellar, inspecting every article in closet and pantry, wondering much, censuring occasionally, and only praising a little when she found that Rachel was growing tired and irritable. Although she made no material changes, it was soon evident that she had very stubborn views of her own upon many points, and possessed a marked tendency for what the country people call "nearness." Little by little she diminished the bountiful, free-handed manner of provision which had been the habit of the house. One could not say that anything needful was lacking, and Rachel would hardly have been dissatisfied, had she not felt that the innovation was an indirect blame.

In some directions Julia seemed the reverse of "near," persuading Joseph into expenditures which the people considered very extravagant. When the snow came, his new and elegant sleigh, with the wolf-skin robe, the silver-mounted harness, and the silver-

sounding bells, was the envy of all the young men, and an abomination to the old. It was a splendor which he could easily afford, and he did not grudge her the pleasure; yet it seemed to change his relation to the neighbors, and some of them were very free in hinting that they felt it so. It would be difficult to explain why they should resent this or any other slight departure from their fashions, but such had always been their custom.

In a few days the snow vanished and a tiresome season of rain and thaw succeeded. The southeastern winds, blowing from the Atlantic across the intervening lowlands, rolled interminable gray masses of fog over the hills and blurred the scenery of the valley; dripping trees, soaked meadows, and sodden leaves were the only objects that detached themselves from the general void, and became in turn visible to those who travelled the deep, quaking roads. The social intercourse of the neighborhood ceased perforce, though the need of it were never so great: what little of the main highway down the valley was visible from the windows appeared to be deserted.

Julia, having exhausted the resources of the house, insisted on acquainting herself with the barn and everything thereto belonging. She laughingly asserted that her education as a farmer's wife was still very incomplete; she must know the amount of the crops, the price of grain, the value of the stock, the manner of work, and whatever else was necessary to her position. Although she made many pretty blunders, it was evident that her apprehension was unusually quick, and that whatever she acquired was fixed in her mind as if for some possible future use. She never wearied of the most trivial details, while Joseph, on the other hand, would often have willingly shortened his lessons. His mind was singularly disturbed between the desire to be gratified by her curiosity, and the fact that its eager and persistent character made him uncomfortable.

When an innocent, confiding nature

begins to suspect that its confidence has been misplaced, the first result is a preternatural stubbornness to admit the truth. The clearest impressions are resisted, or half consciously misinterpreted, with the last force of an illusion which already foresees its own overthrow. Joseph eagerly clung to every look and word and action which confirmed his sliding faith in his wife's sweet and simple character, and repelled — though a deeper instinct told him that a day would come when it *must* be admitted — the evidence of her coldness and selfishness. Yet, even while almost fiercely asserting to his own heart that he had every reason to be happy, he was consumed with a secret fever of unrest, doubt, and dread.

The horns of the growing moon were still turned downwards, and cold, dreary rains were poured upon the land. Julia's patience, in such straits, was wonderful, if the truth had been known, but she saw that some change was necessary for both of them. She therefore proposed, not what she most desired, but what her circumstances prescribed, — a visit from her sister Clementina. Joseph found the request natural enough: it was an infliction, but one which he had anticipated; and after the time had been arranged by letter, he drove to the station to meet the westward train from the city.

Clementina stepped upon the platform, so cloaked and hooded that he only recognized her by the deliberate grace of her movements. She extended her hand, giving him a cordial pressure, which was explained by the brass baggage-checks thus transferred to his charge.

"I will wait in the ladies' room," was all she said.

At the same moment Joseph's arm was grasped.

"What a lucky chance!" exclaimed Philip: then, suddenly pausing in his greeting, he lifted his hat and bowed to Clementina, who nodded slightly as she passed into the room.

"Let me look at you!" Philip re-

sumed, laying his hands on Joseph's shoulders. Their eyes met and lingered, and Joseph felt the blood rise to his face, as Philip's gaze sank more deeply into his heart and seemed to fathom its hidden trouble; but presently Philip smiled and said: "I scarcely knew, until this moment, that I had missed you so much, Joseph!"

"Have you come to stay?" Joseph asked.

"I think so. The branch railway down the valley, which you know was projected, is to be built immediately; but there are other reasons why the furnaces should be in blast. If it is possible, the work — and my settlement with it — will begin without any further delay. Is she your first family visit?"

He pointed towards the station.

"She will be with us a fortnight; but you will come, Philip?"

"To be sure!" Philip exclaimed. "I only saw her face indistinctly through the veil, but her nod said to me, 'A nearer approach is not objectionable.' Certainly, Miss Blessing; but with all the conventional forms, if you please!"

There was something of scorn and bitterness in the laugh which accompanied these words, and Joseph looked at him with a puzzled air.

"You may as well know now," Philip whispered, "that when I was a spoony youth of twenty, I very nearly imagined myself in love with Miss Clementina Blessing, and she encouraged my greenness until it spread as fast as a bamboo or a gourd-vine. Of course, I've long since congratulated myself that she cut me up, root and branch, when our family fortune was lost. The awkwardness of our intercourse is all on her side. Can she still have faith in her charms and my youth, I wonder? Ye gods! that would be a lovely conclusion of the comedy!"

Joseph could only join in the laugh as they parted. There was no time to reflect upon what had been said. Clementina, nevertheless, assumed a new interest in his eyes; and as he drove her towards the farm, he could not avoid connecting her with Philip, in

his thoughts. She, too, was evidently preoccupied with the meeting, for Philip's name soon floated to the surface of their conversation.

"I expect a visit from him soon," said Joseph. As she was silent, he ventured to add: "You have no objections to meeting with him, I suppose?"

"Mr. Held is still a gentleman, I believe," Clementina replied, and then changed the subject of conversation.

Julia flew at her sister with open arms, and showered on her a profusion of kisses, all of which were received with perfect serenity, Clementina merely saying, as soon as she could get breath: "Dear me, Julia, I scarcely recognize you! You are already so countrified!"

Rachel Miller, although a woman, and, notwithstanding her recent experience, found herself greatly bewildered by this new apparition. Clementina's slow, deliberate movements and her even-toned, musical utterance impressed her with a certain respect; yet the qualities of character they suggested never manifested themselves. On the contrary, the same words, in any other mouth, would have often expressed malice or heartlessness. Sometimes she heard her own homely phrases repeated, as if by the most unconscious, purposeless imitation, and had Julia either smiled or appeared annoyed, her suspicions might have been excited; as it was, she was constantly and sorely puzzled.

Once, only, and for a moment, the two masks were slightly lifted. At dinner, Clementina, who had turned the conversation upon the subject of birthdays, suddenly said to Joseph: "By the way, Mr. Astén, has Julia told you her age?"

Julia gave a little start, but presently looked up, with an expression meant to be artless.

"I knew it before we were married," Joseph quietly answered.

Clementina bit her lip. Julia, concealing her surprise, flashed a triumphant glance at her sister, then a ten-

der one at Joseph, and said: "We will both let the old birthdays go, we will only have one and the same anniversary from this time on!"

Joseph felt, through some natural magnetism of his nature rather than from any perceptible evidence, that Clementina was sharply and curiously watching the relation between himself and his wife. He had no fear of her detecting misgivings which were not yet acknowledged to himself, but was instinctively on his guard in her presence.

It was not many days before Philip called. Julia received him cordially, as the friend of her husband, while Clementina bowed with an impassive face, without rising from her seat. Philip, however, crossed the room and gave her his hand, saying cheerily: "We used to be old friends, Miss Blessing. You have not forgotten me?"

"We cannot forget when we have been asked to do so," she warbled.

Philip took a chair. "Eight years!" he said: "I am the only one who has changed in that time."

Julia looked at her sister, but the latter was apparently absorbed in comparing some zephyr tints.

"The whirligig of time!" he exclaimed: "who can foresee anything? Then I was an ignorant, petted young aristocrat,—an expectant heir; now behold me, working among miners and puddlers and forgemen! It's a rough but wholesome change. Would you believe it, Mrs. Astén, I've forgotten the mazurka!"

"I wish to forget it," Julia replied: "the spring-house is as important to me as the furnace to you."

"Have you seen the Hopetons lately?" Clementina asked.

Joseph saw a shade pass over Philip's face, and he seemed to hesitate a moment before answering: "I hear they will be neighbors of mine next summer. Mr. Hopeton is interested in the new branch down the valley, and has purchased the old Calvert property for a country residence."

"Indeed? Then you will often see them."

"I hope so: they are very agreeable people. But I shall also have my own little household: my sister will probably join me."

"Not Madeline!" exclaimed Julia.

"Madeline," Philip answered. "It has long been her wish, as well as mine. You know the little cottage on the knoll, at Coventry, Joseph! I have taken it for a year."

"There will be quite a city society," murmured Clementina, in her sweetest tones. "You will need no commiseration, Julia. Unless, indeed, the country people succeed in changing you all into their own likeness. Mrs. Hope-ton will certainly create a sensation. I am told that she is very extravagant, Mr. Held?"

"I have never seen her husband's bank account," said Philip, dryly.

He rose presently, and Joseph accompanied him to the lane. Philip, with the bridle-rein over his arm, delayed to mount his horse, while the mechanical commonplaces of speech which, somehow, always absurdly come to the lips when graver interests have possession of the heart, were exchanged by the two. Joseph felt, rather than

saw, that Philip was troubled. Presently the latter said: "Something is coming over both of us, — not between us. I thought I should tell you a little more, but perhaps it is too soon. If I guess rightly, neither of us is ready. Only this, Joseph, let us each think of the other as a help and a support!"

"I do, Philip!" Joseph answered. "I see there is some influence at work which I do not understand, but I am not impatient to know what it is. As for myself, I seem to know nothing at all; but you can judge, — you see all there is."

Even as he pronounced these words Joseph felt that they were not strictly sincere, and almost expected to find an expression of reproof in Philip's eyes. But no: they softened until he only saw a pitying tenderness. Then he knew that the doubts which he had resisted with all the force of his nature were clearly revealed to Philip's mind.

They shook hands, and parted in silence; and Joseph, as he looked up to the gray blank of heaven asked himself: "Is this all? Has my life already taken the permanent imprint of its future?"

LOST ART.

WHEN I was young and light of heart
 I made sad songs with easy art:
 Now I am sad, and no more young,
 My sorrow cannot find a tongue.

Ah, Muses, since I may not sing
 Of death, or any bitter thing,
 Teach me some joyous strain, that I
 May mock my youth's hypocrisy!

SIGNS AND SHOW-CASES IN NEW YORK.

OF all great cities in the civilized world, New York is, perhaps, the most destitute as regards public statues and works of monumental art in general. To be sure, it has its colossal equestrian Washington in Union Square, a work characterized by a certain amount of massive dignity, but lost for want of vista, its bronze contour looming against no patch of sky, and being confounded with, rather than relieved by, the sombre walls of the houses that form its background. As for the red-stone abomination in the City Hall Park, libellously stated to be a presentment of, the Father of his Country, it is unworthy to figure even on the roll of "signs," and I here dismiss it without another word. Central Park is beginning to acquire works of sculpture. Schiller, intellectual in stove-metal, gazes out there upon the swans "floating double" on the lake. By and by Ward's Shakespeare will take up his position upon the Mall; and a gigantic bust in bronze of William Cullen Bryant, intended for one of the lawns, has been executed by the sculptor Launt Thompson. But it will be some time before statues become a feature of New York and its parks; and this paper is to deal only with the present of the Empire City, and with such art as is daily displayed in the emblematical devices of its bustling streets.

In default of sculptured monuments, then, and statues of distinguished persons, there is compensation for New York in the endless number and variety of signs and show-cases with which its streets are furnished. Just now a movement is on foot for the removal of many of the most obtrusive of these. The show-cases, especially, are deemed to be an obstruction to pedestrians, and a temptation to theft; but rent is paid to the city authorities, as I am told, for the spaces occupied by some of these, and such will probably be per-

mitted to remain. It is likely, nevertheless, that a general sweep will be made, ere long, of the most remarkable emblems, devices, and show-cases hitherto set out by the several trades, and on this account some record of them will be interesting to such persons as may survive their loss.

The old traditional sign-boards, such as are yet to be seen in every country town and village of England, and swinging in front of the roadside inns, are now but rarely found in the city of New York. In the suburbs a few of them may be seen, and they are yet occasional features along the rural roads of Long Island, and elsewhere in the vicinity of the city. Not long since, indeed, there was, in the Bowery, a very fair version of the time-honored Pig and Whistle: an improved version, too, for the musical porker was not represented blowing upon a mere common whistle, as in the old tavern sign, but absolutely performing (that is the proper word) upon a very complete flageolet fitted with all the modern "attachments." But the premises to which this sign was affixed were some years ago destroyed by fire, and the musical porker became roast pig according to the original recipe of Charles Lamb.

Tradition being but little revered here, attempts to maintain the old-time sign-boards in New York have generally been unsuccessful. The man who would erect over his doorway a Green Man and Still, for instance, or a Bag o' Nails Dancing, would be set down as an old fogey and very much behind the age. A ludicrous instance of failure to bring an old sign into favor occurred in the Bowery a few years since. There came a stout, red-faced Englishman, of the pot-companion type, who opened in that thoroughfare a small alehouse on the English plan. He adopted for his sign the Goose and Gridiron, an emblem often to be seen

swinging from the sign-posts of English hostleries. Presently it got abroad among the alert youths of the Bowery that there was a covert sting in this,—that the perfidious British tapster, in fact, meant the sign for a satire upon the bird of Freedom and its ribbed shield. Convinced of this, and further nettled by a certain dogged, overbearing manner characteristic of the man, they mobbed his house one night, drank up his liquors, smashed his tumblers and decanters, and made a small bonfire of the obnoxious sign-board, in front of the tavern.

Until lately there was, in Fourth Avenue, an English alehouse kept by a member of the theatrical profession, over the doorway of which hung a picture of Sir John Falstaff, painted by the jovial host himself, who was something of an artist in more ways than one. The house was known as the Falstaff Inn. Another Fat Jack, well known to New-Yorkers for many years, was displayed at the door of an alehouse kept by a retired member of the English prize ring. He was a man of remarkable obesity, and the picture of the Fat Knight on the sign-board was a portrait of himself. Both of these characteristic signs are gone now, and I am not aware that there are any others like them existing in New York. The head of Shakespeare is a sign, however, to be seen here and there in the city.

Over the stalls of butchers a Black Bull or Red Cow may yet occasionally be seen. The Red Lion is apparently obsolete; but at a lager-beer brewery in the neighborhood of the city a large golden lion is displayed upon the front of the wagon-sheds, and the establishment is called the Lion Brewery. The beehive is not uncommon as a sign, in New York, and sometimes the Dog and Partridge, or some similar design, gives inkling of an alehouse to which sportsmen resort. Not far from the city the good old sign of the Three Pigeons is to be seen in front of a roadside house of entertainment. On first entering this house, I was

surprised to find it kept by a German, who informed me, however, that it had originally been established by an Englishman, several years before. Occasionally an old weather-beaten sign-board may be seen, with what might have been intended as a likeness of George Washington dimly discernible upon its time-worn surface. It is very rare, though, to find sign-boards displaying the portraits of contemporary public characters. There may be a reason for this in the frequent changes of all public officials, which would involve a corresponding change in sign-boards of the portrait kind at inconveniently short intervals.

Blacksmiths in New York, as elsewhere, generally hang out over their forge-doors boards with improbable horses painted on them. To this sign-board not unfrequently an immense gilt horseshoe is appended, and, in two or three instances that I know of, an old rusty horseshoe is nailed to a corner of the board, "for luck." The poetry of the forge—and surely the blacksmith, with his anvil, bellows, and other accessories, has a strange, weird poetry of his own—is none the weaker for this bit of old-time superstition. It is curious, by the way, how frequently the horseshoe, as a talisman, or protection against the "evil eye," is adopted in New York. A day or two since I noticed a cluster of four or five old rusty shoes suspended from a newspaper table kept in Broadway by a deaf old man. They are often nailed over the doors or bar counters of public houses, as though with some vague idea of exorcising the blue devils that are plausibly supposed to lurk in the questionable liquors dispensed at these places.

Of traditional signs, one very often to be seen in New York is that of the pawnbroker,—the Three Golden Balls. In some cases this sign is painted in black on a white board fixed to the window or door-post, while the three golden balls hang out higher up the wall. I have noticed one pawnbroker, in a by-street, who displays no fewer

than three sets of these emblems on the front of his house.

Another traditional emblem, and one yet more common than the pawnbrokers' sign, is the pestle and mortar of the druggist, which is to be seen conspicuously perched upon gilded ledges everywhere, and most frequently at corners.

In the German quarters of the city, sign-boards are of frequent occurrence. The most striking of these, and one not uncommon, is a representation of St. Gambrinus, the fabulous, not to say bibulous, personage supposed to preside over lager-beer. Sometimes he is presented life size, bearded and crowned, and holding in one hand a stupendous beaker of the national beverage, the froth of which bulges from the rim like a prize cauliflower. Another lager-beer sign very often to be seen is that of a frolicsome goat, who appears to be rather the worse for what he has imbibed. Sometimes he is depicted rolling in sportive mood a keg of beer. Sometimes the artist presents him eying with drunken gravity a full mug of the ruddy malt. The strongest kind of lager-beer, brewed at a particular season, and to be had for a short time only, is known among the Germans as "bock-bier," and the announcement of it in beer-houses is invariably accompanied with a picture or sign of the frolicsome buck-goat with his beer cask or mug.

Over the doorway of a German tenement-house in the eastern district of the city, where Germans greatly abound, there is a sign-board that exhibits an appearance of some antiquity, and which was probably brought from Germany as a memento of the *Vaterland*. It is somewhat like a shield in form, and was once richly gilt, with an inscription on it in gilt letters. Upon these, however, a more modern announcement has been painted, in the manner of a palimpsest, leaving the original lettering undecipherable. The present inscription displays a German name. In the centre of the board is painted a blue pail with a brush in it,

and the word "whitewashing" beneath this gives a clew to the owner's occupation. In New York the business of whitewashing houses, as that of carpet-shaking, is almost exclusively in the hands of the colored people, and this is the only exception to the contrary with which I remember to have met.

One of the commonest signs in the German streets of New York is that of the shoemaker, — a small board displaying a male boot, usually painted yellow, resting on the ground, from the intensely blue sky over which the female boot — smaller than the male, but quite as yellow — is seen descending like a skylark to its nest. German bakers often hang out a dingy little sign-board with a sheaf of wheat painted on it. In the same quarters the costumer is frequently represented by his sign. These emblems are very various: sometimes a grotesque head, with cap and bells; sometimes a female personage of half life size, extremely full-blown, — in accordance with the German idea of all that is lovely in woman, — and dressed in a sort of hybrid costume between that of a *contadina* and a *débardeuse*, but always with a black mask over her mysterious brow. Very often the only sign hung out by the provider of carnival costumes is a huge and hideous mask, or a false nose of awful proportions and monstrous form; and variations of these in all possible degrees of deformity are to be seen in the shop window.

Far more characteristic of New York, however, than any of the signs above enumerated are those that abound along Broadway almost in its entire length, as well as in the Bowery and main avenues of the city generally. Among these the tobacconists' signs are the most frequent and conspicuous; for there are few cities in which the tobacco business flourishes more extensively than it does in New York. For the most part these signs are carved out of wood, and they vary from life size, or even "heroic proportions," to those of puppets or toy dolls. Of all these images, by far the com-

monest is the Indian, — a very characteristic and appropriate emblem of the nicotine weed in most of its forms. Both sexes of the red aboriginal peoples are here represented, and if you greet the grim Powhatan at this doorway, you shall certainly meet with Pocahontas or Minnehaha before you have gone many steps farther. Sometimes the smiling, slender-limbed Indian maiden, clad lightly as any nymph of modern ballet or burlesque, and poised in a graceful attitude, holds aloft in one hand a bunch of the green tobacco leaves, while with the other she proffers a bundle of prime wooden cigars. Quite the reverse of her is the painted sachem, who is generally represented as a muscular savage with a very discontented expression of countenance, the corners of his mouth drawn down to an angle that suggests nothing but tomahawk and torture. Less frequent as a tobacconist's sign than the Indian is the negro, but he, too, does duty in that capacity. The tobacconist's wooden negro is invariably sculptured after the most extravagant Ethiopian-minstrel pattern. He is generally dressed in a light blue coat of the swallow-tail cut, yellow breeches, and top-boots, — a style not usually affected by the colored gentleman of real life. His head is dignified with a tall, steeple-crowned hat; and as for shirt-collar, nothing so outrageous as his could ever have really been manufactured to meet an existing demand. A very curious specimen of the negro as a sign is to be seen at the door of a drinking-saloon in Broadway. It is a life-size carving of "Jim Crow," in a sadly shattered condition, and a card suspended upon it sets forth that it was executed by the late T. D. Rice, — better known as "Daddy" Rice, — the originator of the Jim Crow style of song and dance. A tobacco sign often to be met with is the figure of a magnificent cavalier, also carved from wood, and meant, doubtless, to represent Raleigh. He is plumed and slashed extravagantly, but anachronism is perceptible in the cigar so gingerly held between his fin-

ger and thumb. Of course the wooden Turk is often to be seen as a symbol of the tobacconist's trade, turbaned and slippers, and touching the tip of a very long pipe to his lips. Another figure-head often to be observed on the doorsteps of the tobacconist is a very obtrusive one of "Punch," who is invariably presented of most obese proportions, and with a malignant, lobster-claw-like leer upon his hideous face. All of these signs, nearly, are mounted upon little platforms that run on rollers, so as to be readily moved when required, and they are for the most part more or less obstructive to persons passing along the sidewalks. That they are objects of derision for boys is obvious from the way in which many of them are mutilated. I know of a lovely Pocahontas in a by-street who wants her right arm, which has been rudely snapped off at the elbow by some scurrilous child of the pale-faces. The stern Indian sachem is often to be seen without a nose, his features adorned with a coating of surreptitious war-paint composed of street mud. Like his prototype of the woods and plains, however, he shall ere long have passed away to other hunting-grounds, haply in some lumber-loft or back yard, and then there will be "none left to care for Logan, no, not one."

More common than any of these emblems are the traditional wooden Highlanders, so often to be seen in front of tobacconists' shops. They are generally of large proportions, and clad in the uniform of some British Highland regiment, and their mission appears to be connected with snuff more than with tobacco in any other form, as they are always furnished with the "mull" or Scotch snuff-box. A figure that has lately become common in New York as a sign is the carved, life-size image of an English "swell" of the Dundreary type, with immense auburn whiskers, and an imbecile smile on its florid face. Sometimes it does duty at a tobacconist's door; sometimes it holds over its head an umbrella; sometimes

carries a patent travelling-bag in its sulphur-colored hand; but to whatever use it may be put, it always wears upon its features the same conventional, self-complacent smile.

Sometimes tobacco signs are painted on boards, and of such a curious example is to be seen at the door of a small establishment bearing the sonorous name of the "Mephisto cigar store," in a western street of the city. It is a representation of the typical stage demon, dressed in crimson tights, and furnished with the regulation bat-like wings.

Along Broadway, as well as in many of the streets that branch from it in the lower part of the city, various characteristic trade-signs are to be seen. Some of these are of immense size, and very conspicuously placed. High up on the cornice of some five-story building, for instance, may be seen an immense eagle with outspread wings, all glittering with gold-leaf, and holding in its beak a big umbrella or basket or whatever else may be emblematical of the trade to which attention is directed. Cutting sharply against the sky on the roof of a building not far from the City Hall, there looms a titanic skeleton skirt. It might serve as a cage for a rhinoceros; and if its removal should ever be ordered by the police, the zoological committee of Central Park would do well to acquire it. Here an immense double-barrelled gun—wooden, of course, and gilt—is fixed perpendicularly to the wall of a store; and yonder you may see a pipe-bowl of proportionate size, quite as wooden as the gun, and quite as much gilt. Lately an enormous gilt chandelier has been hung out by a manufacturer of gas-fittings near Central Broadway. It looks as though suspended by a thread, and people who pass under it may often be observed to hasten their steps, as though apprehensive of a crash.

Stuffed animals are frequently set out by furriers as signs. A very common sign of this kind is the black bear, which is sometimes reared upon its hind legs, and supported by a rough

pole. Not so often is the grizzly bear to be seen at the furrier's door; but in a large show-case near Washington Market there is a very fine specimen of the kind,—a female with her cub. For a long time in Broadway a stuffed bison did duty as a sign, wearing on its shaggy brow a placard inscribed with the warning "Hands off!" Of late years some of the German tradespeople of New York have taken the fancy of maintaining enormous bloodhounds of the Siberian breed. One of these, deceased, has been utilized by its owner, a German shoemaker in an eastern street of the city, who has placed it, stuffed, in his window for a sign, its head and body hung all over with feminine boots and shoes of the most fanciful patterns and gaudy colors.

Affixed to the door-posts of restaurants, shells of the green turtle are often used as signs, with the inscription on them, in gilt letters, "Turtle soup and steaks every day." Indeed, the living turtle itself may fairly be reckoned among the signs, large ones being frequently exposed on the door-steps or floors of restaurants, with slips of paper on their heaving bosoms announcing that they are to be served up at some stated time. It is touching to observe the solicitude manifested by the restaurant-keepers for the poor turtle, under whose bewildered head it is customary to place an old cigar-box by way of pillow.

Among the miscellaneous signs that may be noted during a ramble through the highways and byways of New York, some are of a patriotic character. Such, for instance, is one displayed over the entrance to an oyster-house in an eastern ward, which appears, with variations, in other quarters of the city. The design on the board is composed of the American, German, and Irish flags grouped together, with the motto "In unity there is strength." The eagle with the shield is also to be observed on the sign-boards of various trades; and I know of one tavern, at least,—a very old wooden one, formerly much frequented by theatrical su-

pernumeraries,—over the door of which is a life-sized eagle with outspread wings, cleverly carved out of wood and gilt. The Golden Swan is also a sign occasionally to be seen over the doors of public houses in the city and environs. Signs carved in relief are rather exceptional; but an example of these is displayed over the entrance to a basement restaurant in Fourth Street. It is a large panel carved with figures of deer and game-birds, and richly gilt.

Versified mottoes are not often inscribed on the sign-boards of New York, though some instances of them occur. One of these poetical effusions hangs from the awning-rafters in front of a small hardware shop near one of the eastern ferries,—a very rustic “old wooden corner,” which, in summer, is made to look fresh and pleasant with festoons of climbing plants. On one side of the board appears, painted in rude letters, the query “Boys, how are you off for kite twine?” while, on the obverse, the following lines are legible:—

“Dear boy, if you your kite to fly
Should want a good long string,
Just keep this corner in your eye
And here your money bring.”

The name over the door of this establishment is not a German one, and, from a certain thrift by which its arrangements are marked, as well as by the miscellaneous nature of the wares displayed in it, not to mention the affectionate appeal made by the proprietor to the juvenile element of the population, one might readily guess it to be an ambitious offshoot from some New England country town.

In a city like New York, the mixed population of which is so much given to carnivals and processions, social as well as political, the banner, of course, holds a conspicuous place, and may be classed among the signs. Makers of awnings frequently run up a large banner to a mast in front of their premises, by way of sign. Banners are chiefly used in this way, however, by the banner-painters themselves, whose occupation is a remunerative one in New

York. In front of the places where they work, large banners may often be seen swung across the street, painted, in general, with subjects of popular interest, to invite custom. Then there are the curious emblems displayed by the artificers who deal in cut and turned devices of all sorts. One of these establishments is very conspicuous in Broadway,—a small building, the front of which is constellated with gilt knick-knacks in great variety. Stars, globes, horses, deer, hats, boots, capital letters, and sundry other things cut out from wood or metal and gilt, attest here the versatility of the artist, and attract the notice of passers.

The projecting clock is a frequent sign in New York, and a convenience in some sense to the public. Some of these, instead of being affixed to the houses, are mounted upon high columns that spring from the outer edge of the sidewalk.

Coal-yards have their signs, too. For a long while, as I remember, one of these had for its appropriate emblem a gayly painted coal-scuttle that hung from a branch of an old tree in front of the premises. A sign often to be seen at the doors or in the windows of coal-offices is a figure of some kind—often resembling a Hindoo idol—carved from a block of coal. One of these that I have seen was sculptured with considerable skill, and a label pasted on its combustible bosom informed the gazer that it was a veritable statue of “Old King Cole.”

Show-boards painted of a flaming red color, and with Chinese characters inscribed on them, are often set out in front of tea-stores in New York; and it is a peculiarity of most of these concerns that all their wood-work is painted red, sometimes contrasted with pickings-out in black or green. Now and then an old tea-box may be seen affixed to the wall of a house, high up, with a painted wooden sugar-loaf in it, by way of a sign.

There are night signs to be observed here and there in the city. Among these may be counted illuminated

clocks, and the brilliant star arrangements of gas-jets and glass to be seen over the entrances to some of the theatres. A sign got up with effects such as these shines luminously after dark over the door of a shirt-maker in Broadway. It is a veritable "magic shirt," all woven of gas-jets and glass prisms, and as gracefully posed as it is possible for an unoccupied shirt to be, with one sleeve raised as in the act of attaching a shirt-collar to the star-spangled neck. But the most brilliant device of this kind to be seen in Broadway is the coruscating mortar set up by an advertising druggist in front of his shop.

Greater obstacles to pedestrian movements than what may properly be termed signs, and equally characteristic of the miscellaneous tastes and habits of social New York, are the innumerable show-cases of all sorts and sizes that stand out on the sidewalks beside the doors of shops. Most attractive to the fairer sex are the tempting arrangements of this kind wherein milliners display examples of their wondrous art. Broadway has many brilliant displays of this sort, and even into Fifth Avenue has the show-case of the milliner worked its insinuating way. But by far the most characteristic show in the city is to be seen in Division Street, a narrow and somewhat dirty way branching from the Bowery eastward. One side of this street, for a good distance, is exclusively occupied by milliners, much of whose gay work may be recognized at all times on the heads of the female population of that side of the city. Here the 24th of March, recognized as "opening day" by all the leading *modistes* of New York, is very conscientiously observed. On and after that day, the show-cases that stand alongside of every threshold are set out with a show of colors and form that would make a bed of tulips sigh for its shortcomings, or a white camellia turn to a blush-rose in despair. Botany and ornithology have been laid under contribution to furnish the wonderful devices in the way of female

head-gear here exhibited. Not one item of the productions exposed to view on this side of Division Street seems to have been made with the slightest reference to use. All is for show; all is gauzy and zephyrine, and gay with bird of paradise feathers, and with artificial flowers that would madden with fear and wonder the monkey denizens of a South American jungle. And at eve, as the crowds of work-girls pass through this bazaar of tinsel and trash, on their way to the eastern ferries, knots of them pause before the fascinating glass cases, gazing with longing eyes at the lovely devices of the milliners' taste displayed in them. When you have got about half-way along the show-case block, cast a look over to the other side of the narrow street. There, staring with hollow eyes from a window, is an emblem very significant of the gay temptations of the place and their possible results. The window is that of a toy-dealer or costumer, and the most prominent object on view in it is a large mask, representing the traditional Author of Sin, recalling Pandemonium with his demon leer, and Pan with the short, stubby horns that sprout from his villainous brow.

Dentistry is very largely represented in the show-cases of New York. Many of these are fitted with revolving cushions, which, as they go slowly round and round, reveal to the wrapt gazer inventions of various kinds for the reconstruction of the human mouth. Here are entire palates, wrought out of some roseate material, ribbed and clasped with gold, and appearing to be, in every essential respect, far more reliable articles than the natural ones with which human beings are apt to have so much trouble. Along with these are sets of beautiful gums, fitted with teeth that may haply make those of the beholder ache with envy. In the centre of the cushion there is often an immense emblematical tooth, gilt all over, and in size and shape much resembling a vertebra from the spinal column of a sixty-foot whale. Around

these are arranged natural teeth of provoking brilliancy and soundness, some of them, with their digital prongs, looking like delicate fairy hands carved in ivory. Hideous waxen faces of men and women glare at one from the backs of some of these show-cases. These horrible things have their mouths open ; one set of them exemplifying ladies and gentlemen whose teeth had gone prematurely to ruin and decay, and another showing them as they appeared when fitted out with new gums and teeth by the cunning hand of the dentist.

A branch of mechanical art, to which the war gave a great impetus, is the manufacture of artificial limbs, specimens of which, in every variety, are displayed in show-cases and painted upon sign-boards. Like the artificial work of the dentist, so with these. Their symmetry and convenient arrangements, freedom from gout, rheumatism, and other ailments, added to numerous other advantages possessed by them, make one feel dreadfully natural and imperfect ; and set one to pondering upon the superiority of gutta-percha and vulcanized india-rubber over mere flesh and bone.

It would take much space to enumerate the fancy manufactures of all sorts that are set forth by sample in the show-cases throughout the city. In some of them, watches and jewelry, mostly of a cheap description, are arranged with attractive art. Others contain fancy pipes in various material. Here is one in which a prize pumpkin of ridiculous obesity is displayed : while early strawberries and extravagant peaches, in their proper seasons, are frequently to be observed in the show-cases that fruiterers cunningly arrange. The toy-dealers are very extensive and miscellaneous with their show of goods. Before the door of one of these, in the lower part of the city, there stands an image of Santa Claus, holding up a placard that announces, "Marbles by the cask." All the latest devices in india-rubber and other material, all the newest inven-

tions contrived for the pastime of young people, are displayed here in endless variety. Other cases contain violins, guitars, accordions, and brass and silver wind instruments of the most approved patterns. Patent lamps, with colored glass shades, are attractively displayed in many of them ; and then there are specimens without limit of bronzes, clocks, opera-glasses, military accoutrements, walking-canes, umbrellas, gold pens, fishing-tackle, cutlery, and everything else that one can possibly think of, whether for use or show. The least ostentatious show-case that I remember to have seen was one containing a bushel or so of corks, and in the upper part of it was displayed a wondrous landscape cut out from cork with a tumble-down cork church and dreadfully formal cork trees ranged all in a row like the bottles that appear to be the natural destination of the buoyant material in question.

From the list of signs in New York it would be remissness to omit a very peculiar one that hangs over the door of a cellar near Broadway, in which liquors are dispersed. It is a life-size painting of a rather gentlemanly looking man, who, being somewhat out of his head, perhaps, has taken the fancy to hold it in his hand. Inscribed on the board is the legend, "The honest lawyer" ; but this gives no clew to the subtle meaning hidden in the artist's work. On inquiring of a soiled youth who lounged on the cellar steps, however, we learned that "honest when his head is off" is the idea ; in which there lurks a suggestion that the landlord of the tavern may have been a sufferer, in his time, from the wiles and exactions of the legal profession.

Another tavern sign of the old-fashioned sort marks the location of a restaurant west of Broadway, much frequented by the members of the French operatic and theatrical troupes. It is a picture intended to represent Made-moiselle Tostée of the *opéra bouffe*, in her well-known character of "The Grand Duchess of Gérolstein" ; or it may haply be the presentment of

Schneider, the original sustainer of that rôle in Paris. At any rate it has an attractive look about it, especially to the poor exiles from celestial Paris who nightly crowd the well-kept French hostelry over the door of which it hangs.

A homœopathic druggist in Broadway sets up on the front of his establishment an immense sign, representing a lady reclining upon a lion, who submits with great complacency to the twitchings that she inflicts on his beard. The motto here is, "The mild power subdues"; under which is inscribed the *similia similibus curantur* with which that branch of the medical profession proclaims its method and belief. Another somewhat conspicuous sign-board on the same thoroughfare is that hoisted by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The subject of this work of symbolic art is a carter belaboring with a club the head of his prostrate horse, to the defence of which unhappy animal there comes an Angel of Mercy with a drawn sword.

If stuffed animals are sometimes made use of by manufacturers and dealers as emblems of their respective callings, so also in cosmopolitan New York are live men. Queer characters, dressed up in fantastic costumes to represent some article of manufacture, go to and fro in the principal business streets, handing printed descriptions of the wares advertised by them to the pass-

ers-by. One of these lazy obstructors of the sidewalk is dressed in striped stuff to represent window-shades. Another bears on his seedy old hat a placard setting forth the accomplishments of an "inimitable barber." There is one whose long white gaberdine is stuck all over with patent springs for hoop-skirts. Yet another perambulates with a blue and red fools-cap upon his frowzy head, a make-up from which it is not easy to guess at the wares which he is intended to advertise. Not long since there was opened, near Broadway, a show of Alaskan curiosities, such as costumes, weapons, and other such articles of savage life. In front of the door of the place in which these were exhibited there stood a wild man of alarming mien, dressed up in some kind of Indian costume, and with his long, tangled locks hanging about him in confusion. On being interrogated he would state, in an accent that might have been that of Cork, though it had a suggestion of Limerick about it, that he was the sign of the concern within, catalogues of the curiosities displayed in which he was employed to distribute.

Theatrical managers are accustomed to set out large, flaring placards, as signs, in front of their houses; but the only regular sign to be seen at the vestibule of a New York theatre is the carved, life-size image of a celebrated pantomime clown, which stands at the entrance of the theatre on Broadway in which he is performing.

THE CHANNEL ISLANDS.

IN the hurried visit paid by tourists to foreign countries, some of the most interesting, if not the most notorious or nationally characteristic things and places are necessarily overlooked. Hidden away in corners, where the great tide-wave of innovation has but languidly flowed, they are unimportant to the empire, and consequently obscure

and unknown to the outside world. But they are the richest of all for the student and observer, for the lover of nature and the curious collector of facts. Now the Channel Islands of Great Britain are places which few Americans ever see, and of which, therefore, but little is known on this vast continent. At a distance of twelve hours from Lon-

don, and to be got at only by a very troublesome sea passage, where the swirl of the Atlantic wave, thrown back by the coast of the Cotentin, and deflected by the currents which sweep round the various islands, creates a sea that is rarely calm and often dangerous; with no relics of general historical interest when got at, and but miniature "emporium" of loneliness at the best, — we can scarcely wonder that these beautiful little islands are unvisited by the ordinary tourist from abroad, or that even the mass of the English themselves personally know very little about them, and are content to take them on trust from the accounts of the more adventurous few. Besides, they lie out of the highway. To be sure, you can go from Jersey to St. Malo, and from Guernsey and Cherbourg by way of Alderney; but most people prefer to get to France from England by Calais, Boulogne, Havre, or Dieppe; and so the St. Malo and Cherbourg ships are not on the list of the favored passage boats.

And yet the Channel Islands are worth seeing. The magnificent outlines of every island and islet, bristling with sharp rocks and formidable cliffs, where the sea breaks with a terrible beauty as it comes surging in with the wild ocean sweep; the exquisite tenderness of the inland scenery; the strange peaks which wind and water have wrought on granite and sand; — all make the Channel Islands places of exceeding beauty for the loving observer of nature; while quaint old customs, obsolete traditions, and a quite distinctive character supply the human element to those who remain long enough to enable them to enter into and understand the social life of the people.

Of the four chief islands, Jersey, the most protected and nearest inland of the great bay of which Cherbourg and Brest are the two extreme points, is the largest, the softest, the richest; Guernsey, the foremost of the group, lying as the outpost on the Atlantic, is the grandest; Alderney is the most barren of beauty, if the most important

in geographical position, and by no means despicable in produce; and Sark is the most fantastically picturesque, — the one on which nature and the elements have exercised the most influences and the largest power. There is no doubt that originally all these islands, with their crowns and girdles of related rocks and islets, were united together and formed part of the continent. Geographically, indeed, they are French, and ethnologically Norman; though they had an early people of their own who were buried with food-urns and stone implements, and who used flint arrow-heads and stone hammers and hatchets and shin-bone skates, as are found in most of the prehistoric barrows throughout Europe; and though, before the Normans held them, the Romans had come, conquered, and colonized, — colonized, that is, in their high-handed military way, to hold, not to people. The old name of Jersey is *Cæsarea*; in fact, the modern name is merely a corruption of the ancient through quick and slovenly pronunciation; while Guernsey was *Sarnia*; Sark, *Sargia*, and then *Sercq*; and Alderney, *Aurégney*. *Hermes* is good French for a barren waste of land, which, however, the little island of *Herm* is not. But though all the islands were once part of France, and the people were Norman-French, the incessant work of the sea, beating against the tough granite, and eating out the softer veins which traverse it in all directions, has broken the bonds of union with the mainland; and the incessant influx of English residents, English ideas, and English influence has worn away much of the earlier Norman and later insular character of the people, till soon there will be no ethnological specialties left to the islanders, and in time no islands in the Channel at all. For the same causes of disintegration by which they became separated from the continent are still going on, and in some notably, as *Herm*, they are going on visibly and rapidly. Sark, too, is being torn to pieces shred by shred; and old de-

crees providing for the reparation of roads in Guernsey, where now only the sea moans over barren sand and dashes against naked rocks, attest the loss of valuable land here, within the memory of man.

Very beautiful, if very dangerous, are the rocks about these islands; and nowhere in England is there such an iron-bound coast, such treacherous shoals, such rapid currents. Nowhere, either, is there more enchanting loveliness. On a calm day, when the sea, lying like a lake over the sand, is of the color of a beryl, over the hidden rocks like lapis-lazuli, while the lofty cliffs are golden with gorse and purple with heather, and the rocks, towering out of the sea above high-water mark, are gold and green and crimson and orange, where the lichens fleck the old gray stone with broad dashes of color, nothing can exceed the seductive sweetness of the sheltered bays and coves. They might be all parts of the island of Calypso, or the outworks of Armida's Garden. You may sit there, listening to the tender ripple of the waves, and weave old-world poems, till you lose all memory of historic time; and you seem to live in the days when the gods dwelt on Mount Olympus, and their sons and their daughters lived among men in such favored spots as these. But in the wild weather, when the fierce Atlantic storms come tearing through sea and sky, and the waves dash up against the jagged cliffs as if they would grind them peak by peak to powder, and pour in turbulent cascades over the intervening rocks, making the earth vibrate as they thunder against her old granite bulwarks, then you see a fulness and majesty of the sterner powers of nature that may satisfy the most craving. Inland, both in Jersey and Guernsey, and in Sark, too, the deep leafy Devonshire-like lanes, with their arching framework of foliage for every point of the view, the luxuriant growth of ferns, the wilderness of wild-flowers, the numerous picturesque little bits of architecture, though nothing more state-

ly than a well-trimmed cottage porch, a mossy wall, an ivy-covered penthouse to protect a spring or well, an ancient gateway, proud though decayed, make the home scenery as beautiful in its own way as the bolder and grander coast; so that literally there is nothing more complete, though much that is larger than the Channel Islands, if studied thoroughly with the eye of an artist and the love of a naturalist.

The most picturesque things are to be found in Sark, "the gem of the Channel Islands," as the guide-books not inaptly call it; and of these the three *creux*, known as the Creux du Derrible (*vulgiè* Terrible) and the Little Creux in Greater Sark, and the Pot in Little Sark, Coupée, the Guliot Caves and Les Boutiques, also caves, are the most notable. These creux are funnel-shaped abysses which open at the top far inland, and are connected by a subterranean way with the sea; so that when the tide comes in, the waters rush up this narrow funnel with a force and violence that make it more like an aqueous volcano than anything else to which I can liken it. If the tide is high and the sea stormy, the scene is beyond measure appalling. The waters surge and swell and roar in their rapid rise with a noise like imprisoned thunder; the earth beneath your feet quivers with the passionate tumult of the waters within; and if you have nerve enough to lean over the unprotected mouth and look into the boiling maelstrom, where a moment's giddiness or the treachery of the root you grasp for support would be your death, you may see there what Edgar Poe could alone describe, and what you will never forget, and, perhaps, not care to see again.

Then there is the Coupée, — the narrow neck of land connecting the two parts of the island by a slender roadway three hundred and eighty-four feet above the sea, with a sheer precipice on either side and a strong wind always blowing. Before 1811 the roadway was only two feet wide; it is now broadened to five, in parts to eight. But though

the danger of being blown over, once so great and not infrequent, has been lessened by just the number of inches added, enough still remains to make the Coupée a by no means desirable promenade in anything stiffer than a ground zephyr; for even a ground zephyr will be found intensified into sufficient resemblance to a gale up above to make the Coupée as breezy as a pier in a sou'wester, and not quite so safe.

After the Creux and the Coupée come the Guliot Caves, but in point of interest they should have been placed first. The specialty of the Guliot Caves is not the rugged way by which you have to clamber up and down to them, though this too is a feat of which, if you have accomplished it, you may feel reasonably proud; neither is it the grand views of the Havre Gosselin, or of that, as it seems to us, most melancholy isle of Brechou,* which Nature herself frames for you in the fantastic arabesques and arches of the brown cave-lines; but in the zoöphytes which cover the wall, the rough rock flooring, and the roof of these dark nurseries of life. Limpets and barnacles encrust the lower rocks; sponges, madrepores, and corallines line the walls and roof; while those strange and lovely things we call generically "sea-anemones" are set against the walls as thick as berries on an elder-branch. Of all colors are they, — ruby-red and emerald-green, pale flesh-color, jasper-brown, Naples-yellow; but they do not show themselves in their full beauty, for, the water having left them, they are close buttoned up, and are nothing now but wet and shining gem-like knobs. You must take them home to your aquarium to see them to perfection; but one can imagine what a scene that cavern would

present when the walls are alive with the moving tentacles, bright-beaded, fringed, plumed, and of all colors, as they open their flower-like mouths and rake the soft sea for their prey! What an animated flower-bed! one would almost dare the fate of Hylas for one moment's glimpse of such strange beauty!

Then there are the Boutiques, grand in rugged outline, and of more purely rocky character and charm, and without the zoöphytes of the neighboring guliots; and there are Les Autelets, the odd altar-like rocks by the Port du Moulin; and the Moie de Mouton, a mass of inaccessible crags, where a few sheep are landed every now and then, and left to find their way from ledge to ledge as the scanty herbage tempts them. When their time has come, and they are considered to be in sufficiently good condition for food, a boat puts off for the base of the rocks, a man fires at the animal he fancies, or that is most conveniently placed; and down comes the poor beast, tumbling into the water, whence it is fished up and made into mutton forthwith. This, too, is a primitive trait not to be found on every highway in Europe.

These, though the chief, are by no means the sole attractions of Sark. Months of careful study would not exhaust those attractions; for is not even Sark, this small, comparatively unknown, and obscure island, but nine miles in circumference, all told, in its way an epitome of nature, a microcosm, where the sciences may be studied and more thoroughly mastered?

Not quite so fantastically beautiful as Sark, Guernsey has yet some specialties of its own that make it both delicious and tempting. Its bays and points or promontories are many and grand. Moulin Hurt, perhaps the most beautiful of all, where the pretty "Cradle Rock," in the middle of the bay, gets its fine-spun dazzling curtains as the tide comes in and pours over the Nord; Saints' Bay, where the magnificent "Old Woman" rock is clothed in a garment of green and orange, like

* This islet is a precipitous mass of rock about a mile and a half in circumference, separated from Sark by a rapid channel of about eighty yards in width, and famous for its shipwrecks. The islet supports about a dozen people, twenty cattle, and a few sheep, and is well stocked with rabbits, by which its doom, like that of Herm, is to come. It contains a small farm-house, barns, and stabling, and has about sixty *vergées* in cultivation. A *vergée* is about 2,150 square yards English.

nothing woven by human skill; Fermain Bay, where the island girls bathe without other dressing-room than the friendly rocks, and where the zoöphytes and algæ are specially fine, with the chance of a stray *pieuvre* or octopod to give a not too pleasant excitement to the silver-footed Thetis of the hour; Tcart Point, where there is an old ruined house having the universal "rat" tradition attached to it, of a man being eaten alive by rats, and where the next parish is America, there being absolutely no intervening point of land between Tcart and the United States; the narrow gorge of the Gouffre, so like our dear old English Cumberland, where the sharp hillside road leads down to the sea, instead of to a land-locked lake, with the restful harbor of Bon Repos to the side, giving the fishermen safe anchorage for their boats and safe storage for their gear; Petit Bot Bay, the Creux Maliré, a grand and glowing cavern, where you must submit to be half suffocated with burning furze if you would see the glory thereof, and which burning furze, with dark-eyed Guernésiois men flinging it up and about on their pitchforks, gives you a lively image of that world to come which is *not* heaven; Fleinmont, desolate and time-worn, where stands the lone house of which the island lion, Victor Hugo, made such good account in his "Toilers of the Sea," and where the Houvis rocks below have "perished many a bonny boat," till the Trinity House softened its heart and opened its hand and built the lighthouse which stands on them now, since when there has been but one wreck on them, instead of one or two each winter, as there used to be; Rocquaine Bay, weird and wild, and Cobo Bay, even more weird and more wild, with the grand rock forming such a magnificent point of resistance for the surging waves to break against; the "water caves," peculiar to Guernsey, small, narrow, winding ways, where a little rivulet of sweet, clear water, like a mountain ghyll, runs down to the sea, while hart's tongue, lastreas, and other ferns, wild-flowers and sweet

wholesome herbs, grow on the banks and trailing hedges, and the trees meet overhead, making green cloisters where you may walk in the shade and cool on the hottest summer noon; — these, which are just a rapid roll-call of some of the principal things to be seen, show that Guernsey, if not so strangely rich as Sark, is yet rich enough in beauty for any tourist who will be contented with less than the Cordilleras or Niagara. To be sure, on all these islands there is the danger of *walking over the edge in the dark*, as the Yankee said of England, but *multum in parvo* is both good Latin and a natural fact.

With Jersey the tale is of gardens; rich leafy lanes; pretty houses; softer bays, mild, sandy, rounded, not peaked and torn and jagged; and some bold coast scenery, of which the finest is the part known as the Corbières rocks. But the coast-lines of Jersey are decidedly inferior to those of Guernsey. The one is the sheltered garden of the group; the other the bit of fell land, half garden, half waste. Nothing very striking is to be seen at Alderney. It is a mere sandy hillock, rising bleak and bare out of the sea, strongly fortified as a check on Cherbourg, with a few fine rocks, specially the Sisters, and fertile as a farm for all its treeless nakedness. But the islands are generally fertile, in spite of the slovenly farming which is all that is bestowed on them. And truly the farming is slovenly! Seven, nine, eleven horses drag one huge rude plough, which just scratches the ground it is trailed over, doing ill what two light ploughs of one or two horses each would do much better. And the weeding or clearing of the ground, what it gets at all, is as primitive as the ploughing. A man on his knees shoves out the weeds between the furrows with a crooked, clumsy hoe, in the coarsest style of garden culture. Yet the land is kindly, and gives back generously for its niggardly tending. The manure — and wealth — of the islands is sea-weed, freshly laid, or the burnt ashes thereof; and an old saying, "*Point de vraie*

point de hautgard," — No sea-weed no corn-yard, — shows its value. It is also the fuel of the poorer folk; and among the characteristic features of the Channel Islands is the clumsy sea-weed-laden cart lumbering along the narrow lanes, — perhaps drawn by a sleepy-looking bullock in the shafts, with a horse for the leader, — and the long stretches of barren land, as at Rocquaine and Cobo Bays, spread out with sea-weed like "scaled" hay, purple, red, or gray, drying in the wind and sun for fuel. When sufficiently hoary and dry, it is stacked up in piles, which are to the poor fisherman's cot what cords of wood and bushels of coals are to richer houses. The sea-weed cutting is allowed only twice a year for the *vraic scié*; the *vraic venant* is unending. *Vraic scié* is the living weed cut from the rocks, chiefly at Herm for Guernsey, and *vraic venant* is drift-weed thrown up by the tide, and not so valuable as the *scié*. Herm is about twenty minutes' sail from Guernsey, and, besides stores of *vraic*, has a creux, and a "kitchen midden," and a curious shell shore made by the tail of the drift, and unique in its way; and a seigneur, who owns the island and has lordly rights; and, in fact, is a world in miniature, a very doll's house of an empire, beating Liliput and Monaco hollow.

What would strike Americans more than anything else as utterly strange is the habit, common to all the islands, of tethering the cattle, allowancing their food, and circumscribing their liberty to the range of half a dozen feet or so. All the animals are tethered, — cows, horses, apes, goats; and the narrow fields are eaten away in semi-circular sweeps as clearly marked as if mown by the hand. The farmers say the grass is so rich, that the short commons on which the poor beasts are kept are quite enough for them, want of quantity being made up for by goodness of quality. And, to be sure, the Channel Islands' milk and butter are proverbial. But, to men accustomed to the boundless lands and prodigality of

produce of the New World, this strict apportionment of native, wild daily rations must look chary and pitiful beyond expression. Another cause, also, is the law of succession, by which land is divided and subdivided, as in France, till it is cut up into such small holdings there is no room left for free pasturage or bovine expatiation. In consequence of this habit of tethering the live stock there are few, if any, field gates in the islands. A gap is left in the hedge, and a crooked bough is laid across it, but a gate, as we have them in England, is a rarity almost unknown.

There is one peculiar growth here, — the cow-cabbage, — of which walking-sticks are made, and which, specially in Jersey, grows to a quite majestic size. By stripping off all the lower leaves in succession, as covers for baskets for fruit, butter, etc., the succulent stalk hardens into a handsome knotted wood, which takes a fine polish and answers all the purposes of a cane. Jersey is famous for these cabbage walking-sticks, and they are to be found in Guernsey also. The gardens are richly stocked. Magnolias bloom luxuriantly; while myrtles and fuchsias, geraniums and camellias attain the dignity of trees. Hydrangeas, the lemon-plant, and other tender plants, which in England have to be kept under shelter for the winter, remain here in the open ground all the year round; aloes and semi-tropical growths flower and do well in chosen places; and at the Vallon, one of the loveliest residences in Guernsey, are magnificent specimens of the *Gunnera scabra* of South America. All of which speaks well for the mildness of the climate and the (comparative) equableness of the temperature.

There are some old customs and superstitions left in the islands, eloquent of the origin of the race, and to be exactly matched in both Normandy and Brittany among the peasantry. One of these superstitions is, that all water drawn from a well on Christmas-eve turns to blood; and if any one were to go into a cow-shed exactly at midnight, also on Christmas-eve, he would find

all the cattle on their knees. But as something very terrible would happen to him for his profane peeping and prying, no one ever dares go in to verify the belief.* At weddings a slice of cheese is cut into four square portions, never more nor less on the plate; and these, together with a peculiar kind of biscuit (cracker) made of fermented dough and butter, and a glass of mulled wine, are handed to each invited guest, and to every one who calls at the house for a certain period after. Then a huge currant-cake is made four times in the year, at Christmas, Whitsuntide, Midsummer, and Michaelmas, and every servant of the establishment has about two pounds of it given to her. I say her, for as yet men-servants are rare even at the best houses. The dear lady of the Vallon, where the *Gunnera* grows, and where, by the by, are two willow-trees from slips of the St. Helena and Napoleonic willow, keeps up these good old customs, which help so much in the *color* of society.

But indeed this *color* is rapidly fading from the islands, and they are becoming as much like England as if no other than the ordinary British element was to be found in them. In fact, efforts are being made to keep up the old Norman-French among the people, at least in Guernsey; and though by law the church services, for instance, are performed in French alternately with English, yet a Guernsey peasant of anything like education will feel affronted at being spoken to in French, and holds himself entitled to use the language which was once the distinctive characteristic of the upper classes. The servants, too, have followed suit with the rest; and where formerly they were called *les basses*, the base or low ones, are now as independent as English do-

* Among the sayings is one of which I could get no explanation. At harvest-time, if a sharp wind comes and takes off the tops of the queer little corn and hay ricks they make here, the people say, "*Voilà la fille d'Herodias qui passe.*" But what the daughter of Herodias has to do with a harvest blast of wind I do not know. Also another saying adopted here, and not indigenous, is:—

"Saturday's moon and Sunday's full
Ne'er did good and never wull."

mestics, and make service more and more a voluntary profession, and not an involuntary servitude as it used to be. For this we may thank that mysterious thing called, for the convenience of our ignorance, "the spirit of the age," whereby individual independence and the dignity of labor have taken their fitting place.

The fish of the islands are as peculiar as anything else belonging to them. These are to be seen best in the Guernsey market, which is one of the sights of the place, and include the long nose or snipe fish, called *du horfil* by the people, like a long, thin, mackerel-colored ribbon, with grass-green bones; cray fish, or *crabbe a' co*; spider-crabs, or *pain clos*; velvet crabs, called *crabbe* or *gergeaise* (un *'ummghegy* means a crabbed, ill-tempered man); and immense crabs proper, magnificent fellows called *chancres*, which, together with their smaller brethren and big black lobsters, are to be seen on all the fish-trays in the market, twiddling their feelers and crawling about their beds of wet moss and sea-weed in a confused and helpless way. Then there are rock or vraic fish, or wrasse; and ormers (a corruption for *oreilles de mer*), the creatures which live in those pretty mother-o'-pearl shells with a row of holes along the projection, and which, when well beaten and stewed for a great many hours, taste like tough veal-cutlets dashed with sea-weed sauce. And there are conger-eels, great bits of which, raw and bleeding, are sold for a very small sum, and make an excellent addition to the island cabbage soup. For the island lives on cabbage soup. It is its *pot au feu*, its butter, milk, and potatoes, its porridge and whiskey, its *olla podrida*, its roast-beef and plum-pudding, or whatever we choose to select as the national dish; and its men and women thrive upon it. But not too well; the islanders are not a very stalwart race, though wiry and with good "staying" qualities. And as I am on the question of food, I may as well say that the pigs are mostly fed with parsnips.

It is a misnomer to call the small short-horned dun cow we all know so well "an Alderney"; it may be a Jersey cow or a Guernsey one, perhaps a Sarkois; for each island has its own particular if allied breed, and each island claims to have the best. They are not allowed to mix the breeds nor to import foreign stock, but every now and then one comes upon a black or red hided beast, which shows that the decree has been evaded somehow, and that the pure blood has got mixed, whether to the advantage or disadvantage of the breed I cannot say. Of the whole family, the Jersey cows are the smallest, and I do not know which are considered the best milkers; but all are first-rate in that way, and produce magnificent butter.

Amongst other things belonging to the islands may be counted green lizards, the tree locust, the *pieuvre*, or octopod, immortalized by Victor Hugo; and in Guernsey, Victor Hugo himself and his house. And if, of these, the one is noble and to be deeply revered, the other is decidedly odd and to my mind ugly. It is wonderfully ingenious in its clever adaptation of all sorts of things for all manner of unlikely purposes. Old trap-nailed chests and coffers make stately seats; barbaric *ceintures* are nailed as ornaments against the crimson velvet chimney-pieces. Pieces of fine old tapestry, with historical interest attached, chairs and tables and beds and china, all possessing a special and peculiar value, and with pedigrees and traditions belonging, make the place in its way a museum; but of household comfort there is none, so at least I should say, in those gloomy, crowded, heavy rooms, and as little artistic beauty. But they are Victor Hugo's belongings. He has gathered them together, and arranged them, and, so far as they go, they are to be respected as the expression of a great man's mind and fancies.

The islands send no members to Parliament. Ecclesiastically they are under the sway of the British crozier,

being part of the see of Winchester, and strategically they are strongholds of the British Army; but their internal government is individual; and a Guernésiois, or a Sarkois, or an Aurégniois, is always a man of Guernsey, of Sark, or of Alderney, never a Briton, still less an Englishman. They have governors and seigneurs and states and jurats, and they make their own laws after their own hearts; each island being *imperium in imperio*, and scornfully indifferent to the larger empire of which it forms a part,—the coach of which it is the fifth wheel. In religion, though by law Protestant, there are a few Roman Catholics, and more dissenters, among the islands; and the clerical tone is decidedly Low Church, not to say Calvinistic. A good dash of Ritualism would be a blessing among them.

The winnowing process goes on even in these fixed societies. A certain family called Pipet, of St. Andrew's, are now the hereditary paupers of the parish; but long generations ago one of the ancestors, then wealthy and manorial lords, left a field to the Church (Catholic in those days), on condition that a mass was said every year for the repose of the Pipet soul. When the Reformation came and made masses unlawful, the field was still held by the Church, but the condition suppressed. The present clergyman, however, says a loving "pater-noster" in his own heart, in remembrance of the donor, whose descendants beg their bread. The Pipet clan are beautiful in a gypsy, dark-eyed fashion, and of late one man has raised himself from the pauperization of his tribe, and has become self-supporting and independent.

Guernsey is evidently a partially holy isle; there are no toads there, though plenty in Jersey, while frogs, slow-worms, and lizards are the sole representatives of the reptile class of creation; and there are saints' wells and holy places in almost all the parishes. In fact, one of the traditions is that it is a holy isle, and that its first civilized inhabitants were saints. If so, their descend-

ants have a little deteriorated from the piety of their forefathers, and, indeed, that piety is a little problematical, at least in the "middle distance," seeing that a whole large clan in Guernsey are the acknowledged posterity of a Roman Catholic archbishop. One peculiarity of these islands is the universal cousinship of the upper ten. All the great families are so related and interlaced by marriages of all allowable degrees, that it is impossible for a stranger to disentangle the complex threads and understand distinctly who is who, and how A came to be B's cousin, and why C is obliged to go into mourning when D dies. Even the married stranger finds it difficult to learn all her husband's relations; and you may hear an Englishwoman who has entered a numerous clan, after twenty years of marriage, confess she has not learnt her lesson of kinship perfectly, even yet.

It is very strange for one accustomed to a large centre, like London, or for an American, used only to such a free range of life and such incessant change of circumstances as one has in large centres and new countries, to come to one of these quiet "cornered" islands, where life moves at a snail's pace, and passions, in their broader sense, seem eliminated altogether. Havens of rest for a time to the weary are they, and beautiful in their peace and stillness; but only for a time. The man or woman who has been used to action would soon rust out here; and though the Channel Islands may be lovely as Calypso's Isle or Armida's Garden, yet, like those sweet sleeping-places for brave men, they are to be visited only, not lived in permanently, by all who have work yet to do in the world, who have a purpose to fulfil and a plan to pursue.

MY SECRETARYSHIP.

FROM childhood I had always entertained a nervous dread of a doctor's office: it seemed to me such a dark field of mystery, such a concentrated abode of horrors, while the proprietor himself ranked in my mind as a sort of genteel executioner; and yet there I sat in just such a lion's den, waiting, with a mingling of nervousness and impatience, for the return of Dr. Craig from his morning round of visits.

My business with the Doctor was of a peculiar nature, and calculated to make me feel still more shaky than the character of patient would have done. Beside the M. D.'s name between the windows, there was another sign which read, "Examining Surgeon for U. S. Pensions"; and it was this with which I had to do, but, as I said before, quite in a peculiar and unexpected way.

I was not alone; the friend with whom I had a home, and who had been the instigator of my remarkable proceeding, was with me, and was usually known as Mrs. Coleford; but, from her wonderful powers of "deportment," I called her "Mrs. Turveydrop." This formidable doctor, whom I had never seen, was an old friend of Mrs. Coleford's, a bachelor, and represented as a very agreeable personage. My friend had lately carried on a correspondence with him on my account, for we lived in a country town a few miles from the city; and this correspondence culminated in a request from Dr. Craig that I should present myself at his office as soon as I conveniently could, to confer with him in person.

The subject of our proposed conference was this: I was quite a deserving and rather ill-used young person, without any particular object in life, and

also without anything in particular to live upon. Mrs. Coleford kindly allowed me to teach two or three young children, that I might feel independent in her very pleasant home; but this was mere play for an able-bodied damsel, and I felt that I was intended for better things. I knew, too, that never, in these days of ruffles and fringes and sashes and double skirts, would I be able to get a suitable spring outfit, unless I did something to increase my immoderately small means.

Mrs. Coleford and I had many talks on the subject; and how women *do* talk when they sit together with their sewing! If a bevy of slow-thinking men could listen unseen at such a sitting, their brains would whirl with sheer amazement at the plans discussed, perfected, and disposed of, in less time than it would take them to get *ready* to think.

"I have a new plan, Rose," said my friend, one morning, hopefully; "I thought it out last night when I was kept awake by that wretched dog howling next door. You know that there is a great deal of government writing given out to people, who are paid well for it, and many of these people are ladies. You write such a clear, legible hand, that you would be the very one to do it; and, as it is necessary to have a friend at court, I will send a note at once to Dr. Craig, of whom you have heard me speak, and ask him to use his influence. He was in the army, you know, and is now examining surgeon for pensions. I really believe that he could help you; and he is *very* kind, and always ready to oblige a lady. I should be delighted to see you with a nice little income of your own; and of late years, it is quite common for ladies to do such things.

My heart beat high, with hope; and I placed myself meekly in "Mrs. Turveydrop's" hands, with unfaltering trust that her "deportment" would bring about whatever was desired.

Dr. Craig responded promptly, and said that, if the lady in question wrote a clear hand, and would kindly under-

take the task, he had writing of his own that needed copying, and he would be delighted to secure her services for himself. Query from Mrs. Coleford as to the nature of the writing, and whether it would be done away from the office. No answer from the doctor, but a petition that the secretary elect would come and be looked at, and talked to, as speedily as possible; and this it was that brought me, under "Mrs. Turveydrop's" protection, to Dr. Craig's office.

Two or three poor fellows in fatigue-caps, and cloaks of that peculiarly ugly army-blue, with pale faces, and an empty sleeve or a crutch, were also waiting for the examining surgeon; and I heartily hoped that every one of them would receive a generous pension.

Doors opened and closed, and people came and went, for the space of an hour; but when a latch-key turned in the door, and a firm step approached, I began to tremble with a sort of undefined dread, as though I expected to depart minus a tooth or a limb. My errand seemed almost improper, and I envied Mrs. Coleford her serenity.

The Doctor was not so very formidable, apart from his being a doctor; a fine, frank face, and six feet or so of height. He welcomed Mrs. Coleford warmly, and was very benevolent in his manner to me, kind to the blue-coats in waiting, and then evidently puzzled what to do with us all.

"Step in here, please," said he, presently, "until I can despatch these army fellows"; and, opening a folding-door, he ushered us into what was evidently his sleeping-room, and shut us in.

It was rather a funny position, and I glanced in some bewilderment at Mrs. Coleford.

"Alone, you know," she whispered, apologetically; "has just the two rooms, and it is very evident that he means to be comfortable. Look at that bed, with its fine linen and ruffled pillow-cases; Brussels carpet, good enough for any one's parlor; luxurious washstand and appointments—"

"And only think," said I, with a bit of feminine malice, "of wasting such a dressing-bureau and glass as this on a *man*! — a being who has no back hair, and no skirts, and to whom the contemplation of the lower plaids of his trousers cannot be a matter of any moment whatever."

"Some young lady has worked him that pincushion," continued my friend, as her quick eyes discovered an elaborate affair of blue floss and crystal beads, then a watch-case to match, and various little knickknacks that no man could ever have gotten together.

A pair of slippers, also embroidered by some fairy hands, and a bootjack, were visible in one corner; and I think it gave us quite a defrauded feeling to contemplate the comfortable retreat in which this doctor indulged in such slumbers as his patients would allow him. We had ample time to study the apartment before we were recalled to the office; and then, pushing "Mrs. Turveydrop" forward, I insisted upon her opening the conference.

She did it very nicely; but I felt desirous of escaping somewhere, and made half-witted replies to various questions, until it seemed a perfect farce to suppose that the very sensible-looking man at the table would think of entering into any business arrangement with such an idiot. The only respectable thing I said was when the Doctor had kindly remarked that he feared I should not find the task a very agreeable one, I managed to reply that I was not taking it up for amusement.

He bowed and smiled, and plunged into the depths of a huge waste-paper basket beside him.

"I feel quite ashamed of myself," said he to Mrs. Coleford, "for I had to keep the army records to arrange the pensions, and you know what a careless fellow I am. I write a deplorable hand, too; and if Miss Redingode can make it out from these scrawls, she will do more than I can."

"But what is it all for?" I asked, in great bewilderment; "and what am I to do?"

For my would-be employer was dragging forth rolls of thick yellow wrapping-paper, on which were scrawled hieroglyphics in faint pencil-marks, while other sheets looked like a mad tarantula dance in pale ink, with great splashes of that untransparent fluid by way of ornament, while stray slips of white paper, with more hieroglyphics and splashes, and even old visiting-cards, thickly scrawled over, were added to the collection.

"Pardon me," was the reply, "I forget that you are not acquainted with my habits and occupations. If you *could* look a shade less amazed, Miss Redingode, it would be a comfort to my feelings. But I may as well own at once my weakness, my evil behavior, by confessing that this is the disgraceful style in which I have kept the army register; my only excuse being that it was done, under a heavy pressure of work, at odd moments; and very odd, indeed, were the moments in which I could take my ease sufficiently to write. These crazy-looking documents are really important," continued the Doctor, opening a huge blank-book on the table before him, "and should all be copied neatly in this volume. Will you kindly undertake the work? There are a few pages already written, which you will find useful to guide you; they were done by a very clever Irishman, who would have stolen the very coat from my back if I had kept him much longer."

I had already opened my mouth to decline the task, when I caught Mrs. Coleford's eye with a world of meaning in it.

Her glance said plainly, "Try it, I will help you"; and in looking over the book she seemed to grasp the matter so readily, that I felt encouraged to undertake the work. The thought of my pressing needs also strengthened me; and having ascertained that I could carry the treasures home with me, I boldly accepted the position of private secretary to Dr. Robert Craig, U. S. A.

"Should there be any words that you

cannot make out," said my employer, benevolently, as though the thought had just struck him that such a thing *might* occur, "just mark them, if you please, and I will insert them afterward."

I tried to conceal a smile, as I surveyed his appalling chirography, but was not very successful.

"That is to be translated, 'One long mark, then, for every page,'" said the Doctor, gravely. "I admire your heroism, Miss Redingode, in attempting such a task; and perhaps the thought that you are advancing the interests of many poor maimed fellows, who have deserved well of their country, will aid you in reducing these irregular gambols of pen and pencil to something like system. I wish you every success, and beg in return — your charity."

I grasped the heavy book which I persisted in shouldering, figuratively, although the Doctor had proposed sending it to me; while Mrs. Coleford secured a formidable roll of the yellow paper. I felt quite triumphant and hopeful; it would be a decided victory to master this hopeless-looking task. It would be pleasant, too, to work in some way for the poor soldiers; I had never done anything but one batch of Havelocks, that were no sooner completed and sent off than I heard that the soldiers could not endure them, and had desired that no more should be sent.

Dreaming vaguely of the future, and quite oblivious of the present, I walked on, until the heavy book which had been gradually slipping from my arm fell to the ground, and sprawled wide open. A gentleman in a fatigue-cap, and with a sort of undress, military air, sprang forward and restored the volume before I could stoop for it; an action common enough in itself, but the manner of doing it, the lifting of the cap just at the right moment, and the smile disclosing dazzling teeth, were full of a peculiar, fascinating grace.

The stranger was tall and handsome, and wonderfully like the officer in Rogers's beautiful clay group, "Taking the Oath." Especially, as he raised

his cap, was I struck with the similarity of attitude; but he was gone almost before these thoughts had flashed through my mind.

Ten A. M. next day found me armed with book, papers, and writing-apparatus, at Mrs. Coleford's *escritoire* in the pleasant up-stairs sitting-room; while my friend, sewing in hand, established herself on the lounge opposite, to encourage me with her presence and advice.

The yellow roll was tastefully tied together with a piece of pink tape; this I unfastened with a certain degree of awe, and carefully examined the first sheet of paper that came to hand. It was nearly empty; but a few marks in pencil put me in possession of the pleasing fact that, at some time in the past, Dr. Craig had sent to his laundress six shirts, seven handkerchiefs, three pairs of drawers, eight pairs of stockings, and some other articles, of which the names were not quite so distinct.

I glanced at the roll in dismay. "He has certainly made a mistake," I exclaimed, "and I will investigate no further, lest I come into a knowledge of all his private affairs."

Mrs. Coleford quietly examined the papers. "Quite inoffensive," said she, smiling, "and none the less so that many of them might almost as well have been written in Chinese. I am afraid that your eyes will be twisted out of your head, Rose, in trying to decipher such letters. It is really a shame in Robert to be so careless in business matters."

"And that man," I exclaimed, vindictively, "is placed in a position of responsibility, and receives a liberal salary for keeping his affairs in a mess that would disgrace a child's doll-house! and just because he is a *man*! I think it's too bad!"

"What is too bad?" asked my friend, — "that he is a man, or that he does not keep his accounts in better order? If he did, Miss Rose Redingode would not have the opportunity of untangling

them, to the manifest advantage of her spring wardrobe."

"But just look at these snarls! he might, at least, have made his letters a *little* straighter."

"He might, — only, to misquote Dr. Watts as usual, it is n't his nature to. Now, Rose, attend; it will be a great help in this business to ascertain, in the first place, what we are expected to find in these scrawls; and here is the work of the thieving Irishman as our guide. You see that the soldiers' names are alphabetically arranged; and opposite them, on the same page, age, place of nativity, place of residence, occupation, number of regiment, date of enlisting and discharge, nature of wound, and time and place where it was received. Then, in the back part of the book, is a detailed account of each case, under its proper name, and the amount of pension awarded. Here is a case that I think we can make out," catching up one of the papers, and squinting her eyes to enhance their powers of vision, "'William Wilt' — 'Well' — 'Webb' — 'Wall,' I think: 'William Wall, age eighty' —"

"Nonsense!" I interrupted; "a soldier 'aged eighty'!"

"It must be fifty, then, or thirty, perhaps," was the reply. "Really, Dr. Robert, you *are* a trial, and you did well to beg the charity of your secretary in advance."

At the end of an hour or so we had decided that William Wall (if he *was* Wall) was aged thirty (unless it meant fifty), that he was born in America (unless it was Australia), that his profession was that of tinman (unless it was librarian), that he lived in Newark (unless it was New York), and that "he received a gunshot round of thibet, (whatever that might be), and a shell in the centre of his right eye."

For the benefit of the curious, it may be as well to state here that, when things were straightened out, the man Wall proved to be Mill, — for the Doctor did n't believe in dotting his *i*'s, nor crossing his *t*'s, nor turning his

m's the right way, — thirty-eight years old, born in Valparaiso, and living in New Haven; and he received a gunshot wound of the left tibia, and a fragment of shell entered his right eye. As this was one of the most legible accounts, it will give some idea of our labors.

I jotted down the nonsense recorded above with a satisfied feeling that I was really getting to understand the business; and Mrs. Coleford settled herself serenely to the consciousness of having fairly succeeded in launching me. She did not speak, for fear of breaking the spell that seemed to be guiding my pen to wonderful feats among the shoals and quicksands of those irregular items; but suddenly I asked, in a half-dazed way, "Do you think, Cornelia, that any man *could* have such a name as 'Wild Rats'?"

My friend took it calmly. "If he is a German, and it is spelled with a *z*. Perhaps, the first name is Will."

"It *is* n't spelled with a *z*," I replied, "nor with anything else that looks like a rational letter. I wish to know if any human being could have his 'head torn away with a cannon-ball' and live?"

"Hardly, I think."

"Well, according to Dr. Craig, (I'd like to dip him in a tub of ink!) Wild Rats had his head torn away with a cannon-ball, and was afterward put on full pension. I think he earned it, don't you?"

We could make nothing of it, and I drew a line under the whole thing. The next paper had an immense blotch of ink over the entire name; and after consultation with my oracle, I wrote it down "John Smith," until we could discover what it was intended for.

Suddenly I stopped, struck with a new idea. (My eyes were twisted every way, for each separate word in those horrible papers seemed to be tied up in a hard knot, and my head throbbed painfully with the effort to extract some kind of sense from Dr. Craig's chaotic accounts.) This idea was a small magnifying-glass, and Mrs.

Coleford responded admiringly to the suggestion; while I seized hat and shawl, and darted off to the little lame watchmaker who kept our timepieces in order; and whom I found hard at work, with the very article that I coveted stuck on one eye.

He had none for sale, he said, but could get me one from town in a day or two.

I could scarcely refrain from snatching his own property away from him; for I was exasperated at his taking-it-for-granted way that delay could be of no consequence to *me*, a woman, and might even prove wholesome discipline. Men never can seem to understand why women should be in a hurry for anything; and even this wretched little watchmaker looked calmly down from an imaginary height on my excitement.

I probably succeeded in making my feelings intelligible, however; for, presently, he hobbled around with some show of earnestness, and producing an ugly little affair, like a deep, black muffin-ring, he benevolently offered it to me as a loan, until the other one should arrive. I grasped it with grateful acknowledgment; and the solemn-looking little man gazed after me in evident bewilderment; while I shot down the street with my treasure, and presented myself, breathless and triumphant, in the sitting-room with a clew to all my difficulties.

It was a great help, certainly; and with our combined genius we accomplished wonders in an incredibly short space of time, and succeeded in converting "Wild Rats" into "Walter Bates," being much relieved to discover that, instead of having his head torn away by a cannon-ball, his hip-joint was injured in some unintelligible manner by that clumsy missile, and one foot shot away. Poor fellows! I began to realize what they had suffered.

I became deeply interested in my work; and it had a very neat appearance, arranged in those orderly columns; but suddenly a great splash of ink fell from my pen, and spread over

nearly a quarter of the page with malicious celerity. I felt disgraced, and almost cried to see my work disfigured in this way; but when I glanced at the doctor's performances, I did not see how he could well complain.

"Why does he call so many of them 'Pat,'" said I, "when they are not Pat at all? He says, 'Pat much disabled,' 'Pat progressing,' 'Pat in hospital'; do you suppose he really means 'Pat' by this word?"

My friend turned it critically to the light. "It may be a V," she said, "and mean some sort of medical term; but it certainly *looks* like P."

"I shall put it down 'Pat,'" I said, "though it seems perfectly senseless, and the Doctor can arrange it to suit himself."

"I wish," said Mrs. Coleford, as she turned down a hem reflectively, "that I could make out what 'Double Imperial Hemorrhage' is; it sounds like something dreadful. Perhaps we have made a mistake."

"I should be thankful to get off with *one* mistake," I replied. "I dread meeting Dr. Craig after he has received the book; and yet I think that my indignation at his abominable handwriting will keep me up a little."

In two or three days of close application the yellow roll was quite exhausted; and, according to agreement, we must make a second visit to the Doctor's office, to have the work examined and commented upon, and obtain a fresh relay of documents. We examined those columns critically before consigning the book to the express-office for its journey to town; and while wondering for the twentieth time over some very queer injuries and complaints that had to be copied letter by letter as the Doctor *seemed* to have written them, and which in their best estate would have been Latin and Greek to us, we felt, on the whole, that the task had been accomplished in a very praiseworthy manner.

I saw at a glance, after the first greeting, that every part of Dr. Craig's

face was laughing, except his mouth. The book, which had arrived an hour or two before us, was open on the table, — open, too, just at that horrible blot; and with sudden courage, I remarked: "I copied your work as accurately as I could, even to the blotting."

He was evidently glad of some excuse for laughing; and replied, as he turned over the leaves, "You believe, then, in the Chinese style of following a pattern? But, really, Miss Redingode," he continued, "I scarcely know what to say. I am overwhelmed with astonishment and gratitude. You must have found the task a fearful one."

"It was not so bad after I began to use the magnifying-glass," said I, resolved to punish him for that aggravatingly amused expression of countenance. "I should like to know," said I to myself, "how he can expect women to understand army matters and surgical terms."

"'Magnifying-glass'?" repeated the Doctor, glancing at Mrs. Coleford in a sort of comical distress. "Really," he added, coloring and laughing, as he buried his head in the book, "you ladies are too hard upon me."

"But this is no joke, Doctor," continued Mrs. Coleford; "a magnifying-glass was really procured; and you do not know what a help we found it."

"'Anchovy of hip-joint,'" read the Doctor, by way of screening himself, "that *should* be 'Anchylolysis.'"

My face was burning painfully; and I wished the ponderous volume safely lodged in the Atlantic Ocean. Dr. Craig glanced kindly at me, and praised the work and the penmanship, as he produced a fresh roll of documents, and asked if I would kindly continue to help him out of his dilemma.

"I have business in L——," said he, "and will bring you the book and papers in a day or two."

"I had almost given you up as a visitor," said Mrs. Coleford, reproachfully, "and had resolved never to ask you again."

"You will soon see," was the reply,

"that I did not come because I knew that if I began I should not have sense enough to stop."

"He does not want his book spoiled," thought I, "and intends to watch the progress of my work."

Just as we passed out of the door the handsome officer who picked up my book ran up the steps, politely bowing as he passed us. From Dr. Craig's warm welcome, they were evidently old cronies. I felt quite provoked at myself for letting my thoughts dwell on him, and tried to become practical by saying "anchylolysis" a number of times.

"Rose," said my friend, impressively, when we were fairly out of the office, "I have a settled conviction that Dr. Craig is at this moment rolling on the floor with long-suppressed laughter. If 'anchovy of hip-joint' is a fair specimen, what work we must have made of the poor fellows generally. We spent a good hour over that word 'anchovy,' too."

Dr. Craig made us a very pleasant evening visit, and brought the book and papers with him. We had a great deal of laughing and jesting over the matter; and, separated from the horrors of his office, I began to think the Doctor very agreeable. Cornelia played "Mrs. Turveydrop" to perfection; but I feared that she was arranging some little plans of her own that threatened to swallow up my secretaryship, and this made me a trifle stiff and ungracious to our visitor.

The Doctor kindly gave me a lesson in anatomy, that I might understand his scrawls a little better; and, emboldened by this condescension, Mrs. Coleford desired to know what "Double Imperial Hemorrhage" might be.

"I never heard of such a thing!" was the astonished reply.

The book was opened at once, and the puzzling passage pointed out in black and white. The Doctor's face was a study.

"It sounds like a flower label," said he, "but it *should* be '*frequent internal*'

hemorrhage.' I really did not know that my writing was so atrociously illegible."

The second roll was, if possible, worse than the first; more ink-blotches, more faint pencil-marks, and various foreign matters of a private nature thrown promiscuously in.

"What do you think," said I to Mrs. Coleford, after puzzling out one poor fellow's case with a great deal of interest, "of calling a man with one leg and one eye, jaw-bone shot away, and various other mutilations, '*partly disabled*,' and giving him half-pension? Is not that outrageous? I intend to write him down 'a total wreck' and give him full pension."

My friend looked frightened. "That will scarcely do," she said; "it might get the Doctor into trouble. Where does the man live?"

"Why, right here!" I replied in delight. "Here is his address, — 'Patrick Doyle, No. 10 Lime Street'; let us go and see him."

Lime Street was not a pleasant region, but we went that very afternoon, and found the poor fellow entirely alone in the neatest little mite of a house. Mrs. Patrick was out at carpet-weaving, by which she supported the family, part of whom worked with her; while the invalid soldier "kept house," as he called it, that is, sat and stared at the fire, for he seemed too weak to move about.

He assured us that he had been "blown to pieces intirely," and expressed his willingness to have the process repeated for such an "illigant country." Poor, patient fellow! if my hands had only been filled with pensions, that I might have showered them upon him! one *full* pension, even, was such a miserable pittance.

"Yes," he said, "they told him he ought to have had full pension, and the Major, mebbe, would have got it for him; but he was living in the big city, and he could n't see him, and it was hard, any way, for the poor to get their rights."

"What is your Major's name?" I asked, fired with a sudden determination to bring this matter about; "and where does he live?"

Shure and did n't the leddy know. Major Hames, the nice gentleman who had a pleasant word for every one, and who had been just like a father to him in the army? Patrick had his number and street on a dirty bit of paper, that, mebbe, the leddy would n't care to touch, but he had never liked to trouble the Major.

And, taking out an old pocket-book, the poor remnant of a man and a brother produced a scrap of paper uninviting enough; but "the leddy" *did* touch it, and found that the Major who had been a father to the maimed private lived in a very accessible region of the city which I frequently visited. I did not wish, however, to raise false hopes, so I said nothing to Patrick of my intention; but I was fully resolved to attack this fatherly Major, and lay before him the case of the poor helpless soldier whom Dr. Craig pronounced "partly disabled." It would be such a triumph to get him a full pension, and show the Doctor that if I *did* make mistakes in surgical terms, (thanks to his outrageous handwriting!) I understood some things better than he did.

Patrick Doyle was very grateful for our visit, and impressed upon us to the very last that Major Hames had been a father to him.

"I shall certainly make the old gentleman a visit," said I, as we emerged from Lime Street; "you know that I have to go to town to-morrow; and perhaps by stating his case fully to this Major, I may get a few dollars more for poor Patrick. 'Partly disabled,' indeed! I should like to know what he can do with the fragment of body that's left him?"

Mrs. Coleford quite approved of my intention; and, full of enterprise and resolution, I set forth on my mission, and rang the bell at a handsome house in a very fashionable situation.

"Tell Major Hames," said I to the servant who ushered me into the draw-

ing-room, "that a lady wishes to see him on business."

I had pictured the thin elderly gentleman with gray whiskers, who was to enter the room with dignified elegance, and listen to my narrative in the fatherly manner that had made such an impression on Patrick Doyle; but when the *real* Major Hames stood before me I scarcely suppressed a scream, and meditated a wild retreat through one of the windows. It was the officer in Rogers's group, — the very individual who had picked up that miserable book for me, and who, as he was evidently a friend of Dr. Craig's, had probably ascertained my singular connection with that gentleman.

I tried to speak, but only stammered, and my face seemed on fire; I did not dare to look at him, and I suppose he was amazed at my conduct, for presently he said, in a very bland tone: "Pardon me, I understood that you had asked for Major Hames?"

Out I came with the very thing I should not have said, and told him clumsily enough that I had expected to see an elderly gentleman.

"I am very sorry —" he began; but the utter absurdity of his being sorry that he was not an elderly gentleman struck us both, and we laughed in concert.

"I am Miss Redingode," said I, as I suddenly remembered that this frightfully youthful father of Patrick Doyle's would not know what to call me.

The handsome face before me fairly beamed with delight.

"*Miss Redingode!*" he repeated, with a quick movement toward me; "that was my mother's name, and it is also mine. It is so very uncommon that I think we must be related. May I ask if you have relatives in Kentucky?"

"I was born there," I replied, "but I do not think I have any relatives anywhere."

"Excuse me for a moment," said the gentleman, "you must see my sister;" and he left me in a tumultuous whirl of excitement over the prospect of com-

ing all of a sudden upon some delightful cousins.

"This is Mrs. Fay," said the Major, returning with a young and very charming personage; "but I hope she will soon succeed in establishing her right to a less formal title from you."

"I do hope you *are* a cousin," said the lady, warmly; "we are dreadfully alone in the world, Clarence and I. To be sure, I have my husband."

"A trifling appendage," remarked her brother.

"Now, Clarence, be quiet! Miss Redingode does not know you yet. But let us overhaul the family records as speedily as possible, and see how near we *can* come in our relationship."

We did an immense amount of talking, and persuaded ourselves into the firm conviction that we were second or third cousins.

It seemed like a fairy-tale; and my newly found cousins were perfect treasures. They desired to take immediate possession of me; and after a visit of an hour or two, I could scarcely get away. Mrs. Fay called me "Rose" in the most natural manner, and I found myself addressing her as "Cousin Nan-nie." Her brother assured me that no such person as "Major Hames" existed for *me*, but I did not get on quite so easily with him; and by a sort of tacit arrangement, we did not call each other anything.

I knew that Cornelia would wonder what had become of me, as I had promised to return to dinner; and after tracing the Redingodes back to an old Tory great-grandfather, discussing them root and branch, and mourning over the rapid extinction of the race, I fairly tore myself away, with promises of speedy and more satisfactory visits on both sides, and was accompanied to the cars by Major Clarence Redingode Hames.

Mrs. Coleford was quite uneasy at my long absence; but when I entered, full of excitement and adventures, I found a ready and sympathizing listener.

"I suppose, then," said my friend,

when I had paused to take breath, "that you found no difficulty in obtaining the Major's aid for Patrick Doyle?"

"*'Patrick Doyle!'*" I repeated wildly, — "I never thought of him!"

My companion looked amazed. "How, then, did you explain your visit to Major Hames?"

"I did not explain it at all," said I, hanging my diminished head, "except to tell him that I had expected him to be an elderly gentleman."

Mrs. Coleford laughed merrily.

"Then he took it for granted that you had a habit of calling promiscuously upon elderly gentlemen! O Rose! Rose! I am ashamed of you!"

"*Don't!*" said I, in despair. "All that you *say*, I *think*; and I could shake myself with right good-will. What *must* my Kentucky cousins think of me, when they come to talk the matter over in cool blood?"

As the novelists say, no description could do justice to my feelings; and with my brain in a whirl, I made such absurd mistakes in the army records that I flung the book down in despair, and would have given anything to discover that I had only been *dreaming* of my visit to Major Hames.

Dr. Craig seemed to have a great deal of business in L—, and speedily followed up his first visit with several others. Every time he came there was fresh laughing over my work; and when we gravely inquired why he called so many of the soldiers "Pat," or if he meant "Pat" at all, it seemed almost an impossibility for him to regain his self-control.

"Then you never would have guessed," said he, finally, "that it was intended for '*patient*'?"

Cornelia and I were disgusted with our own stupidity; and we resolved that no amount of curiosity should induce us to ask any questions in the future.

The very day but one after my raid upon the Major that gentleman's card and his sister's were brought to me;

and down I went to explain my singular conduct as I best could.

Cousin Nannie looked lovely, and was attired as bewitchingly as people of taste, and the wherewithal to gratify it, *can* attire themselves; and her exquisite toilet made me feel indescribably shabby. But mine was coming; a few more yellow rolls would make me quite independent.

These cousins of mine seemed to feel as if they had known me all their lives; and it was really delightful for a poor, stray waif like myself to be taken at once into the bosom of the family.

"What *did* you think I came for?" said I, as soon as I could find a chance to introduce the subject; "I totally forgot my errand to Major Hames, which was *not* to tell him that I supposed him to be an elderly gentleman; and when I recovered my senses, I was overwhelmed with mortification. It must have seemed so very queer to you."

Cousin Nannie looked at her brother, and laughed.

"We *did* think of it, after you left," said she, "and wondered a little how you got there, as you did not know that you were visiting relatives; but we concluded that you would be able to explain it in a perfectly rational manner. I am sure we are *very* much obliged to you for coming; and now, Rose," with an irresistible caress, "you must go home with me at once. I never had a sister, and you can't think how lonely I am!"

This was real Kentucky hospitality, and very pleasant to receive; but I was not disposed to avail myself of it.

"Nannie is a most unfortunate being," said the Major, gravely; "she has a husband and a brother perfectly devoted to her, and every wish gratified. I think her case appeals eloquently to the sympathies of the benevolent. I hope *you* are benevolent, Cousin Rose?"

My embarrassment at this address was not calmed by Mrs. Fay's rather irrelevant remark: "I do think Rose is a lovely name! and it suits you admirably. You are always in a sort of

flush, like the beautiful shades of color on some of those velvety petals. But *do* forgive me! I did not mean to make a *damask* Rose of you."

I rushed after Mrs. Coleford, to change the conversation; and took much pleasure in introducing my sweet-looking friend to my very charming cousins. They were mutually attracted; but Cornelia would not listen to the proposed change of my quarters. I was engaged to her, at least, for the summer, she said; but I promised a speedy visit, and with this Cousin Nannie declared herself only partly satisfied.

"Now," said my friend, when we were alone again, "what about Patrick Doyle?"

I laughed outright; it seemed very unfeeling, but I really could not help it.

"They do not yet know," said I, thinking of my cousins instead of Patrick, "what took me to Mrs. Fay's house last Tuesday!"

"Well," replied Mrs. Coleford, "I am very glad that *I* do not depend on you for a pension. Don't talk of the Doctor, after *such* proceedings!"

"I *will* tell the Major, the next time I see him," said I, resolutely; "what *must* he think of me!"

"I have not the least doubt," remarked my friend, dryly, "that his sentiments are quite favorable."

I felt like a damask Rose again; and I tried to be provoked with Cornelia, but there really seemed to be no use in it.

"I have come so soon again," said Major Hames, one evening, "that I am afraid you will scarcely know whether this was the other visit continued or a new one."

"Have you the slightest idea," said I, in reply, "what took *me* to see *you* the other day?"

"No," replied my cousin, "I am satisfied with the fact."

"But *I* am not," I continued, warmly, "and I must request your patience for quite a lengthy story. Do you know a man named Patrick Doyle?"

I could scarcely conceal my vexation at the inopportune appearance of Dr. Craig.

The Major's face was a mixture of annoyance and suppressed laughter, as he returned the Doctor's astonished greeting: "Why, I did n't expect to see *you* here, old fellow!" with the equally flattering remark: "I had certainly no idea of meeting *you*!"

Then turning to me: "He deserves to be exposed, Miss Redingode. I almost begged him on my knees to tell me your name the day I met you on his front steps, but he was perfectly callous to all my supplications. This young lady, Robert, turns out to be my cousin; I should think you would have known that two persons with such a name as ours must belong to the same family."

"I had forgotten all about your name," said the Doctor, in great embarrassment; "I hope that Miss Redingode will excuse me."

"*She* will excuse you far more readily than *I* shall," returned his friend. "However, as no harm can come of your selfishness, I suppose that I can afford to be generous."

I scarcely knew which way to look; and Cornelia appeared to enjoy it all very much. Our visitors stayed quite late, for each seemed resolved not to desert Mr. Micawber; but they were somewhat constrained with each other, and it was not half so easy to entertain them as when they came singly.

Mrs. Coleford asked me again if I had told the Major about Patrick Doyle.

"No," I replied, "there is a sort of spell upon that narrative, and I begin to doubt whether I ever *shall* tell it."

I did tell my story, however, and Cousin Nannie heard it, too; they laughed at the Irishman's declaration that Major Hames had been a father to him, as Patrick was a "b'y" of at least forty summers; but his case was taken up with the kindest interest, and resulted in my having the satisfaction

of writing him down "a total wreck" (although the term was quite unprofessional), and obtaining for him a full pension.

"Now," said the Major, with quite a business-like air, when these results had been duly laid before me, "I have a favor to ask."

We were in the conservatory, and I was rather alarmed to see Cousin Nannie flit off among the orange-trees, and disappear through the door. I thought of following her; but my other cousin had secured me by one hand, as he whispered: "*Rosa mundi!* — May I say, *Rosa mine?*"

I have no recollection of saying anything whatever; but the Major had the effrontery to assure his sister that I was engaged to him, and this soon came to be looked upon as a settled thing. I did mention something about the unsatisfactoriness of discovering cousins who would not *stay* cousins; on which Nannie told me, with the most charming frankness, that she had

made up her mind, as soon as she saw me, that I should marry Clarence.

Mrs. Coleford managed to mix up some allusion to Dr. Craig's disappointment with her congratulations; but I informed her gravely that I fully intended to complete the documents. As to any other disappointment, it seemed entirely foreign to his comfortable appearance, and fresh, English color. He never told his love, but neither did any worm prey upon his damask cheek; and when the writing was accomplished, I received a fabulous check for my work, which the Doctor assured me I had fully earned, as the rescued documents were of great value to him.

I did not get much of a spring outfit after all, as Cornelia advised me to save up my resources for the autumn, when she seemed to think I would need them particularly; but I had, at least, the consolation of which Dr. Johnson speaks, that I had *endeavored* well.

MAY GROWN A-COLD.

O CERTAINLY, no month this is but May!
 Sweet earth and sky, sweet birds of happy song,
 Do make thee happy now, and thou art strong,
 And many a tear thy love shall wipe away
 And make the dark night merrier than the day,
 Straighten the crooked paths and right the wrong,
 And tangle bliss so that it tarry long.
 Go cry aloud the hope the Heavens do say!

Nay, what is this? and wherefore lingerest thou?
 Why sayest thou the sky is hard as stone?
 Why sayest thou the thrushes sob and moan?
 Why sayest thou the east tears bloom and bough?
 Why seem the sons of man so hopeless now?
 Thy love is gone, poor wretch, thou art alone!

THE ENGLISH GOVERNESS AT THE SIAMESE COURT.

II.

A SECOND or subordinate kingship is an anomalous device or provision of sovereignty peculiar to Siam, Cambodia, and Laos. Inferior in station to the supreme king only, and apparently deriving from the throne of the Phra-batts, to which he may approach so near, a reflected majesty and prestige not clearly understood by his subjects nor easily defined by foreigners, the second king seems to be, nevertheless, belittled by the very significance of the one exclusive privilege that should distinguish him, — that of exemption from the customary prostrations before the first king, whom he may salute by simply raising his hands and joining them above his head. Here his proper right of royalty begins and ends. The part that he may play in the drama of government is cast to him in the necessity, discretion, or caprice of his absolute chief next, and yet so far, above him; it may be important, insignificant, or wholly omitted. Like any lesser *duc* of the realm, he must appear before his lord twice a year to renew his oath of allegiance. In law, he is as mere a subject as the slave who bears his betel-box, or that other slave who, on his knees, and with averted face, presents his spittoon. In history, he shall be what circumstance or his own mind may make him, the shadow or the soul of sovereignty, even as the intellectual and moral weakness or strength may have been apportioned between him and his colleague. From his rank he derives no advantage but the *chance*.

Somdetch Phra Pawarendr Ramesr Mahiswarer, the subordinate King of Siam, who died on the 29th of December, 1865, was the legitimate son of the supreme king, second of his dynasty, who reigned from 1809 to 1824. His father had been second king to his grandfather, "grand supreme" of Siam,

and first of the reigning line. His mother was "lawful first queen consort"; and the late first or major king, Somdetch-Phra Paramendr Maha Mongkut, was his elder full brother. Being alike legitimate offspring of the first queen, these two lads were styled *Somdetch Chowfas*, "Celestial Royal Princes"; and during the second and third reigns they were distinguished by the titles of courtesy pertaining to their royal status and relation, the elder as Chowfa Mongkut, the younger as Chowfa Chudha-Mani: *Mongkut* signifying "Royal Crown," and *Chudha-Mani* "Royal Hair-pin."

On the death of their father (in 1824), and the accession, by intrigue, of their elder half-brother, the Chowfa Mongkut entered the Buddhist priesthood; but his brother, more ardent, inquisitive, and restless, took active service with the king, in the military as well as in the diplomatic department of government. He was appointed Superintendent of Artillery and Malayan Infantry on the one hand, and on the other, Translator of English Documents and Secretary for English Correspondence.

In a cautious and verbose sketch of his character and services, written after his death by his jealous brother, the priest king, wherein he is, by turns, meanly disparaged and damned with faint praise, we find this curious statement: —

"After that time (1821) he became acquainted with certain parties of English and East Indian merchants, who made their appearance or first commenced trading on late of the second reign, after the former trade with Siam which had been stopped or postponed several years in consequence of some misunderstanding before. He became acquainted with certain parts of English language and literature, and cer-

tain parts of Hindoo or Bengali language, as sufficient for some unimportant conversation with English and Indian strangers who were visitors of Siam, upon the latter part of the reign of his royal father; but his royal father did not know that he possessed such knowledge of foreign language, which had been concealed to the native persons in republic affairs, whose jealousy seemed to be strong, against strangers, so he was not employed in any terms with those strangers foreign affairs," — that is, during the life of his father, at whose death he was just sixteen years old.

Early in the third reign he was sent to Meeklong to superintend the construction of important works of defence near the mouth of the Meeklong River. He pushed this work with vigor, and completed it in 1835. In 1842 he commanded successfully an expedition against the Cochinese, and in returning brought with him to Siam many families of refugees from the eastern coast. Then he was commissioned by the king to reconstruct, "after Western models," the ancient fortifications at Paknam; and having to this end engaged a corps of European engineers and artisans, he eagerly seized the advantage the situation afforded him, by free and intelligent intercourse with his foreign assistants, to master the English language, so that, at his death, he notably excelled the first king in the facility with which he spoke, read, and wrote it; and to improve his acquaintance with the Western sciences and arts of navigation, naval construction and armament, coast and inland defence, engineering, transportation, and telegraphy, the working and casting of iron, etc.

On the 26th of May, 1851, twelve days after the coronation of his elder brother, the student and priest Maha Mongkut, he was called by the unanimous voice of "the king and council" to be second king; and throughout his subordinate reign his sagacious and alert inquiry, his quick apprehension, his energetic and liberal spirit of im-

provement, engaged the admiration of foreigners; whilst his handsome person, his generous temper, his gallant preference for the skilful and the brave, his enthusiasm and princely profusion in sports and shows, endeared him more and more to his people. Maha Mongkut—at no time inclined to praise him beyond his deserts, and least of all in the latter years of his life, embittered to both by mutual jealousy and distrust—wrote almost handsomely of him under the pressure of this public opinion.

"He made everything new and beautiful, and of curious appearance, and of a good style of architecture, and much stronger than they had formerly been constructed, by his three predecessors, the second kings of the last three reigns, for the space of time that he was second king. He had introduced and collected many and many things, being articles of great curiosity, and things useful for various purposes of military acts and affairs, from Europe and America, China and other states, and placed them in various departments and rooms or buildings suitable for those articles, and placed officers for maintaining and preserving the various things neatly and carefully. He has constructed several buildings in European fashion and Chinese fashion, and ornamented them with various useful ornaments for his pleasure, and has constructed two steamers in manner of men-of-war, and two steam-yachts, and several rowing state-boats in Siamese and Cochinese fashion, for his pleasure at sea and rivers of Siam, and caused several articles of gold and silver being vessels and various wares and weapons to be made up by the Siamese and Malayan goldsmiths, for employ and dress of himself and his family, by his direction and skilful contrivance and ability. He became celebrated and spread out more and more to various regions of the Siamese kingdom, adjacent States around, and far-famed to foreign countries, even at far distance, as he became acquainted with many and many foreigners, who came

from various quarters of the world where his name became known to most as a very clever and bravest Prince of Siam. . . .

"As he pleased mostly with firing of cannon and acts of Marine power and seamen, which he has imitated to his steamers which were made in manner of the man-of-war, after he has seen various things curious and useful, and learned Marine customs on board the foreign vessels of war, his steamers conveyed him to sea, where he has enjoyed playing of firing in cannon very often. . . .

"He pleased very much in and was playful of almost everything, some important and some unimportant, as riding on Elephants and Horses and Ponies, racing of them and racing of rowing boats, firing on birds and beasts of prey, dancing and singing in various ways pleasantly, and various curiosity of almost everything, and music of every description, and in taming of dogs, monkeys, &c., &c., that is to say briefly that he has tested almost everything eatable except entirely testing of Opium and play.

"Also he has visited regions of North-eastern Province of Sarapury and Gorath very often for enjoyment of pleasant riding on Elephants and Horses, at forests in chasing animals of prey, fowling, and playing music and singing with Laos people of that region and obtaining young wives from there."

What follows is not more curious as to its form of expression than suspicious as to its meaning and motive. To all who know with what pusillanimity at times the first king shrank from the reproach of Christian foreigners, — especially the French priests, — with what servility in his moody way he courted their favor, it will appear of very doubtful sincerity. To those who are familiar with the circumstances under which it was written, and to whom the attitude of jealous reserve that the brothers occupied toward each other at the time of the second king's death was no secret, it may seem (even after due allowance is made for the prejudices or

the obligations of the priest) to cover an insidious, though scarcely adroit design to undermine the honorable reputation the younger enjoyed among the missionaries, and the cordial friendship with which he had been regarded by several of the purest of them. Certainly it is suspiciously "of a piece" with other passages, quoted further on, in which the king's purpose to disparage the merits of his brother, and damage the influence of his name abroad, is sufficiently transparent. In this connection the reader may derive a ray of light from the fact that on the birth of the second king's first son, an American missionary, who was on terms of intimacy with the father, named the child 'George Washington'; and that child, the Prince George Washington Krom-mu'n Pawarwijaygan, is the present second king of Siam. But to Maha Mongkut, and his "art of putting things":—

"He was rumored to be baptized or near to be baptized in Christianity, but the fact it is false. He was a Buddhist, but his faith and belief changed very often in favor of various sects of Buddhism by the association of his wives of various families and of persons who were believers in various sects of the established religion of the Siamese and Laos, Peguan and Burmese countries. Why should he become a Christian? when his pleasures consisted in polygamy and enjoyment, and with young women who were practised in pleasant dancing and singing, and who could not be easily given up at any time. He was very desirous of having his sons to be English scholars and to be learned the art of speaking, reading and writing in English well like himself, but he said he cannot allow his sons to enter the Christian Missionary-School, as he feared his descendants might be induced to the Christianity in which he did not please to believe."

Pawarendr Ramesr had ever been the favorite and darling of his mother, and it was in his infancy that the seeds of that ignoble jealousy were sown be-

tween the royal brothers, which flourished so rankly and bore such noxious fruit in their manhood. From his tenderest years the younger prince was remarkable for his personal beauty and his bright intelligence, and before his thirteenth birthday had already learned all that his several masters could teach him. From an old priest, named Phra Naitt, I gathered many pleasant anecdotes of his childhood.

For example, he related with peculiar pride how the young prince, then but twelve years old, being borne one day in state through the eastern gate of the city to visit his mother's lotos-gardens, observed an old man, half blind, resting by the roadside. Commanding his bearers to halt, he alighted from his sedan and kindly accosted the poor creature. Finding him destitute and helpless, a stranger and a wayfarer in the land, he caused him to be seated in his own sedan, and borne to the gardens, while he followed on foot. Here he had the old man bathed, clad in fresh linen, and entertained with a substantial meal; and afterward he took his astonished client into his service, as keeper of his cattle.

Later in life the generous and romantic prince diverted himself with the adventurous beneficence of Haroun al Raschid, visiting the poor in disguise, listening to the recital of their sufferings and wrongs, and relieving them with ready largesse of charity and justice; and nothing so pleased and flattered him as to be called, in his assumed name of Nak Peatt, "the wise," to take part in their sports and fêtes. The affectionate enthusiasm with which the venerable poonghee remembered his royal pupil was inspiring; and to see his eyes sparkle and his face glow with sympathetic triumph, as he described the lad's exploits of strength or skill, in riding, fencing, boxing, was a fine sight. But it was with saddened look and tone that he whispered to me that, at the prince's birth, the astrologer who cast his horoscope had foretold for him an unnatural death. This, he said, was the secret of the

watchful devotion and imprudent partiality his mother had always manifested for him.

For such a prince, to come into even the empty name of power was to become subject to the evil eye of his fraternal lord and rival, for whose favor officious friends and superservicable lackeys contended in scandalous and treacherous spyings of the second king's every action. Yet, meanly beset as he was, he contrived to find means and opportunity to enlarge his understanding and multiply his attainments; and in the end his proficiency in languages, European and Oriental, became as remarkable as it was laudable. It was by Mr. Hunter, secretary to the Prime Minister, that he was introduced to the study of the English language and literature, and by this gentleman's intelligent aid he procured the text-books which constituted the foundation of his educational course.

In person he was handsome, for a Siamese; of medium stature, compact and symmetrical figure, and rather dark complexion. His conversation and deportment denoted the cultivation, delicacy, and graceful poise of an accomplished gentleman; and he delivered his English with a correctness and fluency very noticeably free from the peculiar spasmodic effort that marked his royal brother's exploits in the language of Shakespeare.

In his palace, which he had rebuilt after the model of an English nobleman's residence, he led the life of a healthy, practical, and systematic student. His library, more judiciously selected than that of his brother, abounded in works of science, embracing the latest discoveries. Here he passed many hours, cultivating a sound acquaintance with the results of investigation and experiment in the Western world. His partiality for English literature in all its branches was extreme. The freshest publications of London found their way to his tables, and he heartily enjoyed the creations of Dickens.

For robust and exhilarating enjoy-

ment, however, he had recourse to hunting expeditions, and martial exercises in the drilling of his private troops. Punctually at daybreak every morning he appeared on the parade-ground, and proceeded to review his little army with scrupulous precision, according to European tactics; after which he led his well-trained files to their barracks within the palace walls, where the soldiers exchanged their uniform for a working-dress. Then he marched them to the armory, where muskets, bayonets, and sabres were brought out and severely scoured. That done, the men were dismissed till the morrow.

Among his courtiers were several gentlemen of Siam and Laos, who had acquired such a smattering of English as qualified them to assist the prince in his scientific diversions. Opposite the armory stood a pretty little cottage, quite English-looking, lighted with glass windows, and equipped with European furniture. Over the entrance to this quaint tenement hung a painted sign, in triumphant English, "WATCHES AND CLOCKS MADE AND REPAIRED HERE"; and hither came frequently the second king and his favorites, to pursue assiduously their harmless occupation of *horlogerie*. Sometimes this eccentric entertainment was diversified with music, in which his Majesty took a leading part, playing with taste and skill on the flute, and several instruments of the Laos people.

Such a prince should have been happy, in the innocence of his pastimes and the dignity of his pursuits. But the same accident of birth and station to which he owed his privileges and his opportunities imposed its peculiar disabilities and hindrances. His troubles were the troubles of a second king, who chanced to be also an ardent and aspiring man. Weary with disappointment, disheartened in his honorable longing for just appreciation, vexed with the caprice and suspicions of his elder brother; oppressed by the ever-present tyranny of the thought—so hard for such a man to bear—that the

woman he loved best in the land he was inexorably forbidden to marry, because, being a princess of the first rank, she might be offered and accepted to grace the harem of his brother; a mere prisoner of state, watched by the baleful eye of jealousy, and traduced by the venal tongues of courtiers; dwelling in a torment of uncertainty as to the fate to which his brother's explosive temper and irresponsible power might devote him, hoping for no repose or safety but in his funeral-urn,—he began to grow hard and defiant, and that which, in the native freedom of his soul, should have been his noble steadfastness degenerated into ignoble obstinacy.

Among the innumerable mean torments with which his pride was persecuted was the continual presence of a certain doctor, who, by the king's command, attended him at all times and places, compelling him to use remedies that were most distasteful to him.

He was gallantly kind and courteous toward women; no act of cruelty to any woman was ever attributed to him. His children he ruled wisely, though somewhat sternly, rendering his occasional tenderness and indulgence so much the more precious and delightful to them. Never had Siam a more popular prince. He was the embodiment of the most hopeful qualities, moral and intellectual, of his nation; especially was he the exponent and promise of its most progressive tendencies; and his people regarded him with love and reverence, as their trusty stay and support. His talents as a statesman commanded the unqualified admiration of foreigners; and it was simply the jealous and tyrannical temper of Maha Mongkut that forced him to retire from all participation in the affairs of government.

At last the mutual reserve and distrust of the royal brothers broke out in open quarrel, provoked by the refusal of the first king to permit the second to borrow from the royal treasury a considerable sum of money. On the day after his order was dishonored, the

prince set out with his congenial and confidential courtiers on a hunting expedition to the Laos province of Chiengmai, scornfully threatening to entrap one of the royal white elephants, and sell it to his Supreme Majesty for the sum he would not loan.

At Chiengmai he was regally entertained by the tributary prince of that province; and no sooner was his grievance known, than the money he required was laid at his feet. Too manly to accept the entire sum, he borrowed but a portion of it; and instead of taking it out of the country, decided to sojourn there for a time, that he might spend it to the advantage of the people. To this end he selected a lovely spot in the vicinity of Chiengmai, called Saraburee, itself a city of some consideration, where bamboo houses line the banks of a beautiful river, that traverses teak forests alive with large game. On an elevation near at hand the second king erected a palace substantially fortified, which he named Ban Sitha (the Home of the Goddess Sitha), and caused a canal to be cut to the eastern slope.

Here he indulged freely, and on an imposing scale, in his favorite pastime of hunting, and privately took to wife the daughter of the king of Chiengmai, the princess Sunartha Vicineta. And here he was happy, only returning to Bangkok when called thither by affairs of state, or to take the semi-annual oath of allegiance.

Among the prince's concubines at this time was a woman named Klieb, envious, intriguing, and ambitious, who by consummate arts had obtained control of his Majesty's *cuisine*,—an appointment of peculiar importance and trust in the household of an Oriental prince. Finding that by no feminine devices could she procure the influence she coveted over her master's mind and affections, she finally had recourse to an old and infamous sorcerer, styled Khoon Hâte-nah ("Lord of future events"), an adept of the black art much consulted by women of rank from all parts of the country; and he, in con-

sideration of an extraordinary fee, prepared for her a variety of charms, incantations, philters, to be administered to the prince, in whose food daily, for years, she mixed the abominable nostrums. The poison did its work slowly but surely, and his sturdy life was gradually undermined. His strength quite gone, and his spirit broken, his despondency became so profound that he lost all taste for the occupations and diversions that had once delighted him, and sought relief in restless changing from one palace to another, and in consulting every physician he could find.

It was during a visit to his favorite residence at Saraburee that the signs of approaching dissolution appeared, and the king's physician, fearing he might die there, took hurried steps to remove him to his palace at Bangkok. He was bound in a sedan, and lowered from his high chamber in the castle into his barge on the canal at the foot of the cliff; and so, with all his household in train, transported to the palace of Krom Hluang Wongsah, physician to the king and one of his half-brothers. Now miserably unnerved, the prince, once so patient, brave, and proud, threw his arms round his kinsman's neck, and, weeping bitterly, implored him to save him. But he was presently removed to his own palace, and laid in a chamber looking to the east.

That night the prince expressed a wish to see his royal brother. The king hastened to his bedside in company with his Excellency Chow Phya Sri Sury-wongse, the Kralahome, or Prime Minister; and then and there a silent and solemn reconciliation took place. No words were spoken; only the brothers embraced each other, and the elder wept bitterly. But from the facts brought to light in that impressive meeting and parting, it was made plain that the second king died by slow poison, administered by the woman Klieb—plain to all but the second king himself, who died in ignorance of the means by which the tragic prophecy of his horoscope had been made good.

In the very full account of his broth-

er's death which Maha Mongkut thought it necessary to write, he was careful to conceal from the public the true cause of the calamity, fearing the foreign populace, and, most of all, the Laotians and Peguans, who were devoted to the prince, and might attach suspicion to himself, on the ground of his notorious jealousy of the second king. The royal physicians and the Supreme Council were sworn to secrecy; and the woman Klieb, and her accomplice Khoon Hâte-nah, together with nine female slaves, were tortured and publicly paraded through the environs of Bangkok, though their crime was never openly named. Afterward they were thrown into an open boat, towed out on the Gulf of Siam, and there abandoned to the mercy of winds and waves, or death by starvation. Among the women of the palace the current report was that celestial avengers, had slain the murderous crew with arrows of lightning and spears of fire.

In his Majesty's account of the last days of his royal brother, we have the characteristic queerness of his English, and a scarcely less characteristic passage of Pecksniffian cant:—

"The lamentable patient Second King ascertained himself that his approaching death was inevitable; it was great misfortune to him and his family indeed. His eldest son Prince George * Krom Mu'n Pawarwijaygan, aged 27 years on that time, became very sick of painful rheumatism by which he has his body almost steady on his seat and bed, immovable to and fro, himself, since the month of October, 1865, when his father was absent from Bangkok, being at Ban Sitha as foresaid. When his royal father returned from Ban Sitha he arrived at his palace at Bangkok on 6th December. He can only being lifted by two or three men and placed in the presence of his father who was very ill, but the eldest son forenamed prince was little better, so before death of his father as he can be raised to be stood by two men and can cribble slowly on even or level surface, by securing

* George Washington.

and supporting of two men on both sides.

"When his father became worse and approaching the point of death, upon that time his father can see him scarcely; wherefore the Second King, on his being worse, has said to his eldest and second daughters, the half sisters of the eldest son, distempered so as he cannot be in the presence of his father without difficulty, that he (the Second King) forenamed on that time was hopeless and that he could not live more than a few days. He did not wish to do his last will regarding his family and property, particularly as he was strenthless to speak much, and consider anything deeply and accurately: he beg'd to entreat all his sons, daughters, and wives that none should be sorry for his death, which comes by natural course, and should not fear for misery of difficulty after his demise. All should throw themselves under their faithful and affectionate uncle, the Supreme King of Siam, for protection, in whom he had heartfelt confidence that he will do well to his family after his death, as such the action or good protection to several families of other princes and princesses in the royalty, who deceased before. He beg'd only to recommend his sons and daughters, that they should be always honest and faithful to his elder full brother, the Supreme King of Siam, by the same affection as to himself, and that they should have much more affection and respect toward Paternal relative persons in royalty, than toward their maternal relative persons, who are not royal descendants of his ancestors. . . .

"On the 29th December 1865, in the afternoon, the Second King invited His Majesty the Supreme King, his elder full brother, and his Excellency Chau Phya Sri Sury-wongse Samuha Phra-Kralahome, the Prime Minister, who is the principal head of the Government and royal cousin, to seat themselves near to his side on his bedstead where he lay, and other principals of royalty and nobility, to seat themselves in that room where he was lying, that they

might be able to ascertain his speech by hearing. Then he delivered his family and followers and the whole of his property to His Majesty and His Excellency for protection and good decision, according to consequences which they would well observe."

Not a word of that royal reconciliation, of that remorseful passion of tears, of that mute mystery of humanity, the secret spell of a burdened mother's love working too late in the hearts of her headstrong boys! Not a word of that crowning embrace, which made the subordinate king supreme, by the grace of dying and forgiving!

After the death of the prince, the king behaved very disgracefully. It was well known that the ladies of the second king's harem were of the most beautiful of the women of Laos, Pegu, and Birmah; above all, the Princess of Chiangmai was famed for her manifold graces of person and character. Etiquette forbade the royal brothers to pry into the constitution of each other's *sérail*; but, by means most unworthy of his station, and regardless of the privilege of his brother, Maha Mongkut was aware of the acquisition to the second king's establishment of this celebrated and coveted beauty; and although she was now his legitimate sister-in-law, privately married to the prince, he was not restrained, by any scruple of morality or delicacy, from manifesting his jealousy and pique. Moreover, this unworthy feeling was fostered by other considerations than those of mere sensuality or ostentation. Her father, the tributary ruler of Chiangmai, had on several occasions confronted his aggressive authority with a haughty and intrepid spirit; and once, when Maha Mongkut required that he should send his eldest son to Bangkok, as a hostage for the father's loyalty and good conduct, the unterrified chief replied that he would be his own hostage. On the summons being repeated, in imperative terms, the young prince fled from his father's court and took refuge with the second king in his stronghold of Ban Sitha, where

he was most courteously received and entertained, until he found it expedient to seek some securer or less compromising place of refuge.

The friendship thus founded between two proud and daring princes soon became strong and enduring, and resulted in the marriage of the princess Sunartha Vicineta (very willingly on her part) to the second king, about a year before his death.

The son of the king of Chiangmai never made his appearance at the Court of Siam; but the stout old chief, attended by trusty followers, boldly brought his own "hostage" thither; and Maha Mongkut, though secretly chafing, accepted the situation with a show of graciousness, and overlooked the absence of the younger vassal.

With the remembrance of these floutings still galling him, the supreme king frequently repaired to the second king's palace, on the pretext of arranging certain "family affairs" intrusted to him by his late brother; but in reality to acquaint himself with the charms of several female members of the prince's household; and, scandalous as it should have seemed even to Siamese notions of the divine right of kings, the most attractive and accomplished of those women were quietly transferred to his own harem. For some time I heard nothing more of the Princess of Chiangmai; but it was curious, even amusing, to observe the serene contempt with which the "interlopers" were received by the rival incumbents of the royal gynæceum—especially the Laotian women, who are of a finer type and much handsomer than their Siamese sisters.

Meantime, his Majesty took up his abode for a fortnight at the second king's palace, thereby provoking dangerous gossip in his own establishment; so that his "head wife," the Lady Thieng, even made bold to hint that he might come to the fate of his brother, and die by slow poison. His harem was agitated and excited throughout,—some of the women abandoning themselves to unaccustomed and unnatural gayety,

while others sent their confidential slaves to consult the astrologers and soothsayers of the court; and by the aid of significant glances and shrugging of shoulders, and interchange of signs and whispers, with feminine telegraphy and secret service, most of those interested arrived at the sage conclusion that their lord had fallen under the spells of a witch or enchantress.

Such was the domestic situation when his Majesty suddenly and without warning returned to his palace, but in a mood so perplexing as to surpass all precedent and baffle all tact. I had for some time performed with surprising success a leading part in a pretty little court play, of which the well-meant plot had been devised by the Lady Thieng. Whenever the king should be dangerously enraged, and ready to let loose upon some tender culprit of the harem the monstrous lash or chain, or "question" *forte et dure*, I — at a secret cue from the head wife — was to enter upon his Majesty, book in hand, to consult his infallibility in a pressing predicament of translation, into Sanskrit, Siamese, or English. Absurdly transparent as it was, — perhaps the happier for its very childishness, — under cover of this *naïve* device, from time to time a hapless girl escaped the fatal burst of his wrath. Midway in the rising storm of curses and abuse, he would turn with comical abruptness to the attractive interruption with all the zest of a scholar. I often trembled lest he should see through the thinly covered trick, but he never did. On his return from the prince's palace, however, even this innocent stratagem failed us; and on one occasion of my having recourse to it, he peremptorily ordered me away, and forbade my coming into his presence again unless sent for. Daily, after this, one or more of the women suffered from his petty tyranny, cruelty, and spite. On every hand I heard sighs and sobs, from young and old; and not a woman there but believed he was bewitched and beside himself.

I had struggled through many exact-

ing tasks since I came to Siam, but never any that so taxed my powers of endurance as my duties at this time, in the capacity of private secretary to his Majesty. His moods were so fickle and unjust, his temper so tyrannical, that it seemed impossible to please him; from one hour to another I never knew what to expect. And yet he persevered in his studies, especially in his English correspondence, which was ever his solace, his pleasure, and his pride. To an interested observer it might have afforded rare entertainment to note how fluently, though oddly, he spoke and wrote in a foreign language, but for his caprices — which at times were so ridiculous, however, as to be scarcely disagreeable. He would indite letters, sign them, affix his seal, and despatch them in his own mail-bags to Europe, America, or elsewhere; and months afterward insist on my writing to the parties addressed, to say that the instructions they contained were *my* mistake, — errors of translation, transcription, anything but his intention. In one or two instances, finding that the case really admitted of explanation or apology from his Majesty, I slyly so worded my letter that, without compromising him, I yet managed to repair the mischief he had done. But I felt this could not continue long. Always, on foreign mail days, I spent from eight to ten hours in this most delicate and vexatious work. At length the crash came.

The king had promised to Sir John Bowring the appointment of Plenipotentiary to the Court of France, to negotiate on behalf of Siam new treaties concerning the Cambodian possessions. With characteristic irresolution he changed his mind, and decided to send a Siamese Embassy, headed by his Lordship Phra-na-Why, now known as his Excellency Chow Phya Sri Surry-wongse. No sooner had he entertained this fancy than he sent for me, and coolly directed me to write and explain the matter to Sir John, if possible attributing his new views and purpose to the advice of Her Britannic

Majesty's Consul; or, if I had scruples on that head, I might say the advice was my own,—or "anything I liked," so that I justified his conduct.

At this distance of time I cannot clearly recall all the effect upon my feelings of so outrageous a proposition; but I do remember that I found myself emphatically declining to do "anything of the kind." Then, warned by his gathering rage, I added that I would express to Sir John his Majesty's regrets; but to attribute the blame to those who had had no part in the matter, that I could never do. At this his fury was grotesque. His talent for invective was always formidable, and he tried to overpower me with threats. But a kindred spirit of resistance was aroused in me. I withdrew from the palace and patiently abided the issue, resolved, in any event, to be firm.

His Majesty's anger was without bounds; and in the interval so fraught with anxiety and apprehension to me, when I knew that a considerable party in the palace—judges, magistrates, and officers about the person of the king—regarded me as an eminently proper person to behead or drown, he condescended to accuse me of abstracting a book that he chanced just then to miss from his library; and also of honoring and favoring the British Consul at the expense of his American colleague, then resident at Bangkok. In support of the latter charge, he alleged that I had written the American Consul's name at the bottom of a royal circular, after carefully displaying my own and the British functionary's at the top of it.

The circular in question, which had given just umbrage to the American official, was fortunately in the keeping of the Honorable * Mr. Bush, and was written by the king's own hand, as was well known to all whom it concerned. These charges, with others of a more frivolous nature,—such as disobeying, thwarting, scolding his Majesty, treating him with disrespect, as by standing while he was seated, thinking evil of

him, slandering him, and calling him wicked,—the king caused to be reduced to writing and sent to me, with an intimation that I must forthwith acknowledge my ingratitude and guilt, and make atonement by prompt compliance with his wishes. The secretary who brought the document to my house was accompanied by a number of the female slaves of the palace, who besought me, in the name of their mistresses, the wives of the "Celestial Supreme," to yield, and do all that might be required of me.

Seeing this shaft miss its mark, the secretary, being a man of resources, produced the other string to his bow. He offered to bribe me, and actually spent two hours in that respectable business; but finally departed in despair, convinced that the amount was inadequate to the cupidity of an insatiable European, and mourning for himself that he must return discomfited to the king.

Next morning, my boy and I presented ourselves as usual at the inner gate of the palace leading to the school, and were confronted there by a party of rude fellows and soldiers, who thrust us back with threats, and even took up stones to throw at us. I dare not think what might have been our fate, but for the generous rescue of a crowd of the poorest slaves who at that hour were waiting for the opening of the gate. These rallied round us, and guarded us back to our home. It was, indeed, a time of terror for us. I felt that my life was in great danger; and so difficult did I find it to prevent the continual intrusion of the rabble, both men and women, into my house, that I had at length to bar my doors and windows, and have double locks and fastenings added. I became nervous and excited as I had never been before.

My first impulse was to write to the British Consul, and invoke his protection; but that looked cowardly. Nevertheless, I did prepare the letter, ready to be despatched at the first attempt upon our lives or liberty. I wrote also to Mr. Bush, asking him to

* Here the title is Siamese.

find without delay the obnoxious circular, and bring it to my house. He came that very evening, the paper in his hand. With infinite difficulty I persuaded the native secretary, whom I had again and again befriended in like extremities, to procure for him an audience with the king.

On coming into the presence of his Majesty, Mr. Bush simply handed him the circular, saying, "Mam tells me you wish to see this." The moment the caption of the document met his eye, his Majesty's countenance assumed a blank, bewildered expression peculiar to it, and he seemed to look to my friend for an explanation; but that gentleman had none to offer, for I had made none to him.

And to crown all, even as the King was pointing to his brow to signify that he had forgotten having written it, one of the little princesses came crouching and crawling into the room with the missing volume in her hand. It had been found in one of the numerous sleeping-apartments of the king, beside his pillow, just in time!

Mr. Bush soon returned, bringing me assurances of his Majesty's cordial reconciliation; but I still doubted his sincerity, and for weeks did not offer to enter the palace. When, however, on the arrival of the "Chow Phya" steamer with the mail, I was formally summoned by the king to return to my duties, I quietly obeyed, making no allusion to my "by-gones."

As I sat at my familiar table, copying, his Majesty approached, and addressed me in these words:—

"Mam! you are one great difficulty. I have much pleasure and favor on you, but—you are too obstinate. You are not wise. Wherefore are you so difficult? You are only a woman. It is very bad you can be so strong-headed. Will you now have any objection to write to Sir John, and tell him I am his very good friend?"

"None whatever," I replied, "if it is to be simply a letter of good wishes on the part of your Majesty."

I wrote the letter, and handed it to

him for perusal. He was hardly satisfied, for with only a significant grunt he returned it to me, and left the apartment at once—to vent his spite on some one who had nothing to do with the matter.

In due time the following very considerate but significant reply (addressed to his Majesty's "one great difficulty") was received from Sir John Bowring:—

CLAREMONT, EXETER,
30 June, 1867.

DEAR MADAM:—Your letter of 12th May demands from me the attention of a courteous reply. I am quite sure the ancient friendship of the king of Siam would never allow a slight, or indeed an unkindness, to me, and I hope to have opportunities of showing his Majesty that I feel a deep interest in his welfare.

As regards the diplomacy of European courts, it is but natural that those associated with them should be more at home and better able to direct their course than strangers from a distance, however personally estimable; and though, in the case in question, the mission of a Siamese Ambassador to Paris was no doubt well intended, and could never have been meant to give me annoyance, it was not to be expected he would be placed in that position of free and confidential intercourse which my long acquaintance with public life would enable me, to occupy. In remote regions, people with little knowledge of official matters in high quarters often take upon themselves to give advice in great ignorance of facts, and speak very unadvisedly on topics on which their opinions are worthless and their influence valueless.

As regards M. Aubaret's offensive proceedings, I doubt not he has received a caution* on my representation, and that he, and others of his nation, would not be very willing that the Emperor—an old acquaintance of mine—should hear from my lips what I might have to say. The will of the

* Aubaret, French Consul at Bangkok, whose overbearing conduct has been described in the paper preceding this.

Emperor is supreme, and I am afraid the Cambodian question is now referred back to Siam. It might have been better for me to have discussed it with his Imperial Majesty. However, the past is past. Personal influence, as you are aware, is not transferable; but when by the proper powers I am placed in a position to act, his Majesty may

be assured — as I have assured himself — that his interests will not suffer in my hands.

I am obliged to you for the manner in which you have conveyed to me his Majesty's gracious expressions.

And you will believe me to be

Yours very truly,

JOHN BOWRING.

THE LAUSON TRAGEDY.

II.

THE search for the missing Aunt Mercy continued until it aroused the interest and temper of Squire Lauson. Determined to find his daughter once that he had set about it, and petulant at the failure of one line of investigation after another, the hard old gentleman stumped noisily about the house, his thick shoes squeaking down the passages like two bands of music, and his peeled hickory cane punching open doors and upsetting furniture. When he returned to the sitting-room from one of these boisterous expeditions, he found his wife sitting in the light of the kerosene lamp, and sewing with an impatient, an almost spiteful rapidity, as was her custom when her nerves were unbearably irritated.

"Where's Mercy?" he trumpeted. "Where's the old gal? Has anybody eloped with her? I saw Deacon Jones about this afternoon."

This jest was meant to amuse and perhaps to conciliate Mrs. Lauson, for whom he sometimes seemed to have a rough pity, as hard to bear as downright hostility. He had now and then a way of joking with her and forcing her to smile by looking her steadily in the eye. But this time his moral despotism failed; she answered his gaze with a defiant glare, and remained sulen; after another moment she rushed out of the room, as if craving relief from his domineering presence.

Apparently the Squire would have called her back, had not his attention

been diverted by the entry of his granddaughter.

"I say, Bessie, have you looked in the garden?" he demanded. "Why the Devil haven't you? Don't you know Mercy's hole where she meditates? Go there and hunt for her."

As the girl disappeared he turned to the door through which his wife had fled, as if he still had a savage mind to roar for her reappearance. But after pondering a moment, and deciding that he was more comfortable in solitude, he sat slowly down in his usual elbow-chair, and broke out in a growling soliloquy:—

"There's no comfort like making one's self miserable. It's a — sight better than making the best of it. We're all having a devilish fine time. We're as happy as bugs in a rug. Hey diddle diddle, the cat's in the fiddle —"

The continuity of his rough-laid stone-wall sarcasm was interrupted by Bessie, who rushed into the sitting-room with a low shriek and a pallid face.

"What's the matter now?" he demanded. "Has the cow jumped over the moon?"

"O grandfather!" she gasped. "I've found Aunt Mercy. I'm afraid she's dead."

"Hey!" exclaimed the Squire, starting up eagerly as he remembered that Aunt Mercy was his own child. "You don't say so! Where is she?"

Bessie turned and reeled out of the house; the old man thumped after her

on his cane. At the bottom of the garden was a small, neglected arbor, thickly overgrown with grape-vines in unpruned leaf, whither Aunt Mercy was accustomed to repair in her seasons of unusual perplexity or gloom, there to seek guidance or relief in meditation and prayer. In this arbor they found her, seated crouchingly on a bench near the doorway, her arms stretched over a little table in front of her, and her head lying between them with the face turned from the gazers. The moon glared in a ghastly way upon her ominously white hands, and disclosed a dark yet gleaming stain, seemingly a drying pool, which spread out from beneath her forehead.

"Good Lord!" groaned Squire Lauson. "Mercy! I say, Mercy!"

He seized her hand, but he had scarcely touched it ere he dropped it, for it was the icy, repulsive, alarming hand of a corpse. We must compress our description of this scene of horrible discovery. Miss Mercy Lauson was dead, the victim of a brutal assassination, her right temple opened by a gash two inches deep, her blood already clotted in pools or dried upon her face and fingers. It must have been an hour, or perhaps two hours, since the blow had been dealt. At her feet was the fatal weapon,—an old hatchet which had long lain about the garden, and which offered no suggestion as to who was the murderer.

When it first became clear to Squire Lauson that his daughter was dead, and had been murdered, he uttered a sound between a gasp and a sob; but almost immediately afterward he spoke in his habitually vigorous and rasping voice, and his words showed that he had not lost his iron self-possession.

"Bessie, run into the house," he said. "Call the hired men, and bring a lantern with you."

When she returned he took the lantern, threw the gleam of it over his dead daughter's face, groaned, shook his head, and then, leaning on his cane, commenced examining the earth, evidently in search of footmarks.

"There's your print, Bessie," he mumbled. "And there's my print. But whose print's that? That's the man. That's a long slim foot, with nails across the ball. That's the man. Don't disturb those tracks. I'll set the lantern down there. Don't you disturb 'em."

There were several of these strange tracks; the clayey soil of the walk, slightly tempered with sand, had preserved them with fatal distinctness; it showed them advancing to the arbor and halting close by the murdered woman. As Bessie stared at them, it seemed to her that they were fearfully familiar, though where she had seen them before she could not say.

"Keep away from those tracks," repeated Squire Lauson as the two laborers who lived with him came down the garden. "Now, then, what are you staring at? She's dead. Take her up—O, for God's sake, be gentle about it!—take her up, I tell you. There! Now, carry her along."

As the men moved on with the body he turned to Bessie and said: "Leave the lantern just there. And don't you touch those tracks. Go on into the house."

With his own hands he aided to lay out his daughter on a table, and drew her cap from her temples so as to expose the bloody gash to view. There was a little natural agony in the tremulousness of his stubby and grizzly chin; but in the glitter of his gray eyes there was an expression which was not so much sorrow as revenge.

"That's a pretty job," he said at last, glaring at the mangled gray head. "I should like to l'arn who did it."

It was not known till the day following how he passed the next half-hour. It seems that, some little time previous, this man of over ninety years had conceived the idea of repairing with his own hands the cracked wall of his parlor, and had for that purpose bought a quantity of plaster of Paris and commenced a series of patient experiments in mixing and applying it. Furnished with a basin of his prepared material,

he stalked out to the arbor and busied himself with taking a mould of the strange footstep to which he had called Bessie's attention, succeeding in his labor so well as to be able to show next day an exact counterpart of the sole which had made the track.

Shortly after he had left the house, and glancing cautiously about as if to make sure that he had indeed left it, his wife entered the room where lay the dead body. She came slowly up to the table, and looked at the ghastly face for some moments in silence, with precisely that staid, slightly shuddering air which one often sees at funerals, and without any sign of the excitement which one naturally expects in the witnesses of a mortal tragedy. In any ordinary person, in any one who was not, like her, denaturalized by the egotism of shattered nerves, such mere wonder and repugnance would have appeared incomprehensibly brutal. But Mrs. Lauson had a character of her own; she could be different from others without exciting prolonged or specially severe comment; people said to themselves, "Just like her," and made no further criticism, and almost certainly no remonstrance. Bessie herself, the moment she had exclaimed, "O grandmother! what shall we do?" felt how absurd it was to address such an appeal to such a person.

Mrs. Lauson replied by a glance which expressed weakness, alarm, and aversion, and which demanded, as plainly as words could say it, "How can you ask *me*?" Then without uttering a syllable, without attempting to render any service or funereal courtesy, bearing herself like one who had been mysteriously absolved from the duties of sympathy and decorum, she turned her back on the body of her step-daughter with a start of disgust, and walked hastily from the room.

Of course there was a gathering of the neighbors, a hasty and useless search after the murderer, a medical examination of the victim, and a legal inquest at the earliest practicable moment, the verdict being "death by the

hand of some person unknown." Even the funeral passed, with its mighty crowd and its solemn excitement; and still public suspicion had not dared to single out any one as the criminal. It seemed for a day or two as if the family life might shortly settle into its old tenor, the same narrow routine of quiet discontent or irrational bickerings, with no change but the loss of such inflammation as formerly arose from Aunt Mercy's well-meant, but irritating sense of duty. The Squire, however, was permanently and greatly changed: not that he had lost the spirit of petty dictation which led him to interfere in every household act, even to the boiling of the pot, but he had acquired a new object in life, and one which seemed to restore all his youthful energy; he was more restlessly and distressingly vital than he had been for years. No Indian was ever more intent on avenging a debt of blood than was he on hunting down the murderer of his daughter. This terrible old man has a strong attraction for us: we feel that we have not thus far done him justice: he imperiously demands further description.

Squire Lauson was at this time ninety-three years of age. The fact appeared incredible, because he had preserved, almost unimpaired, not only his moral energy and intellectual faculties, but also his physical senses, and even to an extraordinary degree his muscular strength. His long and carelessly worn hair was not white, but merely gray; and his only baldness was a shining hand's-breadth, prolonging the height of his forehead. His face was deeply wrinkled, but more apparently with thought and passion than from decay, for the flesh was still well under control of the muscles, and the expression was so vigorous that one was tempted to call it robust. There was nothing of that insipid and almost babyish tranquillity which is commonly observable in the countenances of the extremely aged. The cheekbones were heavy, though the healthy fulness of the cheeks prevented them from being

pointed; the jaws, not yet attenuated by the loss of many teeth, were unusually prominent and muscular; the heavy Roman nose still stood high above the projecting chin. In general, it was a long, large face, grimly and ruggedly massive, of a uniform grayish color, and reminding you of a visage carved in granite.

In figure the Squire was of medium height, with a deep chest and heavy limbs. He did not stand quite upright, but the stoop was in his shoulders and not in his loins, and arose from a slouching habit of carrying himself much more than from weakness. He walked with a cane, but his step, though rather short, was strong and rapid, and he could get over the ground at the rate of three miles an hour. At times he seemed a little deaf, but it was mainly from absorption of mind and inattention, and he could hear perfectly when he was interested. The great gray eyes under his bushy, pepper-and-salt eyebrows were still so sound that he only used spectacles in reading. As for voice, there was hardly such another in the neighborhood; it was a strong, rasping, dictatorial *caw*, like the utterance of a gigantic crow; it might have served the needs of a sea-captain in a tempest. A jocose neighbor related that he had in a dream descended into hell, and that in trying to find his way out he had lost his reckoning, until, hearing a tremendous volley of oaths on the surface of the earth over his head, he knew that he was under the hills of Barham, and that Squire Lauson was swearing at his oxen.

Squire Lauson was immense; you might travel over him for a week without discovering half his wonders; he was a continent, and he must remain for the most part an unknown continent. Bringing to a close our explorations into his character and past life, we will follow him up simply as one of the personages of this tragedy. He was at the present time very active, but also to a certain extent inexplicable. It was known that he had interviews with various officials of justice, that he

furnished them with his plaster cast of the strange footprint which had been found in the garden, and that he earnestly impressed upon them the value of this object for the purpose of tracking out the murderer. But he had other lines of investigation in his steady old hands, as was discoverable later.

His manner towards his granddaughter and his wife changed noticeably. Instead of treating the first with neglect and the second with persistent hostility or derision, he became assiduously attentive to them, addressed them frequently in conversation, and sought to win their confidence. With Bessie this task was easy, for she was one of those natural, unspoiled women, who long for sympathy, and she inclined toward her grandfather the moment she saw any kindness in his eyes. They had long talks about the murdered relative, about every event or suspicion which seemed to relate to her death, about the property which she had left to Bessie, and about the girl's prospects in life.

Not so with Mrs. Lauson. Even the horror which had entered the family life could not open the hard crust which disease and disappointment had formed over her nature, and she met the old man's attempts to make her communicative with her usual sulky or pettish reticence. There never was such an unreasonable creature as this wretched wife, who, while she remained unmarried, had striven so hard to be agreeable to the other sex. It was not with her husband alone that she fought, but with every one, whether man or woman, who came near her. Whoever entered the house, whether it were some gossiping neighbor or the clergyman or the doctor, she flew out of it on discovering their approach, and wandered alone about the fields until they departed. This absence she would perhaps employ in eating green fruit, hoping, as she said, to make herself sick and die, or, at least, to make herself sick enough to plague her husband. At meals she generally sat in glum silence, although once or twice

she burst out in violent tirades, scoffing at the Squire's management of the place, defying him to strike her, etc.

Her appearance at this time was miserable and little less than disgusting. Her skin was thick and yellow; her eyes were bloodshot and watery; her nose was reddened with frequent crying; her form was of an almost skeleton thinness; her manner was full of strange starts and gaspings. It was curious to note the contrast between her perfect wretchedness of aspect and the unfeeling coolness with which the Squire watched and studied her.

In this woful way was the Lauson family getting on when the country around was electrified by an event which almost threw the murder itself into the shade. Henry Foster, the accepted lover of Bessie Barron, a professor in the Scientific College of Hampstead, was suddenly arrested as the assassin of Miss Mercy Lauson.

"What does this mean!" was his perfectly natural exclamation, when seized by the officers of justice; but it was uttered with a sudden pallor which awakened in the bystanders a strong suspicion of his guilt. No definite answer was made to his question until he was closeted with the lawyer whom he immediately retained in his defence.

"I should like to get at the whole of your case, Mr. Foster," said the legal gentleman. "I must beg you, for your own sake, to be entirely frank with me."

"I assure you that I know nothing about the murder," was the firm reply. "I don't so much as understand why I should be suspected of the horrible business."

The lawyer, Mr. Adams Patterson, after studying Foster in a furtive way, as if doubtful whether there had been perfect honesty in his assertion of innocence, went on to state what he supposed would be the case of the prosecution.

"The evidence against you," he said, "so far at least as I can now discover, will all be circumstantial. They will endeavor to prove your presence at the scene of the tragedy by your tracks.

Footmarks, said to correspond to yours, were found passing the door of the arbor, returning to it and going away from it."

"Ah!" exclaimed Foster. "I remember,— I did pass there. I will tell you how. It was in the afternoon. I was in the house during a thunder-storm which happened that day, and left it shortly after the shower ended. I went out through the garden because that was the nearest way to the rivulet at the bottom of the hill, and I wished to make some examinations into the structure of the water-bed. A part of the garden walk is gravelled, and on that I suppose my tracks did not show. But near the arbor the gravel ceases, and there I remember stepping into the damp mould. I did pass the arbor, and I did return to it. I returned to it because it had been a heavenly place to me. It was there that I proposed to Miss Barron, and that she accepted me. The moment that I had passed it I reproached myself for doing so. I went back, looked at the little spot for a moment, and left a kiss on the table. It was on that table that her hand had rested when I first dared to take it in mine."

His voice broke for an instant with an emotion which every one who has ever loved can at least partially understand.

"Good Heavens! to think that such an impulse should entangle me in such a charge!" he added, when he could speak again.

"Well," he resumed, after a long sigh, "I left the arbor,— my heart as innocent and happy as any heart in the world,— I climbed over the fence and went down the hill. That is the last time that I was in those grounds that day. That is the whole truth, so help me God!"

The lawyer seemed touched. Even then, however, he was saying to himself, "They always keep back something, if not everything." After meditating for a few seconds, he resumed his interrogation.

"Did any one see you? did Miss

Barron see you, as you passed through the garden?"

"I think not. Some one called her just as I left her, and she went, I believe, up stairs."

"Did you see the person who called? Did you see any one?"

"No one. But the voice was a woman's voice. I took it to be that of a servant."

Mr. Patterson fell into a thoughtful silence, his arms resting on the elbows of his chair, and his anxious eyes wandering over the floor.

"But what motive?" broke out Foster, addressing the lawyer as if he were an accuser and an enemy, — "what sufficient motive had I for such a hideous crime?"

"Ah! that is just it. The motive! They will make a great deal of that. Why, you must be able to guess what is alleged. Miss Lauson had made a will in her niece's favor, but had threatened to disinherit her if she married you. This fact, — as has been made known by an incautious admission of Miss Bessie Barron, — this fact you were aware of. The death came just in time to prevent a change in the will. Don't you see the obvious inference of the prosecution?"

"Good Heavens!" exclaimed Foster, springing up and pacing his cell. "I murder a woman, — murder my wife's aunt, — for money, — for twenty thousand dollars! Am I held so low as that? Why, it is a sum that any clever man can earn in this country in a few years. We could have done without it. I would not have asked for it, much less murdered for it. Tell me, Mr. Patterson, do you suppose me capable of such degrading as well as such horrible guilt?"

"Mr. Foster," replied the lawyer, with impressive deliberation, "I shall go into this case with a confidence that you are absolutely innocent."

"Thank you," murmured the young man, grasping Patterson's hand violently, and then turning away to wipe a tear, which had been too quick for him.

"Excuse my weakness," he said, presently. "But I don't believe any worthy man is strong enough to bear the insult that the world has put upon me, without showing his suffering."

Certainly, Foster's bearing and the sentiments which he expressed had the nobility and pathos of injured innocence. Were it not that innocence *can be* counterfeited, as also that a fine demeanor and touching utterance are not points in law, no alarming doubt would seem to overshadow the result of the trial. And yet, strange as it must seem to those whom my narrative may have impressed in favor of Foster, the sedate, Puritanic population of Barham and its vicinity inclined more and more toward the presumption of his guilt.

For this there were two reasons. In the first place, who but he had any cause of spite against Mercy Lauson, or could hope to draw any profit from her death? There had been no robbery; there was not a sign that the victim's clothing had been searched; the murder had clearly not been the work of a burglar or a thief. But Foster, if he indeed assassinated this woman, had thereby removed an obstacle to his marriage, and had secured to his future wife a considerable fortune.

In the second place, Foster was such a man as the narrowly scrupulous and orthodox world of Barham would naturally regard with suspicion. Graduate of a German university, he had brought back to America, not only a superb scientific education, but also what passed, in the region where he had settled, for a laxity of morals. Professor as he was in the austere college of Hampstead, and expected, therefore, to set a luminously correct example in both theoretical and practical ethics, he held theological opinions which were too modern to be considered sound, and he even neglected church to an extent which his position rendered scandalous. In spite of the strict prohibitory law of Massachusetts, he made use of lager-beer and other still stronger fluids; and, although he was never known to drink to excess, the mere

fact of breaking the statute was a sufficient offence to rouse prejudice. It was also reported of him, to the honest horror of many serious minds, that he had been detected in geologizing on Sunday, and that he was fond of whist.

How apt we are to infer that a man who violates *our* code of morals will also violate his own code! Of course this Germanized American could not believe that murder was right; but then he played cards and drank beer, which we of Barham knew to be wrong; and if he would do one wrong thing, why not another?

Meantime how was it with Bessie? How is it always with women when those whom they love are charged with unworthiness? Do they exhibit the "judicial mind"? Do they cautiously weigh the evidence and decide according to it? The girl did not entertain the faintest supposition that her lover could be guilty; she was no more capable of blackening his character than she was capable of taking his life. She would not speak to people who showed by word or look that they doubted his innocence. She raged at a world which could be so stupid, so unjust, and so wicked as to slander the good fame and threaten the life of one whom her heart had crowned with more than human perfections.

But what availed all her confidence in his purity? There was the finger of public suspicion pointed at him, and there was the hangman lying in wait for his precious life. She was almost mad with shame, indignation, grief, and terror. She rose as pale as a ghost from sleepless nights, during which she had striven in vain to unravel this terrible mystery, and prayed in vain that Heaven would revoke this unbearable calamity. Day by day she visited her betrothed in his cell, and cheered him with the sympathy of her trusting and loving soul. The conversations which took place on these occasions were so naïve and childlike in their honest utterance of emotion that I almost dread to record them, lest the deliberate, unpalpitating sense of criticism

should pronounce them sickening, and mark them for ridicule.

"Darling," she once said to him, "we must be married. Whether you are to live or to die, I must be your wife."

He knelt down and kissed the hem of her dress in adoration of such self-sacrifice.

"Ah, my love, I never before knew what you were," he whispered, as she leaned forward, caught his head in her hands, dragged it into her lap, and covered it with kisses and tears. "Ah, my love, you are too good. I cannot accept such a sacrifice. When I am cleared publicly of this horrible charge, then I will ask you once more if you dare be my wife."

"Dare! O, how can you say such things!" she sobbed. "Don't you know that you are more to me than the whole universe? Don't you know that I would marry you, even if I knew you were guilty?"

There is no reasoning with this sublime passion of love, when it is truly itself. There is no reasoning with it; and Heaven be thanked that it is so! It is well to have one impulse in the world which has no egoism, which rejoices in self-immolation for the sake of its object, which is among emotions what a martyr is among men.

Foster's response was worthy of the girl's declaration. "My love," he whispered, "I have been bemoaning my ruined life, but I must bemoan it no more. It is success enough for any man to be loved by you, and as you love me."

"No, no!" protested Bessie. "It is not success enough for you. No success is enough for you. You deserve everything that ever man did deserve. And here you are insulted, trampled upon, and threatened. O, it is shameful and horrible!"

"My child, you must not help to break me down," implored Foster, feeling that he was turning weak under the thought of his calamity.

She started towards him in a spasm of remorse; it was as if she had suddenly become aware that she had

stabbed him ; her face and her attitude were full of self-reproach.

"O my darling, do I make you more wretched?" she asked, "when I would die for you! when you are my all! O, there is not a minute when I am worthy of you."

These interviews left Foster possessed of a few minutes of consolation and peace, which would soon change into an increased poverty of despair and rage. For the first few days of his imprisonment his prevalent feeling was anger. He could not in the least accept his position; he would not look upon himself as one who was suspected with justice, or even with the slightest show of probability; he would not admit that society was pardonable for its doubts of him. He was not satisfied with mere hope of escape; on the contrary, he considered his accusers shamefully and wickedly blameworthy; he was angry at them, and wanted to wreak upon them a stern vengeance.

As the imprisonment dragged on, however, and his mind lost its tension under the pressure of trouble; there came moments when he did not quite know himself. It seemed to him that this man, who was charged with murder, was some one else, for whose character he could not stand security, and who might be guilty. He almost looked upon him with suspicion; he half joined the public in condemning him unheard. Perhaps this mental confusion was the foreshadowing of that insane state of mind in which prisoners have confessed themselves guilty of murders which they had not committed, and which have been eventually brought home to others. There are twilights between reason and unreason. The descent from the one condition to the other is oftener a slope than a precipice.

Meanwhile Bessie had, as a matter of course, plans for saving her lover; and these plans, almost as a matter of course too, were mainly impracticable. As with all young people and almost all women, she rebelled against the fixed procedures of society when they

seemed likely to trample on the dictates of her affections. Now that it was her lover who was under suspicion of murder, it did not seem a necessity to her that the law should take its course, and, on the contrary, it seemed to her an atrocity. She knew that he was guiltless; she knew that he was suffering; why should he be tried? When told that he must have every legal advantage, she assented to it eagerly, and drove at once to see Mr. Patterson, and overwhelmed him with tearful implorations "to do everything — to do everything that could be done, — yes, in short, to do everything." But still she could not feel that anything ought to be done, except to release at once this beautiful and blameless victim, and to make him every conceivable apology. As for bringing him before a court, to answer with his life whether he were innocent or guilty, it was an injustice and an outrage which she rebelled against with all the energy of her ardent nature.

Who could prevent this infamy? In her ignorance of the machinery of justice, it seemed to her that her grandfather might. Notwithstanding the little sympathy that there had been between them, she went to the grim old man with her sorrows and her plans, proposing to him to arrest the trial. In her love and her simplicity she would have appealed to a mountain or to a tiger.

"What!" roared the Squire. "Stop the trial? Can't do it. I'm not the prosecutor. The State's attorney is the prosecutor."

"But can't you say that you think the proof against him is insufficient?" urged Bessie. "Can't you go to them and say that? Won't that do it?"

"Lord bless you!" replied Squire Lauson, staring in wonder at such ignorance, and dimly conscious of the love and sorrow which made it utter its simplicities.

"O grandfather! do have pity on him and on me!" pleaded Bessie.

He gave her a kinder glance than she had ever received from him before

in her life. It occurred to him, as if it were for the first time, that she was very sweet and helpless, and that she was his own grandchild. He had hated her father. O, how he had hated the conceited city upstart, with his pert, positive ways! how he had rejoiced over his bankruptcy, if not over his death! The girl he had taken to his home, because, after all, she was a Lauson by blood, and it would be a family shame to let her go begging her bread of strangers. But she had not won upon him; she looked too much like that "damn jackanapes," her father; moreover, she had contemptible city accomplishments, and she moped in the seclusion of Barham. He had been glad when she became engaged to that other "damn jackanapes," Foster; and it had been agreeable to think that her marriage would take her out of his sight. Mercy had made a will in her favor; he had sniffed and hooted at Mercy for her folly; but, after all, he had in his heart consented to the will; it saved him from leaving any of his money to a Barron.

Of late, however, there had been a softening in the Squire; he could himself hardly believe that it was in his heart; he half suspected at times that it was in his brain. A man who lives to ninety-three is exposed to this danger, that he may survive all his children. The Squire had walked to one grave after another, until he had buried his last son and his last daughter. After Mercy Lauson, there were no more children for him to see underground; and that fact, coupled with the shocking nature of her death, had strangely shaken him; it had produced that singular softening which we have mentioned, and which seemed to him like a malady. Now, a little shattered, no longer the man that he so long had been, he was face to face with his only living descendant.

He reached out his gray, hard hand, and laid it on her glossy, curly hair. She started with surprise at the unaccustomed touch, and looked up in his face with a tearful sparkle of hope.

"Be quiet, Bessie," he said, in a voice which was less like a *caw* than usual.

"O grandfather! what do you mean?" she sobbed, guessing that deliverance might be nigh, and yet fearing to fall back into despair.

"Don't cry," was the only response of this close-mouthed, imperturbable old man.

"O, was it any one else?" she demanded. "Who do you think did it?"

"I have an idea," he admitted, after staring at her steadily, as if to impress caution. "But keep quiet. We'll see."

"You know it could n't be he that did it," urged Bessie. "Don't you know it could n't? He's too good."

The Squire laughed. "Why, some folks laid it to you," he said. "If he should be cleared, they might lay it to you again. There's no telling who'll do such things, and there's no telling who'll be suspected."

"And you *will* do something?" she resumed. "You *will* follow it up? You *will* save him?"

"Keep quiet," grimly answered the Squire. "I'm watching. But keep quiet. Not a word to a living soul."

Close on this scene came another, which proved to be the unravelling of the drama. That evening Bessie went early, as usual, to her solitary room, and prepared for one of those nights which are not a rest to the weary. She had become very religious since her trouble had come upon her; she read several chapters in the Bible, and then she prayed long and fervently; and, after a sob or two over her own shortcomings, the prayer was all for Foster. Such is human devotion: the voice of distress is far more fervent than the voice of worship; the weak and sorrowful are the true suppliants.

Her prayer ended, if ever it could be said to end while she waked, she strove anew to disentangle the mystery which threatened her lover, meanwhile hearing, half unawares, the noises of the night. Darkness has its speech, its still small whisperings and mutterings, a language which cannot be heard during

the clamor of day, but which to those who must listen to it is painfully audible, and which rarely has pleasant things to say, but threatens rather, or warns. For a long time, disturbed by fingers that tapped at her window, by hands that stole along her wall, by feet that glided through the dark halls, Bessie could not sleep. She lost herself; then she came back to consciousness with the start of a swimmer struggling toward the surface; then she recommenced praying for Foster, and once more lost herself.

At last, half dozing, and yet half aware that she was weeping, she was suddenly and sharply roused by a distinct creak in the floor of her room. Bessie had in one respect inherited somewhat of her grandfather's iron nature, being so far from habitually timorous that she was noted among her girlish acquaintance for courage. But her nerves had been seriously shaken by the late tragedy, by anxiety, and by sleeplessness; it seemed to her that there was in the air a warning of great danger; she was half paralyzed by fright.

Struggling against her terror, she sprang out of bed and made a rush toward her door, meaning to close and lock it. Instantly there was a collision; she had thrown herself against some advancing form; in the next breath she was engaged in a struggle. Half out of her senses, she did not scream, did not query whether her assailant were man or woman, did not indeed use her intelligence in any distinct fashion, but only pushed and pulled in blind instinct of escape.

Once she had a sensation of being cut with some sharp instrument. Then she struck; the blow told, and her antagonist fell heavily; the fall was succeeded by a short shriek in a woman's voice. Bessie did not stop to wonder that any one engaged in an attempt at assassination should utter an outcry which would almost necessarily insure discovery and seizure. The shock of the sound seemed to restore her own powers of speech, and she

burst into a succession of loud screams, calling on her grandfather for help.

In the same moment the hope which abides in light fell under her hand. Reeling against her dressing-table, her fingers touched a box of waxen matches, and she quickly drew one of them against the wood, sending a faint glimmer through the chamber. She was not horror-stricken, she did not grasp a comprehension of the true nature of the scene; she simply stared in trembling wonder when she recognized Mrs. Lauson.

"You there, grandmother!" gasped Bessie. "What has happened?"

Mrs. Lauson, attired in an old morning-gown, was sitting on the floor, partially supported by one hand, while the other was moving about as if in search of some object. The object was a carving-knife; she saw it, clutched it, and rose to her feet; then for the first time she looked at Bessie. "What do you lie awake and pray for?" she demanded, in a furious mutter. "You lie awake and pray every night. I've listened in the hall time and again, and heard you. I won't have it. I'll give you just three minutes to get to sleep."

Bessie did not think; it did not occur to her, at least not in any clear manner, that this was lunacy; she instinctively sprang behind a large chair and uttered another scream.

"I say, will you go to sleep?" insisted Mrs. Lauson, advancing and raising her knife.

Just in the moment of need there were steps in the hall; the still vigorous and courageous old Squire appeared upon the scene; after a violent struggle the maniac was disarmed and bound. She lay upon Bessie's bed, staring at her husband with bloodshot, watery eyes, and seemingly unconscious of anything but a sense of ill-treatment. The girl, meanwhile, had discovered a slight gash on her left arm, and had shown it to the Squire.

"Sallie," demanded the cold-blooded old man, "what have you been trying to knife Bessie for?"

"Because she lay awake and prayed,"

was the ready and firm response of downright mania.

"Look here, Sallie, what did you kill Mercy for?" continued the Squire, without changing a muscle of his countenance.

"Because she sat up and prayed," responded Mrs. Lauson. "She sat up in the garden and prayed against me. Ever so many people sit up and lie awake to pray against me. I won't have it."

"Ah!" said the old man. "Do you hear that, Bessie? Remember it, so as to say it upon your oath."

After a second or two he added, with something like a twinkle of his characteristic humor in his hard, gray eyes, "So I saved my life by not praying!"

Thus ended the extraordinary scene which brought to light the murderer

of Miss Mercy Lauson. It is almost needless to add that on the day following the maniac was conveyed to the State Lunatic Asylum, and that shortly afterward Bessie opened the prison gates of Henry Foster, and told him of his absolution from charge of crime.

"And now I want the whole world to get on its knees and ask your pardon," she said, after a long scene of tenderer words than must be reported.

"If the world should ask pardon for all its blunders," he said, with a smile, "it would pass its whole time in penance, and would n't make its living. Human life is like science, a sequence of mistakes, with generally a true direction."

One must stick to one's character. A philosopher is nothing if not philosophical.

A MAY-TIME PASTORAL.

I.

YES, it is May! though not that the young leaf pushes its velvet
 Out of the sheath, that the stubbornest sprays are beginning to burgeon,
 Larks responding aloft to the mellow flute of the bluebird,
 Nor that song and sunshine and odors of life are immingled
 Even as wines in a cup; but that May, with her delicate philtres
 Drenches the veins and the valves of the heart,—a double possession,
 Touching the sleepy sense with sweet, irresistible languor,
 Piercing, in turn, the languor with flame: as the spirit, requickened,
 Stirred in the womb of the world, foreboding a birth and a being!

II.

Who can hide from her magic, break her insensible thralldom,
 Clothing the wings of eager delight as with plumage of trouble?
 Sweeter, perchance, the embryo Spring, forerunner of April,
 When on banks that slope to the south the saxifrage wakens,
 When, beside the dentils of frost that cornice the roadside,
 Weeds are a promise, and woods betray the trailing arbutus.
 Once is the sudden miracle seen, the truth and its rapture
 Felt, and the pulse of the possible May is throbbing already.
 Thus unto me, a boy, the clod that was warm in the sunshine,
 Murmurs of thaw, and imagined jostling of growth in the herbage,
 Airs from over the southern hills,—and something within me
 Catching a deeper sign from these than ever the senses,—
 Came as a call: I awoke, and heard, and endeavored to answer.
 Whence should fall in my lap the sweet, impossible marvel?

When would the silver fay appear from the willowy thicket?
When from the yielding rock the gnome with his basket of jewels?
"When, ah when?" I cried, on the steepest perch of the hillside
Standing with arms outspread, and waiting a wind that should bear me
Over the apple-tree tops and over the farms of the valley.

III.

Something, I think, of fresher happiness comes to the people;
Something blooms in the daffodil, something sings in the robin.
He in the neighboring field, a clown in all but his garments,
Watching the sprouting corn and planting his beggarly scarecrow,
Feels, methinks, unblushing, the tenderer side of his nature.
Yonder, surely, the woman, stooped at the foot of her garden,
Setting the infant seeds with the thrust of her motherly finger,
Dreams of the past or the future, — the children, or children that may be.
Happy are both, obeying the absolute law of the season,
Simply accepting its bliss, not guessing the why or the wherefore.

IV.

He, that will, let him backward set the stream of his fancy,
So to evoke a dream from the ruined world of his boyhood!
Lo, it is easy! Yonder, lapped in the folds of the uplands,
Bickers the brook, to warmer hollows southerly creeping,
Where the veronica's eyes are blue, the buttercup brightens,
Where the anemones blush, the coils of fern are unrolling
Hour by hour, and over them gather the sprinkles of shadow.
There shall I lie and dangle my naked feet in the water,
Watching the sleepy buds as one after one they awaken,
Seeking a lesson in each, a brookside primrose of Wordsworth? —
Lie in the lap of May, as a babe that loveth the cradle,
I, whom her eye inspires, whom the breath of her passion arouses?
Say, shall I stray with bended head to look for her posies,
When with other wings than the coveted lift of the breezes
Far I am borne, at her call: and the pearly abysses are parted
Under my flight: the glimmering edge of the planet, receding,
Rounds to the splendor sun and ripens to glory of color.
Veering at will, I view from a crest of the jungled Antilles
Sparkling, limitless billows of greenness, falling and flowing
Into fringes of palm and the foam of the blossoming coffee, —
Cratered isles in the offing, milky blurs of the coral
Keys, and vast, beyond, the purple arc of the ocean:
Or, in the fanning furnace-winds of the tenantless Pampas,
Hear the great leaves clash, the shiver and hiss of the reed-beds.
Thus for the crowded fullness of life I leave its beginnings,
Not content to feel the sting of an exquisite promise
Ever renewed and accepted, and ever freshly forgotten.

V.

Wherefore, now, recall the pictures of memory? Wherefore
Yearn for a fairer seat of life than this I have chosen?
Ah, while my quiver of wandering years was yet unexhausted,
Treading the lands, a truant that wasted the gifts of his freedom,

Sweet was the sight of a home — or tent, or cottage, or castle, —
 Sweet unto pain; and never beheld I a Highlander's shieling,
 Never a Flemish hut by a lazy canal and its pollards,
 Never the snowy gleam of a porch through the Apennine orchards,
 Never a nest of life on the hoary hills of Judæa,
 Dropped on the steppes of the Don, or hidden in valleys of Norway,
 But, with the fond and foolish trick of a heart that was homeless,
 Each was mine, as I passed: I entered in and possessed it,
 Looked, in fancy, forth, and adjusted my life to the landscape.
 Easy it seemed, to shift the habit of blood as a mantle,
 Fable a Past, and lightly take the form of the Future,
 So that a rest were won, a hold for the filaments, floating
 Loose in the winds of Life. Here, now, behold it accomplished!
 Nay, but the restless Fate, the certain Nemesis follows,
 As to the bird the voice that bids him prepare for his passage,
 Saying: "Not this is the whole, not these, nor any, the borders
 Set for thy being; this measured, slow repetition of Nature,
 Painting, effacing, in turn, with hardly a variant outline,
 Cannot replace for thee the Earth's magnificent frescos!
 Art thou content to inhabit a simple pastoral chamber,
 Leaving the endless halls of her grandeur and glory untrodden?"

VI.

Man, I answer, is more: I am glutted with physical beauty
 Born of the suns and rains and the plastic throes of the ages.
 Man is more; but neither dwarfed like a tree of the Arctic
 Vales, nor clipped into shape as a yew in the gardens of princes.
 Give me to know him, here, where inherited laws and disguises
 Hide him at times from himself, — where his thought is chiefly collective,
 Where, with numberless others fettered like slaves in a caffle,
 Each insists he is free, inasmuch as his bondage is willing.
 Who hath rent from the babe the primitive rights of his nature?
 Who hath fashioned his yoke? who patterned beforehand his manhood?
 Say, shall never a soul be moved to challenge its portion,
 Seek for a wider heritage lost, a new disenthralment,
 Sending a root to be fed from the deep original sources,
 So that the fibres wax till they split the obdurate granite?
 Surely, starting alike at birth from the ignorant Adam,
 Every type of the race were here indistinctly repeated,
 Hinted in hopes and desires, and harmless divergence of habit;
 Save that the law of the common mind is invisibly written
 Even on our germs, and Life but warms into color the letters.

VII.

Thence, it may be, accustomed to dwell in a moving horizon,
 Here, alas! the steadfast circle of things is a weary
 Round of monotonous forms: I am haunted by livelier visions.
 Linking men and their homes, endowing both with the language,
 Sweeter than speech, the soul detects in a natural picture,
 I to my varying moods the fair remembrances summon,
 Glad that once and somewhere each was a perfect possession.
 Two will I paint, the forms of the double passion of May-time, —

Rest and activity, indolent calm and the sweep of the senses.
One, the soft green lap of a deep Dalecarlian valley,
Sheltered by piny hills and the distant porphyry mountains ;
Low and red the house, and the meadow spotted with cattle ;
All things fair and clear in the light of the midsummer Sabbath,
Touching, beyond the steel-blue lake and the twinkle of birch-trees,
Houses that nestle like chicks around the motherly church-roof.
There, I know, there is innocence, ancient duty and honor,
Love that looks from the eye and truth that sits on the forehead,
Pure, sweet blood of health, and the harmless freedom of nature,
Witless of blame ; for the heart is safe in inviolate childhood.
Dear is the scene, but it fades : I see, with a leap of the pulses,
Tawny under the lidless sun the sand of the Desert,
Fiery solemn hills, and the burning green of the date-trees
Belting the Nile : the tramp of the curvetting stallions is muffled ;
Brilliantly stamped on the blue are the white and scarlet of turbans ;
Lances prick the sky with a starry glitter ; the fulness,
Joy, and delight of life are sure of the day and the morrow,
Certain the gifts of sense, and the simplest order suffices.
Breathing again, as once, the perfect air of the Desert,
Good it seems to escape from the endless menace of duty,
There, where the will is free, and wilfully plays with its freedom,
And the lack of will for the evil thing is a virtue.
Scarce shall it be that I ever outgrow the potent infection :
Allah, il Allah ! rings in my heart : I rock on the camel,
Sated with light and warmth, and dazzling abundance of color,
Happy to live, and living in happy submission to Allah.

VIII.

Man is more, I have said : but the subject mood is a fashion .
Wrought of his lighter mind and dyed with the hues of his senses.
Then to be truly more, to be verily free, to be master
As beseems to the haughty soul that is lifted by knowledge
Over the multitude's law, enforcing their own acquiescence,—
Lifted to longing and will, in its satisfied loneliness centred,—
This prohibits the cry of the nerves, the weak lamentation
Shaming my song : for I know whence cometh its languishing burden.
Impotent all I have dreamed, — and the calmer vision assures me
Such were barren, and vapid the taste of joy that is skin-deep.
None the less are certain the needs of the life that surrounds me ;
So is there greater need for the strength that spurneth subjection,
Summoning all the shows of the earth to answer its lordship,
Absolute here as there, accepting the phlox or the lotus,
Citron or barberry, maple or tamarind, banyan or dogwood.
Better the nest than the wandering wing, the loving possession,
Intimate, ever-renewed, than the circle of shallower changes.

AMONG THE ISLES OF SHOALS.

IV.

IT has been my good fortune to witness but few wrecks at the Shoals. The disasters of which we hear faintly from the past were many and dreadful, but since the building of the lighthouse on White Island, and also on Boone Island (which seems like a neighbor, though fifteen miles distant), the danger of the place is much lessened. A resident of Star Island told me of a wreck which took place forty-seven years ago, during a heavy storm from the eastward. It blew so that all the doors in the house opened as fast as they shut them, and in the night a vessel drove against "Hog Island Head," which fronts the village on Star. She went to pieces utterly. In the morning the islanders perceived the beach at Londoners heaped with some kind of drift; they could not make out what it was, but, as soon as the sea subsided, went to examine and found a mass of oranges and picture-frames, with which the vessel had been freighted. Not a soul was saved. "She struck with such force that she drove a large spike out of her forefoot" into a crevice in the rock, which was plainly to be seen till a few years ago. My informant also told me that she remembered the wreck of the *Sagunto*, in 1813, that the beaches were strewn with "almond-nuts" long after, and that she picked up curiously embroidered vests and "work-bags" in all directions along the shores.

During a storm in 1839, while living at White Island, we were startled by the heavy booming of guns through the roar of the tempest, — a sound that drew nearer and nearer, till at last, through a sudden break in the mist and spray, we saw the heavily rolling hull of a large vessel driving by to her sure destruction toward the coast. It was as if the wind had torn the vapor apart on purpose to show us

this piteous sight; and I well remember the hand on my shoulder which held me firmly, shuddering child that I was, and forced me to look in spite of myself. What a day of pain it was! how dreadful the sound of those signal-guns, and how much more dreadful the certainty, when they ceased, that all was over! We learned afterward that it was the brig *Pocahontas*, homeward bound from Spain, and that the vessel and all her crew were lost. In later years a few coasters and fishermen have gone ashore at the islands, generally upon the hidden ledges at Duck. Many of these have been loaded with lime, a most perilous freight, for as soon as the water touches it there is a double danger; and between fire and water there is little chance of escape.

Boone Island is the forlornest place that can be imagined. The Isles of Shoals, barren as they are, seem like gardens of Eden in comparison. I chanced to hear last summer of a person who had been born and brought up there; he described the loneliness as something absolutely fearful, and declared it had pursued him all through his life. He lived there till fourteen or fifteen years old, when his family moved to York. While living on the island he discovered some human remains which had lain there thirty years. A carpenter and his assistants, having finished some building, were capsized in getting off, and all were drowned, except the master. One body floated to Plum Island, at the mouth of the Merrimack; the others the master secured, made a box for them, — all alone the while, — and buried them in a cleft and covered them with stones. These stones the sea washed away, and thirty years after they were buried the boy found the bones, which were removed to York and there buried again. It was

on board a steamer bound to Portland that the man told his story. Boone Island Light was shining in the distance. He spoke with bitterness of his life in that terrible solitude, and of "the loneliness which had pursued him ever since." All his relatives were dead, he said, and he had no human tie in the wide world except his wife. He ended by anathematizing all islands, and, vanishing into the darkness, was not to be found again; nor did his name or any trace of him transpire, though he was sought for in the morning all about the vessel.

One of the most shocking stories of shipwreck I remember to have heard is that of the Nottingham Galley, wrecked on this island in the year 1710. There is a narrative of this shipwreck existing, written by "John Deane, then commander of said Galley, but for many years after his Majesty's consul for the ports of Flanders, residing at Ostend," printed in 1762. The ship, of one hundred and twenty tons, carrying ten guns, with a crew of fourteen men, loaded partly in England and partly in Ireland, and sailed for Boston on the 25th of September, 1710. She made land on the 11th of December, and was wrecked on that fatal rock. At first the unhappy crew "treated each other with kindness and condolence, and prayed to God for relief." The only things saved from the wreck were a bit of canvas and half a cheese. The men made a triangular tent of the bit of canvas, and all lay close together beneath it, sideways; none could turn without the general concurrence: they turned once in two hours upon public notice. They had no fire, and lived upon kelp and rockweed, and mussels, three a day to a man. Starvation and suffering soon produced a curious loss of memory. The fourth day the cook died. When they had been there upwards of a week they saw three sails in the southwest, but no boat came near them. They built a rude boat of such materials as they could gather from the wreck, but she was lost in launching. One of the men,

a Swede, is particularly mentioned; he seems to have been full of energy; with help from the others he built a raft; in launching this they overset it. Again they saw a sail, this time coming out from the Piscataqua River; it was soon out of sight. The Swede was determined to make an effort to reach the shore, and persuaded another man to make the attempt with him. At sunset they were seen half-way to the land; the raft was found on shore with the body of one man; the Swede was never seen more. A hide was thrown on the rocks at Boone Island by the sea; this the poor sailors ate raw, minced. About the end of December the carpenter died, and, driven to madness by hunger, they devoured the flesh of their dead comrade. The captain, being the strongest of the party, dragged the body away and hid it, and dealt small portions of it daily to the men. Immediately their dispositions underwent a horrible change. They became fierce and reckless, and were the most pitiable objects of despair, when, on January 4, 1711, they were discovered and taken off. It was evening when they entered the Piscataqua River, and eight o'clock when they landed. Discovering a house through the darkness, the master rushed into it, frightening the gentlewoman and children desperately, and, making his way to the kitchen, snatched the pot wherein some food was cooking off the fire, and began to eat voraciously. This old record mentions John Plaisted and John Wentworth as being most "forward in benevolence" to these poor fellows.

When visiting the island for the first time, a few years ago, I was shown the shallow gorge where the unfortunates tried to shelter themselves. It was the serenest of summer days; everything smiled and shone as I stood looking down into that rocky hollow. Near by the lighthouse sprang—a splendid piece of masonry—over a hundred feet into the air, to hold its warning aloft. About its base some gentle thought had caused morning-glories to climb

and unfold their violet, white, and rosy bells against the smooth dark stone. I thought I had never seen flowers so beautiful. There was hardly a handful of grass on the island, hardly soil enough to hold a root; therefore it seemed the more wonderful to behold this lovely apparition. With my mind full of the story of the Nottingham Galley, I looked at the delicate bells, the cool green leaves, the whole airy grace of the wandering vines, and it was as if a hand were stretched out to pluck me away from the awful questions never to be answered this side the grave, that pressed so heavily while I thought how poor humanity had here suffered the utmost misery that it is possible to endure.

The aspect of this island from the Shoals is very striking, so lonely it lies on the eastern horizon, its tall light-house like a slender column against the sky. It is easily mistaken for the smoke-stack of a steamer by unaccustomed eyes, and sometimes the watcher most familiar with its appearance can hardly distinguish it from the distant white sails that steal by it, to and fro. Sometimes it looms colossal in the mirage of summer, in winter it lies blurred and ghostly at the edge of chilly sea and pallid sky. In the sad, strange light of winter sunsets its faithful star blazes suddenly from the darkening east and sends a friendly ray across to its neighbor at the Shoals, waiting as it also waits, ice-bound, storm-swept, and solitary, for gentler days to come. And "winter's rains and ruins" have an end at last.

In the latter part of February, after ten days perhaps of the northwester, bringing across to the islands all the chill of the snow-covered hills of the continent, some happy evening it dies into a reasonable breeze, and while the sun sets you climb the snowy height and sweep with your eyes the whole circle of the horizon, with nothing to impede the view. Ah! how sad it looks in the dying light! Star Island close by with its silent little village and the sails of belated fishing-boats hurrying

in over the dark water to the moorings. White Island afar off "kindling its great red star" on every side the long bleached points of granite stretching out into the sea, so cold and bleak, the line of coast sad purple, and the few schooners leaden and gray in the distance. Yet there is a hopeful glow where the sun went down suggestive of the spring, and before the ruddy sweetness of the western sky the melancholy east is flushed with violet, and up into the delicious color rolls a gradual moon, mellow and golden as in harvest-time, while high above her the great star Jupiter begins to glitter clear. On such an evening some subtle influence of the coming spring steals to the heart, and eyes that have watched the winter skies so patiently, grow wistful with the thought of summer days to come. On shore in these last weeks of winter one becomes aware, by various delicate tokens, of the beautiful change at hand,—by the deepening of the golden willow wands into a more living color, and by their silvery buds, which in favored spots burst the brown sheaths; by the reddening of bare maple-trees, as if with promise of future crimson flowers; by the sweet cry of the returning bluebird; by the alders at the river's edge. If the season is mild, the catkins begin to unwind their tawny tresses in the first weeks of March. But here are no trees, and no bluebirds come till April. Perhaps some day the delightful clangor of the wild geese is heard, and looking upward, lo! the long floating ribbon streaming northward across the sky. What joy they bring to hearts so weary with waiting! Truly a wondrous content is shaken down with their wild clamors out of the cloudy heights, and a courage and vigor lurk in these strong voices, that touch the listener with something better than gladness, while he traces eagerly the wavering lines that seek the north with steady, measured flight.

Gradually the bitter winds abate, early in March the first flocks of crows arrive, and they soar finely above the coves,

and perch on the flukes of stranded anchors or the tops of kellock-sticks that lie about the water's edge. They are most welcome, for they are never seen in winter; and pleasant it is to watch them beating their black ragged pinions in the blue, while the gulls swim on beyond them serenely, shining still whiter for their sable color. No other birds come till about the 27th of March, and then all at once the islands are alive with song-sparrows, and these sing from morning till night so beautifully, that dull and weary indeed must be the mortal who can resist the charm of their fresh music. There is a matchless sweetness and good cheer in this brave bird. The nightingale singing with its breast against a thorn may be divine, yet would I turn away from its tender melody to listen to the fresh, cheerful, healthy song of this dauntless and happy little creature. They come in flocks to be fed every morning the whole summer long, tame and charming, with their warm brown and gray feathers, striped and freaked with wood-color and little brown knots at each pretty throat! They build their nests and remain till the snow falls; frequently they remain all winter; sometimes they come into the house for shelter; once one fluttered in and entered the canaries' cage voluntarily, and stayed there singing like a voice from heaven all winter. Robins and black-birds appear with the sparrows; a few blackbirds build and remain; the robins, finding no trees, flit across to the mainland. Yellow-birds and kingbirds occasionally build here, but very rarely. By the first of April the snow is gone, and our bit of earth is free from that dead white mask. How lovely then the gentle neutral tints of tawny intervals of dead grass and brown bushes and varying stone appear, set in the living sea! There is hardly a square foot of the bare rock that is n't precious for its soft coloring, and freshly beautiful are the uncovered lichens that with patient fingering have ornamented the rough surfaces with their wonder-

ful embroideries. They flourish with the greatest vigor by the sea; whole houses at Star used to be covered with the orange-colored variety, and I have noticed the same thing in the pretty fishing village of Newcastle and on some of the old buildings by the river-side in sleepy Portsmouth city. Through April the weather softens daily, and by the 20th come gray, quiet days with mild northeast wind; in the hollows the grass has greened, and now the gentle color seems to brim over and spread out upon the ground in faint and fainter gradations. A refreshing odor springs from the moist earth, from the short sweet turf, which the cattle crop so gladly, — a musky fragrance unlike that of inland pastures, and with this is mingled the pure seabreeze, a most reviving combination. The turfy gorges, boulder-strewn and still, remind one of Alexander Smith's descriptions of his summer in Skye, of those quiet, lonely glens, — just such a grassy carpet was spread in their hollows. By the 23d of April come the first swallow and flocks of martins, golden-winged and downy woodpeckers, the tiny ruby-crowned wren, and troops of many other kinds of birds; kingfishers that perch on stranded kellocks, little nuthatches that peck among the shingles for hidden spiders, and gladden the morning with sweet, quaint cries, so busy and bright and friendly! All these tarry only awhile in their passage to the mainland.

But though the birds come and the sky has relented and grown tender with its melting clouds, the weather in New England has a fashion of leaping back into midwinter in the space of an hour, and all at once comes half a hurricane from the northwest, charged with the breath of all the remaining snow-heaps on the far mountain ranges, — a "white-sea roarin' wind" that takes you back to January. In the afternoon, through the cold transparent heaven, a pale half-moon glides slowly over; there is a splendor of wild clouds at sunset, dusk heaps with scarlet fringes, scattered

flecks of flame in a clear crimson air above the fallen sun ; then cold moonlight over the black sea, with the flash and gleam of white waves the whole night long.

But the potent spirit of the spring triumphs at last. When the sun in its journey north passes a certain group of lofty pine-trees standing out distinctly against the sky on Breakfast Hill in Greenland, New Hampshire, which lies midway in the coast line ; then the Shoalers are happy in the conviction that there will be "settled weather," and they put no trust in any relenting of the elements before that time. After this there soon come days when to be alive is quite enough joy, — days when it is bliss only to watch and feel how

"God renews
His ancient rapture," —

days when the sea lies, colored like a turquoise, blue and still, and from the south a band of warm gray-purple haze steals down on the horizon like an encircling arm about the happy world. The lightest film encroaches upon the sea, only made perceptible by the shimmering of far-off sails. A kind of bloom, inexpressibly lovely, softens over the white canvas of nearer vessels, like a delicate veil. There is a fascination in the motion of these slender schooners, a wondrous grace, as they glide before a gentle wind, slowly bowing, bending, turning, with curving canvas just filled with the breeze, and shadows falling soft from sail to sail. They are all so picturesque, so suggestive, from the small tanned sprit-sail some young islander spreads to flit to and fro among the rocks and ledges, to the stately column of canvas that bears the great ship round the world. The variety of their aspects is endless and ever beautiful, whether you watch them from the lighthouse top, dreaming afar on the horizon, or at the water's edge, — whether they are drowned in the flood of sunshine on the waves, or glide darkly through the track of the moonlight, or fly toward you full of promise, wing and wing, like some magnificent bird, or

steal away reddening in the sunset as if to

"Sink with all you love below the verge."

I know nothing sadder than their aspect in the light of the winter sunsets, as they vanish away in the cold east, blushing for a fleeting moment, sweetly, faintly, under the last touch of the dropping day. To a child's imagination they are all full of charm and of mystery, freighted with heavenly dreams. "The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts," and the watching of the sails filled the lonely, lovely summer days of one young Shoaler with joy enough and to spare. How many pictures linger in my mind, — splendid stately apparitions of full-rigged, slender schooners, passing very near early in the breezy mornings of spring, every inch of canvas in a blaze of white light, and the whole vessel alive from keel to topmast. And well I remember on soft May evenings how they came dropping down from Cape Ann, while the sunset streaming through low bars of cloud just touched them with pale gold, and made them half luminous and altogether lovely. And how the fog clung in silver strips to the dark wet sails of vessels lying becalmed when all the air about was clear and free from mist ! how the mackerel fleet surrounded the islands, five hundred craft sometimes between the islands and the coast, so that one might almost walk on shore from deck to deck. It was wonderful to wake on some midsummer morning and find the sea gray-green, like translucent chrysoprane, and the somewhat stormy sunrise painting the sails bright flame-color as they flew before the warm wild wind that blew strongly from the south. At night sometimes in a glory of moonlight a vessel passed close in with all sail set, and only just air enough to fill the canvas, enough murmur from the full tide to drown the sound of her movement, — a beautiful ghost stealing softly by, and passing in mysterious light beyond the glimmering headland out of sight. Here was suggestion enough for a night full of visions ! Then the

scudding of sails before a storm, — how the ships came rushing in from the far, dim sea-line, racing by to Portsmouth Harbor, close reefed, or under darkened mainsail and jib only, leaping over the long swell, and plunging their sharp bowsprits into a cloud of snowy spray at every leap! Then when the storm had spent itself, how beautiful to see them stealing tranquilly forth from the river's mouth, flocking seaward again, shining white in the peaceful morning sunshine! Watching them in all their endless variety, coming and going, dreaming, drifting, or flying, many a time these quaint old rhymes occurred to me: —

"Ships, ships, I will descree you
Amidst the main,
I will come and try you
What you are protecting,
And projecting,
What's your end and aim?
Some go abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lad-
ing.
Halloo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go?"

As the winter is doubly hard, so are the gentler seasons doubly sweet and delightful, when one is shut out with them, as it were, and forced to observe all their changes and peculiarities with so few human interests to interrupt one's intercourse with nature. The rainy days in May at the Isles of Shoals have seemed to me more lovely than the sunshine in Paradise could be, so charming it was to walk in the warm showers over the island, and note all the mosses and lichens drenched and bright with the moisture, thick, sweet buds on the bayberry bushes, rich green leaves unfolding here and there among the tangled vines, and bright anemones growing up between. The lovely eyebright glimmers everywhere. The rain, if it continues for several days, bleaches the sea-weed about the shores to a lighter and more golden brown; the sea is gray and the sky lowers, but all these neutral tints are gentle and refreshing. The coasters rock lazily on the long swell toward Cape Ann, dim through low-hanging clouds; clearly the sandpipers call, and

always the song-sparrows freshly surprise you with their outburst of cheerful music. In the last weeks of May comes a period of balmy days with a gentle, incessant southwest wind, the sea a wonderful gray-blue, with the faint impalpable haze lying over sails, islands, sea, and coast. A brooding warmth is everywhere. The sky is cloudless, but opaque, — a kind of milky effect in the atmosphere, through which the sun is seen as through smoked glass, and long before it sets one can bear to look at the crimson ball slow sinking in the rich red west; and the moon is like copper, throwing no light on the water. The islanders call this a "smoky sou'wester." Now come delicious twilights, with silence broken only by mysterious murmurs from the waves, and sweet, full cries from the sandpipers fluttering about their nests on the margin of the beaches, — tender, happy notes that thrill the balmy air, and echo softly about the silent moonlit coves. Sails in this twilight atmosphere gather the dusk within their folds; if the warm wind is blowing softly, there is enchantment in the sound of the lazily flapping canvas and in the long creak of the mast. A human voice borne through this breathing wind comes like a waft of music faintly heard across the water. The mornings now are exquisite, the delicate flush of the sunrise through this beautiful haze is indescribable. The island is indeed like

"A precious stone set in the silver sea,"

so freshly green, so flower-strewn and fragrant, so musical with birds, and with the continual caressing of summer waves. Now and then a bobolink pays us a flying visit, and, tilting on a blackberry spray, pours out his intoxicating song; some morning is heard the fairy bugling of an oriole; a scarlet tanager honors the place with half a day's sojourn, to be the wonder of all eyes; but commonly the swallows hold it in undisputed possession. The air is woven through and through with the gleam of their burnished wings and their clear happy cries. They are so

tame, knowing how well they are beloved, that they gather on the window-sills, twittering and fluttering, gay and graceful, turning their heads this way and that, eying you askance without a trace of fear. All day they build their nests about the eaves, nor heed how loving eyes do watch their charming toil. Walking abroad in these pleasant evenings, many a little sparrow's nest one finds, low down in the bayberry-bushes, smooth brown cups of woven grass, wherein lie the five speckled eggs, each full of silent music, each dumb miracle waiting for the finger of God to wake, to be alive, to drink the sunshine and the breeze, to fill the air with blissful sound. At the water's edge one finds the long ledges covered with barnacles, and from each rough shell a tiny brown filmy hand is thrust out, opening and shutting in gladness beneath the coming tide, feeling the freshness of the flowing water. The shore teems with life in manifold forms. As the darkness gathers, the ripples begin to break in pale flame against the rocks; if the tide is low enough, it is charming to steal down in the shadow, and, drawing aside the curtain of coarse sea-weed that drapes the face of some smooth rock, to write on the surface beneath. The strange fire follows your finger, and there is your name in weird flame, all alive, quivering and trembling, and finally fading and disappearing. In a still pool you drop a stone or touch the water with your hand, instantly a thousand stars break out and burn and vanish in a moment! It used to be a pleasant thing to bring a piece of drift-wood, water-soaked and shaggy with fine sea-weed, up from the shore, and from some dark corner suddenly sweep my hand across it; a sheet of white flame followed, startling the beholder.

June is of course the most delightful month here, everything is yet so fresh; later the hot sun dries and scorches the thin soil, and partially destroys the little vegetation which finds room upon the island. But through this month the ground is beautiful with starry pur-

ple stonewort; like little suns the blossoms of the lion's-foot shine in the thinnest of the soil; herb-robert blossoms; the slender arenaria steals up among the bushes, lifting a little white flower to the sun; here and there the sorrel lies in crimson stains; in wet places sturdy clumps of fern unroll their golden green with splendid vigor of growth, and from the swamp the rushes rise in ranks, like a faint green vapor, slowly, day by day. The few wild-cherry bushes have each its inevitable caterpillars' nest; one can but wonder how caterpillars and canker-worms find their way across the water. The presence of green snakes on these rocks may be explained by their having been found coiled on a piece of drift-wood many miles out at sea. Bees find their way out from the land in companies, seeking the white clover-blossoms that rise in cool, creamy, fragrant globes through the dark leaves and grass. The clover here is peculiarly rich. Many varieties of butterflies abound, the handsome moth of the American silkworm among them. One night in June, at sunset, we were kindling the lamps in the lighthouse, and because it was so mild and still outside, the little iron door of the lantern was left open. No breeze came in to stir the flame that quivered in the centre of each shining reflector, but presently glided through the door the pale green, exquisite Luna moth, with its wonderful crescents, its lines of velvet brown, and long under wings drawn out like the tail of a swallow. It sailed slowly round and round the dome above the lamps at first, but soon became agitated and would have dashed itself against the flames, but that I caught it. What a marvel it was! I never dreamed of the existence of so beautiful a creature. Titania herself could not have been more interesting to me.

In the quiet little coves troops of butterflies are often seen, anchored for the night, clinging to the thistle-blossoms to be safe from assailing winds. Crickets are never heard here till after the 1st of August. On the mainland

they begin about the 28th of May, a sad and gentle autumnal undertone which from that time accompanies the jubilant chorus of summer in a gradual crescendo, till finally the days pass on to no other music save their sweet melancholy chirrup. In August comes the ruby-throated humming-bird, and several pairs flutter about the little gardens for weeks. By the 1st of July the wild roses blossom, and every bit of swampy ground is alive with the waving flags of the iris, each flower of which is full of exquisite variety of tint and shade of gold and violet. All over the island patches of it diversify the surface, set like amethysts in the rich greens and browns of turf and mossy spaces. Through the tangle of leaves and grasses the spikes of golden-rod make their way upward slowly day by day, to be ready at the first beckoning of Autumn's finger to light their torches and join the fair procession. The pimpernel is awake, and the heavy, stout stalks of the mulleins uprear their woolly buds, that soon will break into squares of pallid gold. The world is at high tide of delight. Along the coast line the mirage races in flowing undulations of heat, changing the hill ranges into a solid wall, to dissolve them and again reunite them into clusters of gigantic towers and battlements; trees, spires, chimneys, lighthouses, become roofs and minarets and domes of some state city of the clouds, and these melt in their turn, and the whole coast shrinks away to the merest line on the horizon immeasurably removed. Each of these changes, and the various aspects of their little world, are of inestimable value to the lonely children living always in that solitude. Nothing is too slight to be precious, — the flashing of an oar-blade in the morning light; the twinkling of a gull's wings afar off, like a star in the yellow sunshine of the drowsy summer afternoon; the water-spout waltzing away before the wild wind that cleaves the sea from the advancing thunder-cloud; the distant showers that march about the horizon, trailing

their dusky fringes of falling rain over sea and land; every phase of the great thunder-storms that make glorious the weeks of July and August, from the first floating film of cloud that rises in the sky till the scattered fragments of the storm stream eastward to form a background for the rainbow; — all these things are of the utmost importance to dwellers at the Isles of Shoals. There is something especially delightful in the perfumes which stream across the sea after showers, like a heavenly greeting from the land; scents of hay and of clover, spice of pine woods, balm of flowers, come floating over the cool waves on the wings of the west-wind, and touch one like a breath from Paradise. Few sounds from the shore reach the islands; the booming of guns is audible, and sometimes, with a west wind, the air is pierced with distant car-whistles, so very remote, however, that they are hardly to be recognized except by a practised ear.

There is a superstition among the islanders that Philip Babb, or some evil-minded descendant of his, still haunts Appledore, and no consideration would induce the more timid to walk alone after dark over a certain shingly beach on that island, at the top of a cove bearing Babb's name, for there the uneasy spirit is oftenest seen. He is supposed to have been so desperately wicked when alive, that there is no rest for him in his grave. His dress is a coarse, striped butcher's frock, with a leather belt, to which is attached a sheath containing a ghostly knife, sharp and glittering, which it is his delight to brandish in the face of terrified humanity. One of the Shoalers is perfectly certain that he and Babb have met, and he shudders with real horror, recalling the meeting. This is his story. It was after sunset (of course), and he was coming round the corner of a work-shop, when he saw a wild and dreadful figure advancing toward him; his first thought was that some one wished to make him

the victim of a practical joke, and he called out something to the effect that he "was n't afraid"; but the thing came near with ghastly face and hollow eyes, and, assuming a fiendish expression, took out the knife from its belt and flourished it in the face of the Shoaler, who fled to the house and entered breathless, calling for the person whom he supposed had tried to frighten him. That person was quietly eating his supper, and when the poor fellow saw him he was much agitated, and his belief in Babb fixed more firmly than ever. One spring night some one was sitting on the broad piazza at sunset; it was calm and mild, the sea murmured a little; birds twittered softly; there was hardly a waft of wind in the still atmosphere. Glancing toward Babb's Cove, he saw a figure slowly crossing the shingle to the path which led to the house. After watching it a moment he called to it, but there was no reply; again he called, still no answer; but the dark figure came slowly on, and then he reflected that he had heard no step on the loose shingle that was wont to give back every foot-fall, and, somewhat puzzled, he slowly descended the steps of the piazza and went to meet it. It was not so dark but that he could see the face and recognize the butcher's frock and leather belt of Babb, but he was not prepared for the devilish expression of malice in that hollow face, and spite of his prosaic turn of mind he was chilled to the marrow at the sight. The white stripes in the frock gleamed like phosphorescent light, so did the awful eyes. Again he called aloud, "Who are you? What do you want?" and still advanced, when suddenly the shape grew indistinct, first thick and cloudy, then thin, dissolving quite away, and, much amazed, he turned and went back to the house, perplexed and thoroughly dissatisfied. These tales I tell as they were told to me. I never saw Babb, nor ever could, I think. The whole Babb family are buried in the valley of Appledore where the houses stand, and till this year a bowling-alley stood upon

the spot, and all the balls rolled over the bones of all the Babbs; that may have been one reason why the head of the family was so restless; since the last equinoctial gale blew down the building, perhaps he may rest more peacefully. Babb's is, I believe, the only real ghost that haunts the islands; though in the loft at the parsonage on Star (a mere creep-hole under the eaves, unattainable by any steps or ladder) there is (in windy weather) the most extraordinary combination of sounds, as if two bluff old fellows were swearing at each other, gruffly, harshly, continually, with a perseverance worthy of a better cause. Really, it is a most disagreeable racket! A lean, brown, hollow-eyed old woman from Star used to tell how her daughter-in-law died, in a way that took the color out of childish cheeks to hear, for the dying woman thought the ghosts were scratching for her outside, against the house. "Ma'y Hahner" (Mary Hannah), she said to me, "a whisperin', says she, 'Who's that scratching, tearing the house down underneath the window?' 'No, it ain't nothin',' says I; 'Ma'y Hahner, there ain't nobody a tearin' the house down underneath the winder.' 'Yes, yes, there is,' says she, 'there is! I hear 'em scratching, scratching, tearing the house down underneath the winder!' And then I know'd Ma'y Hahner was goin' to die, and so she did afore mornin'."

There is a superstition here and along the coast to this effect. A man gathering drift-wood or whatever it may be, sees a spade stuck in the ground as if inviting him to dig. He is n't quite ready, goes and empties his basket first, then comes back to investigate, and lo! there's nothing there! and he is tormented the rest of his life with the thought that probably untold wealth lay beneath that spade, which he might have possessed had he only been wise enough to seize the treasure when it offered itself. A certain man named William Mace, living at Star long, long ago, swore that he had had this experience, and there's a dim tradition that

another person seeing the spade passed by about his business, but hastening back, arrived just in time to see the last of the sinking tool, and to perceive also a golden flat-iron disappearing into the earth. This he seized, but no human power could extricate it from the ground, and he was forced to let go his hold and see it sink out of his longing ken.

Some young people, camping on the south side of Appledore, one summer, among the ancient graves, dug up a skeleton; the bones crumbled to dust, but the skull remained intact, and I kept it for a long time. The Shoalers shook their heads. "Hog Island would have no 'luck' while that skull remained aboveground." It had lain so long in the earth that it was no more repulsive than a bit of stone, yet a nameless dread invested it. At last I took it in my hands and pored over it till the shudder passed away forever, and then I was never weary of studying it. Sitting by the drift-wood blaze late into the still autumn nights alone at my desk, it kept me company, — a vase of brilliant flowers on one side, the skull on the other, and the shaded lamp between, equally lighting both. A curious head it was, thick as an Ethiop's, with no space above the eyes, high above the ears, and heavy behind them. But O, those hollows where the eyes once looked out, beholding the same sea and sky we see to-day! Those great, melancholy, empty hollows, — what sort of creature gazed from them? Cunning and malice, anger and hate, may have burned within them in sullen flame; who shall say if any beauty ever illumined them? If

hate smouldered here, did love ever look out and transfigure the poor, dull face? did any spark from the far heaven ever brighten it? any touch of lofty thought or aspiration turn the clay to fire? And when so many years ago this being glided away from behind these awful windows and left them empty for ever and ever, did he find what in his life here he could not have possessed, with this head, which he did not make, and therefore was not responsible for? Many and many a question I put silently to the silent casket which had held a human soul; there was no sound to answer me save only the great, gentle whisper of the sea without the windows, and now and then a sigh from the autumn wind. There came to me a sense of the pathos of the infinite patience of humanity, waiting so helplessly and blindly for the unravelling of the riddle that has troubled every thoughtful soul since the beginning of time. Little roots of plants were clasped about the temples. Behind the right ear were three indentations, as if made by some sharp instrument, suggesting foul play. An Indian tomahawk might have made those marks, or a pirate's cutlass, who can say? What matter is it now? I kept the relic for months, till it crumbled so fast when I daily dusted it that I feared it would disappear entirely; so I carried it quietly back and laid it in the grave from which it had been taken, wondering, as I drew the shallow earth over it, who had stood round about when it was buried for the first time, centuries ago, what manner of people, and were they afraid or sorry. But there was no voice to answer me.

THE LEGEND OF JUBAL.

WHEN Cain was driven from Jehovah's land
He wandered eastward, seeking some far strand
Ruled by kind gods who asked no offerings.
Save pure field-fruits, as aromatic things
To feed the subtler sense of frames divine
That lived on fragrance for their food and wine :
Wild joyous gods, who winked at faults and folly,
And could be pitiful and melancholy.
He never had a doubt that such gods were ;
He looked within, and saw them mirrored there.
Some think he came at last to Tartary,
And some to Ind ; but, howsoe'er it be,
His staff he planted where sweet waters ran
And in that home of Cain the Arts began.

Man's life was spacious in the early world :
It paused, like some slow ship with sail unfurled
Waiting in seas by scarce a wavelet curled ;
Beheld the slow star-paces of the skies,
And grew from strength to strength through centuries ;
Saw infant trees fill out their giant limbs,
And heard a thousand times the sweet birds' marriage hymns.

In Cain's young city none had heard of Death
Save him, the founder ; and it was his faith
That here, away from harsh Jehovah's law,
Man was immortal, since no halt or flaw
In Cain's own frame betrayed six hundred years,
But dark as pines that autumn never sears
His locks thronged backward as he ran, his frame
Rose like the orbéd sun each morn the same,
Lake-mirrored to his gaze ; and that red brand,
The scorching impress of Jehovah's hand,
Was still clear-edged to his unwearied eye,
Its secret firm in time-fraught memory.
He said, " My happy offspring shall not know
That the red life from out a man may flow
When smitten by his brother." True, his race
Bore each one stamped upon his new-born face
A copy of the brand no whit less clear ;
But every mother held that little copy dear.

Thus generations in glad idlesse throve,
Nor hunted prey, nor with each other strove ;
For clearest springs were plenteous in the land,
And gourds for cups ; the ripe fruits sought the hand,
Bending the laden boughs with fragrant gold ;
And for their roofs and garments wealth untold

Lay everywhere in grasses and broad leaves :
 They labored gently, as a maid who weaves
 Her hair in mimic mats, and pauses oft
 And strokes across her hand the tresses soft,
 Then peeps to watch the poised butterfly,
 Or little burthened ants that homeward hie.
 Time was but leisure to their lingering thought,
 There was no need for haste to finish aught ;
 But sweet beginnings were repeated still
 Like infant babblings that no task fulfil ;
 For love, that loved not change, constrained the simple will.

Till hurling stones in mere athletic joy
 Strong Lamech struck and killed his fairest boy,
 And tried to wake him with the tenderest cries,
 And fetched and held before the glazed eyes
 The things they best had loved to look upon ;
 But never glance or smile or sigh he won.
 The generations stood around those twain
 Helplessly gazing, till their father Cain
 Parted the press, and said, " He will not wake ;
 This is the endless sleep, and we must make
 A bed deep down for him beneath the sod ;
 For know, my sons, there is a mighty God !
 Angry with all man's race, but most with me.
 I fled from out his land in vain ! — 't is he
 Who came and slew the lad, for he has found
 This home of ours, and we shall all be bound
 By the harsh bands of his most cruel will,
 Which any moment may some dear one kill.
 Nay, though we live for countless moons, at last
 We and all ours shall die like summers past.
 This is Jehovah's will, and he is strong ;
 I thought the way I travelled was too long
 For him to follow me : my thought was vain !
 He walks unseen, but leaves a track of pain,
 Pale Death his footprint is, and he will come again ! "

And a new spirit from that hour came o'er
 The race of Cain : soft idlesse was no more,
 But even the sunshine had a heart of care,
 Smiling with hidden dread, — a mother fair
 Who folding to her breast a dying child
 Beams with feigned joy that but makes sadness mild.
 Death was now lord of life, and at his word
 Time, vague as air before, new terrors stirred,
 With measured wing now audibly arose
 Throbbing through all things to some unknown close.
 Now glad Content by clutching Haste was torn,
 And Work grew eager, and Device was born.
 It seemed the light was never loved before,
 Now each man said, " 'T will go and come no more."
 No budding branch, no pebble from the brook,

No form, no shadow, but new dearness took
From the one thought that life must have an end;
And the last parting now began to send
Diffusive dread through love and wedded bliss,
Thrilling them into finer tenderness.
Then Memory disclosed her face divine,
That like the calm nocturnal lights doth shine
Within the soul, and shows the sacred graves,
And shows the presence that no sunlight craves,
No space, no warmth, but moves among them all;
Gone and yet here, and coming at each call,
With ready voice and eyes that understand,
And lips that ask a kiss, and dear responsive hand.

Thus to Cain's race death was tear-watered seed
Of various life and action-shaping need.
But chief the sons of Lamech felt the stings
Of new ambition, and the force that springs
In passion beating on the shores of fate.
They said, "There comes a night when all too late
The mind shall long to prompt the achieving hand,
The eager thought behind closed portals stand,
And the last wishes to the mute lips press
Buried ere death in silent helplessness.
Then while the soul its way with sound can cleave,
And while the arm is strong to strike and heave
Let soul and arm give shape that will abide
And rule above our graves, and power divide
With that great god of day, whose rays must bend
As we shall make the moving shadows tend.
Come, let us fashion acts that are to be,
When we shall lie in darkness silently,
As our young brother doth, whom yet we see
Fallen and slain, but reigning in our will
By that one image of him pale and still."
For Lamech's sons were heroes of their race:
Jabal, the eldest, bore upon his face
The look of that calm river-god, the Nile,
Mildly secure in power that needs not guile.
But Tubal-Cain was restless as the fire
That glows and spreads and leaps from high to higher
Where'er is aught to seize or to subdue;
Strong as a storm he lifted or o'erthrew,
His urgent limbs like granite boulders grew,
Such boulders as the plunging torrent wears
And roaring rolls around through countless years.
But strength that still on movement must be fed,
Inspiring thought of change, devices bred,
And urged his mind through earth and air to rove
For force that he could conquer if he strove,
For lurking forms that might new tasks fulfil
And yield unwilling to his stronger will.
Such Tubal-Cain. But Jubal had a frame

Fashioned to finer senses, which became
A yearning for some hidden soul of things,
Some outward touch complete on inner springs
That vaguely moving bred a lonely pain,
A want that did but stronger grow with gain
Of all good else, as spirits might be sad
For lack of speech to tell us they are glad.

Now Jabal learned to tame the lowing kine,
And from their udders drew the snow-white wine
That stirs the innocent joy, and makes the stream
Of elemental life with fulness teem;
The star-browed calves he nursed with feeding hand,
And sheltered them, till all the little band
Stood mustered gazing at the sunset way
Whence he would come with store at close of day.
He soothed the silly sheep with friendly tone
And reared their staggering lambs that, older grown,
Followed his steps with sense-taught memory;
Till he, their shepherd, could their leader be
And guide them through the pastures as he would,
With sway that grew from ministry of good.
He spread his tents upon the grassy plain
That, eastward widening like the open main,
Showed the first whiteness 'neath the morning star;
Near him his sister, deft, as women are,
Plied her quick skill in sequence to his thought
Till the hid treasures of the milk she caught
Revealed like pollen 'mid the petals white,
The golden pollen, virgin to the light.
Even the she-wolf with young, on rapine bent,
He caught and tethered in his mat-walled tent,
And cherished all her little sharp-nosed young
Till the small race with hope and terror clung
About his footsteps, till each new-reared brood,
Remoter from the memories of the wood,
More glad discerned their common home with man.
This was the work of Jabal: he began
The pastoral life, and, sire of joys to be,
Spread the sweet ties that bind the family
O'er dear dumb souls that thrilled at man's caress,
And shared his pains with patient helpfulness.

But Tubal-Cain had caught and yoked the fire,
Yoked it with stones that bent the flaming spire
And made it roar in prisoned servitude
Within the furnace, till with force subdued
It changed all forms he willed to work upon,
Till hard from soft, and soft from hard, he won.
The pliant clay he moulded as he would,
And laughed with joy when 'mid the heat it stood
Shaped as his hand had chosen, while the mass
That from his hold, dark, obstinate, would pass,

He drew all glowing from the busy heat,
All breathing as with life that he could beat
With thundering hammer, making it obey
His will creative, like the pale soft clay.
Each day he wrought and better than he planned,
Shape breeding shape beneath his restless hand.
(The soul without still helps the soul within,
And its deft magic ends what we begin.)
Nay, in his dreams his hammer he would wield
And seem to see a myriad types revealed,
Then spring with wondering triumphant cry,
And, lest the inspiring vision should go by,
Would rush to labor with that plastic zeal
Which all the passion of our life can steal
For force to work with. Each day saw the birth
Of various forms which, flung upon the earth,
Seemed harmless toys to cheat the exacting hour,
But were as seeds instinct with hidden power.
The axe, the club, the spiked wheel, the chain,
Held silently the shrieks and moans of pain,
And near them latent lay in share and spade,
In the strong bar, the saw, and deep-curved blade,
Glad voices of the hearth and harvest-home,
The social good, and all earth's joy to come.
Thus to mixed ends wrought Tubal; and they say,
Some things he made have lasted to this day;
As, thirty silver pieces that were found
By Noah's children buried in the ground.
He made them from mere hunger of device,
Those small white disks; but they became the price
The traitor Judas sold his Master for;
And men still handling them in peace and war
Catch foul disease, that comes as appetite,
And lurks and clings as withering, damning blight.
But Tubal-Cain wot not of treachery,
Or greedy lust, or any ill to be,
Save the one ill of sinking into nought,
Banished from action and act-shaping thought.
He was the sire of swift-transforming skill,
Which arms for conquest man's ambitious will;
And round him gladly, as his hammer rung,
Gathered the elders and the growing young:
These handled vaguely and those plied the tools,
Till, happy chance begetting conscious rules,
The home of Cain with industry was rife,
And glimpses of a strong persistent life,
Panting through generations as one breath,
And filling with its soul the blank of death.

Jubal, too, watched the hammer, till his eyes,
No longer following its fall or rise,
Seemed glad with something that they could not see,
But only listened to,—some melody,

Wherein dumb longings inward speech had found,
Won from the common store of struggling sound.
Then, as the metal shapes more various grew,
And, hurled upon each other, resonance drew,
Each gave new tones, the revelations dim
Of some external soul that spoke for him :
The hollow vessel's clang, the clash, the boom,
Like light that makes wide spiritual room
And skyey spaces in the spaceless thought,
To Jubal such enlarged passion brought
That love, hope, rage, and all experience,
Were fused in vaster being, fetching thence
Concords and discords, cadences and cries
That seemed from some world-shrouded soul to rise,
Some rapture more intense, some mightier rage,
Some living sea that burst the bounds of man's brief age.

Then with such blissful trouble and glad care
For growth within unborn as mothers bear,
To the far woods he wandered, listening,
And heard the birds their little stories sing
In notes whose rise and fall seem melted speech —
Melted with tears, smiles, glances — that can reach
More quickly through our frame's deep-winding night,
And without thought raise thought's best fruit, delight.
Pondering, he sought his home again and heard
The fluctuant changes of the spoken word :
The deep remonstrance and the argued want,
Insistent first in close monotonous chant,
Next leaping upward to defiant stand
Or downward beating like the resolute hand ;
The mother's call, the children's answering cry,
The laugh's light cataract tumbling from on high ;
To suasive repetitions Jabal taught,
That timid browsing cattle homeward brought ;
The clear-winged fugue of echoes vanishing ;
And through them all the hammer's rhythmic ring.

Jubal sat lonely, all around was dim,
Yet his face glowed with light revealed to him :
For as the delicate stream of odor wakes
The thought-wed sentience and some image makes
From out the mingled fragments of the past,
Finely compact in wholeness that will last,
So streamed as from the body of each sound
Subtler pulsations, swift as warmth, which found
All prisoned germs and all their powers unbound,
Till thought self-luminous flamed from memory,
And in creative vision wandered free.
Then Jubal, standing, rapturous arms upraised,
And on the dark with eager eyes he gazed,
As had some manifested god been there :
It was his thought he saw ; the presence fair

Of unachieved achievement, the high task,
The mighty unborn spirit that doth ask
With irresistible cry for blood and breath,
Till feeding its great life we sink in death.

He said: "Were now those mighty tones and cries
That from the giant soul of earth arise,
Those groans of some great travail heard from far,
Some power at wrestle with the things that are,
Those sounds which vary with the varying form
Of clay and metal, and in sightless swarm
Fill the wide space with tremors: were those wed
To human voices with such passion fed
As does but glimmer in our common speech,
But might flame out in tones whose changing reach,
Surpassing meagre need, informs the sense
With fuller union, finer difference, —
Were this great vision, now obscurely bright
As morning hills that melt in new-poured light,
Wrought into solid form and living sound,
Moving with ordered throb and sure rebound,
Then — Nay, I Jubal will that work begin!
The generations of our race shall win
New life, that grows from out the heart of this,
As spring from winter, or as lovers' bliss
From out the dull unknown of unwoke energies."

Thus he resolved, and in the soul-fed light
Of coming ages waited through the night,
Watching for that near dawn whose chiller ray
Showed but the unchanged world of yesterday;
Where all the order of his dream divine
Lay like Olympian forms within the mine;
Where fervor that could fill the earthly round
With thronged joys of form-begotten sound
Must shrink intense within the patient power
That lonely labors through the niggard hour.
Such patience have the heroes who begin,
Sailing the first toward lands which others win.
Jubal must dare as great beginners dare,
Strike form's first way in matter rude and bare,
And yearning vaguely toward the plenteous quire
Of the world's harvest, make one poor small lyre.

He made it, and from out its measured frame
Drew the harmonic soul, whose answers came
With guidance sweet and lessons of delight
Teaching to ear and hand the blissful Right,
Where strictest law is gladness to the sense,
And all desire bends toward obedience.
Then Jubal poured his triumph in a song, —
The rapturous word that rapturous notes prolong

As radiance streams from smallest things that burn
Or thought of loving into love doth turn.
And still his lyre gave companionship
In sense-taught concert as of lip with lip.
Alone amid the hills at first he tried
His wingéd song; then with adoring pride
And bridegroom's joy at leading forth his bride,
He said, "This wonder which my soul hath found,
This heart of music in the might of sound,
Shall forthwith be the share of all our race
And like the morning gladden common space:
The song shall spread and swell as rivers do,
And I will teach our youth with skill to woo
This living lyre, to know its secret will,
Its fine division of the good and ill.
So shall men call me sire of harmony,
And where great Song is, there my life shall be."

Thus glorying as a god beneficent,
Forth from his solitary joy he went
To bless mankind. It was at evening,
When shadows lengthen from each westward thing,
When imminence of change makes sense more fine
And light seems holier in its grand decline.
The fruit-trees wore their studded coronal,
Earth and her children were at festival,
Glowing as with one heart and one consent, —
Thought, love, trees, rocks, in sweet warm radiance blent.

The tribe of Cain was resting on the ground,
The various ages wreathed in one broad round.
Here lay, while children peeped o'er his huge thighs,
The sinewy man embrowned by centuries;
Here the broad-bosomed mother of the strong
Looked, like Demeter, placid o'er the throng
Of young lithe forms whose rest was movement too, —
Tricks, prattle, nods, and laughs that lightly flew,
And swayings as of flower-beds where Love blew.
For all had feasted well upon the flesh
Of juicy fruits, on nuts, and honey fresh,
And now their wine was health-bred merriment,
Which through the generations circling went,
Leaving none sad, for even father Cain
Smiled as a Titan might, despising pain.
Jabal sat circled with a playful ring
Of children, lambs and whelps, whose gambolling,
With tiny hoofs, paws, hands, and dimpled feet,
Made barks, bleats, laughs, in pretty hubbub meet.
But Tubal's hammer rang from far away,
Tubal alone would keep no holiday,
His furnace must not slack for any feast,
For of all hardship work he counted least;

He scorned all rest but sleep, where every dream
Made his repose more potent action seem.

Yet with health's nectar some strange thirst was blent,
The fateful growth, the unnamed discontent,
The inward shaping toward some unborn power,
Some deeper-breathing act, the being's flower.
After all gestures, words, and speech of eyes,
The soul had more to tell, and broke in sighs.
Then from the east, with glory on his head
Such as low-slanting beams on corn-waves spread,
Came Jubal with his lyre: there 'mid the throng,
Where the blank space was, poured a solemn song,
Touching his lyre to full harmonic throb
And measured pulse, with cadences that sob,
Exult and cry, and search the inmost deep
Where the dark sources of new passion sleep.
Joy took the air, and took each breathing soul,
Embracing them in one entranced whole,
Yet thrilled each varying frame to various ends,
As Spring new-waking through the creatures sends
Or rage or tenderness; more plenteous life
Here breeding dread, and there a fiercer strife.
He who had lived through twice three centuries,
Whose months monotonous, like trees on trees
In hoary forests, stretched a backward maze,
Dreamed himself dimly through the travelled days
Till in clear light he paused, and felt the sun
That warmed him when he was a little one;
Knew that true heaven, the recovered past,
The dear small Known amid the Unknown vast,
And in that heaven wept. But younger limbs
Thrilled toward the future, that bright land which swims
In western glory, isles and streams and bays,
Where hidden pleasures float in golden haze.
And in all these the rhythmic influence,
Sweetly o'ercharging the delighted sense,
Flowed out in movements, little waves that spread
Enlarging, till in tidal union led
The youths and maidens both alike long-tressed,
By grace inspiring melody possessed,
Rose in slow dance, with beauteous floating swerve
Of limbs and hair, and many a melting curve
Of ringéd feet swayed by each close-linked palm:
Then Jubal poured more rapture in his psalm,
The dance fired music, music fired the dance,
The glow diffusive lit each countenance,
Till all the circling tribe arose and stood
With glad yet awful shock of that mysterious good.

Even Tubal caught the sound, and wondering came,
Urging his sooty bulk like smoke-wrapt flame
Till he could see his brother with the lyre,

The work for which he lent his furnace-fire
And diligent hammer, witting nought of this, —
This power in metal shape which made strange bliss,
Entering within him like a dream full-fraught
With new creations finished in a thought.

The sun had sunk, but music still was there,
And when this ceased, still triumph filled the air:
It seemed the stars were shining with delight
And that no night was ever like this night.
All clung with praise to Jubal: some besought
That he would teach them his new skill; some caught,
Swiftly as smiles are caught in looks that meet,
The tone's melodic change and rhythmic beat:
'Twas easy following where invention trod, —
All eyes can see when light flows out from God.

And thus did Jubal to his race reveal
Music their larger soul, where woe and weal
Filling the resonant chords, the song, the dance,
Moved with a wider-winged utterance.
Now many a lyre was fashioned, many a song
Raised echoes new, old echoes to prolong,
Till things of Jubal's making were so rife,
"Hearing myself," he said, "hems in my life,
And I will get me to some far-off land,
Where higher mountains under heaven stand,
And touch the blue at rising of the stars,
Whose song they hear where no rough mingling mars
The great clear voices. Such lands there must be,
Where varying forms make varying symphony, —
Where other thunders roll amid the hills,
Some mightier wind a mightier forest fills
With other strains through other-shapen boughs;
Where bees and birds and beasts that hunt or browse
Will teach me songs I know not. Listening there
My life shall grow like trees both tall and fair
That spread and rise and bloom toward fuller fruit each year."

He took a raft, and travelled with the stream
Southward for many a league, till he might deem
He saw at last the pillars of the sky,
Beholding mountains whose white majesty
Rushed through him as new awe, and made new song
That swept with fuller wave the chords along,
Weighting his voice with deep religious chime,
The iteration of slow chant sublime.

It was the region long inhabited
By all the race of Seth, and Jubal said:
"Here have I found my thirsty soul's desire,
Eastward the hills touch heaven, and evening's fire
Flames through deep waters; I will take my rest,

And feed anew from my great mother's breast,
The sky-clasped Earth, whose voices nurture me
As the flowers' sweetness doth the honey-bee."
He lingered wandering for many an age,
And sowing music made high heritage
For generations far beyond the Flood,—
For the poor late-begotten human brood
Born to life's weary brevity and perilous good.

And ever as he travelled he would climb
The farthest mountain, yet the heavenly chime,
The mighty tolling of the far-off spheres
Beating their pathway, never touched his ears.
But wheresoe'er he rose the heavens rose,
And the far-gazing mountain could disclose
Nought but a wider earth; until one height
Showed him the ocean stretched in liquid light,
And he could hear its multitudinous roar,
Its plunge and hiss upon the pebbled shore:
Then Jubal silent sat, and touched his lyre no more.

He thought, "The world is great, but I am weak,
And where the sky bends is no solid peak
For me to stand on, but this panting sea
Which sobs as if it stored all life to be.
New voices come to me where'er I roam,
My heart too widens with its widening home:
But song grows weaker, and the heart must break
For lack of voice, or fingers that can wake
The lyre's full answer; nay, these chords would be
Too poor to speak the gathering mystery.
The former songs seem little, yet no more
Can soul, hand, voice, with interchanging lore
Tell what the earth is saying unto me:
The secret is too great, I hear confusedly.

"No farther will I travel: once again
My brethren I will see, and that fair plain
Where I and Song were born. There fresh-voiced youth
Will pour my strains with all the early truth
Which now abides not in my voice and hands,
But only in the soul, the will that stands
Helpless to move. My tribe will welcome me,
Jubal, the sire of all their melody."

The way was weary. Many a date-palm grew,
And shook out clustered gold against the blue,
While Jubal, guided by the steadfast spheres,
Sought the dear home of those first eager years,
When, with fresh vision fed, the fuller will
Took living outward shape in pliant skill;
For still he hoped to find the former things,
And the warm gladness recognition brings.

His footsteps erred among the mazy woods
And long illusive sameness of the floods,
Winding and wandering. Through far regions, strange
With Gentile homes and faces, did he range,
And left his music in their memory,
And left at last, when nought besides would free
His homeward steps from clinging hands and cries,
The ancient lyre. And now in ignorant eyes
No sign remained of Jubal, Lamech's son,
That mortal frame wherein was first begun
The immortal life of song. His withered brow
Pressed over eyes that held no fire-orbs now,
His locks streamed whiteness on the hurrying air,
The unresting soul had worn itself quite bare
Of beauteous token, as the outworn might
Of oaks slow dying, gaunt in summer's light.
His full deep voice toward thinnest treble ran:
He was the rune-writ story of a man.

And so at last he neared the well-known land,
Could see the hills in ancient order stand
With friendly faces whose familiar gaze
Looked through the sunshine of his childish days,
Knew the deep-shadowed folds of hanging woods,
And seemed to see the selfsame insect broods
Whirling and quivering o'er the flowers, to hear
The selfsame cuckoo making distance near.
Yea, the dear Earth, with mother's constancy,
Met and embraced him, and said: "Thou art he!
This was thy cradle, here my breast was thine,
Where feeding, thou didst all thy life entwine
With my sky-wedded life in heritage divine."

But wending ever through the watered plain,
Firm not to rest save in the home of Cain,
He saw dread Change, with dubious face and cold
That never kept a welcome for the old,
Like some strange heir upon the hearth, arise
Saying, "This home is mine." He thought his eyes
Mocked all deep memories, as things new made,
Usurping sense, make old things shrink and fade
And seem ashamed to meet the staring day.
His memory saw a small foot-trodden way,
His eyes a broad far-stretching paven road
Bordered with many a tomb and fair abode;
The little city that once nestled low
As buzzing groups about some central glow,
Spread like a murmuring crowd o'er plain and steep,
Or monster huge in heavy-breathing sleep.
His heart grew faint, and tremblingly he sank
Close by the wayside on a weed-grown bank,
Not far from where a new-raised temple stood,

Sky-roofed, and fragrant with wrought cedar-wood.
The morning sun was high ; his rays fell hot
On this hap-chosen, dusty, common spot,
On the dry withered grass and withered man :
The wondrous frame where melody began
Lay as a tomb defaced that no eye cared to scan.

But while he sank far music reached his ear.
He listened until wonder silenced fear
And gladness wonder ; for the broadening stream
Of sound advancing was his early dream,
Brought like fulfilment of forgotten prayer ;
As if his soul, breathed out upon the air,
Had held the invisible seeds of harmony
Quick with the various strains of life to be.
He listened : the sweet mingled difference
With charm alternate took the meeting sense ;
Then bursting like some shield-broad lily red,
Sudden and near the trumpet's notes outspread,
And soon his eyes could see the metal flower,
Shining upturned, out on the morning pour
Its incense audible ; could see a train
From out the street slow-winding on the plain
With lyres and cymbals, flutes and psalteries,
While men, youths, maids, in concert sang to these
With various throat, or in succession poured,
Or in full volume mingled. But one word
Ruled each recurrent rise and answering fall,
As when the multitudes adoring call
On some great name divine, their common soul,
The common need, love, joy, that knits them in one whole.

The word was "Jubal !" . . . "Jubal" filled the air
And seemed to ride aloft, a spirit there,
Creator of the quire, the full-fraught strain
That grateful rolled itself to him again.
The aged man adust upon the bank —
Whom no eye saw — at first with rapture drank
The bliss of music, then, with swelling heart,
Felt, this was his own being's greater part,
The universal joy once born in him.
But when the train, with living face and limb
And vocal breath, came nearer and more near,
The longing grew that they should hold him dear ;
Him, Lamech's son, whom all their fathers knew,
The breathing Jubal, — him, to whom their love was due.

All was forgotten but the burning need
To claim his fuller self, to claim the deed
That lived away from him, and grew apart,
While he as from a tomb, with lonely heart,
Warmed by no meeting glance, no hand that pressed,

Lay chill amid the life his life had blessed.
What though his song should spread from man's small race
Out through the myriad worlds that people space,
And make the heavens one joy-diffusing quire? —
Still 'mid that vast would throb the keen desire
Of this poor aged flesh, this eventide,
This twilight soon in darkness to subside,
This little pulse of self that, having glowed
Through thrice three centuries, and divinely strowed
The light of music through the vague of sound,
Ached smallness still in good that had no bound.

For no eye saw him, while with loving pride
Each voice with each in praise of Jubal vied.
Must he in conscious trance, dumb, helpless lie
While all that ardent kindred passed him by?
His flesh cried out to live with living men
And join that soul which to the inward ken
Of all the hymning train was present there.
Strong passion's daring sees not aught to dare:
The frost-locked starkness of his frame low-bent,
His voice's penury of tones long spent,
He felt not; all his being leaped in flame.
To meet his kindred as they onward came
Slackening and wheeling toward the temple's face:
He rushed before them to the glittering space,
And, with a strength that was but strong desire,
Cried, "I am Jubal, I! . . . I made the lyre!"

The tones amid a lake of silence fell
Broken and strained, as if a feeble bell
Had tuneless pealed the triumph of a land
To listening crowds in expectation spanned.
Sudden came showers of laughter on that lake;
They spread along the train from front to wake
In one great storm of merriment, while he
Shrank doubting whether he could Jubal be,
And not a dream of Jubal, whose rich vein
Of passionate music came with that dream-pain,
Wherein the sense slips off from each loved thing,
And all appearance is mere vanishing.
But ere the laughter died from out the rear,
Anger in front saw profanation near;
Jubal was but a name in each man's faith
For glorious power untouched by that slow death
Which creeps with creeping time; this too, the spot,
And this the day, it must be crime to blot,
Even with scoffing at a madman's lie:
Jubal was not a name to wed with mockery.

Two rushed upon him: two, the most devout
In honor of great Jubal, thrust him out,

And beat him with their flutes. 'T was little need ;
He strove not, cried not, but with tottering speed,
As if the scorn and howls were driving wind
That urged his body, serving so the mind
Which could but shrink and yearn, he sought the screen
Of thorny thickets, and there fell unseen.
The immortal name of Jubal filled the sky,
While Jubal lonely laid him down to die.

He said within his soul, "This is the end:
O'er all the earth to where the heavens bend
And hem men's travel, I have breathed my soul:
I lie here now the remnant of that whole,
The embers of a life, a lonely pain;
As far-off rivers to my thirst were vain,
So of my mighty years nought comes to me again.

"Is the day sinking? Softest coolness springs
From something round me: dewy shadowy wings
Enclose me all around — no, not above —
Is moonlight there? I see a face of love,
Fair as sweet music when my heart was strong:
Yea, — art thou come again to me, great Song?"

The face bent over him like silver night
In long-remembered summers; that calm light
Of days which shine in firmaments of thought,
That past unchangeable, from change still wrought.
And there were tones that with the vision blent:
He knew not if that gaze the music sent,
Or music that calm gaze: to hear, to see,
Was but one undivided ecstasy:
The raptured senses melted into one,
And parting life a moment's freedom won
From in and outer, as a little child
Sits on a bank and sees blue heavens mild
Down in the water, and forgets its limbs,
And knoweth nought save the blue heaven that swims.

"Jubal," the face said, "I am thy loved Past,
The soul that makes thee one from first to last.
I am the angel of thy life and death,
Thy outbreathed being drawing its last breath.
Am I not thine alone, a dear dead bride
Who blest thy lot above all men's beside?
Thy bride whom thou wouldst never change, nor take
Any bride living, for that dead one's sake?
Was I not all thy yearning and delight,
Thy chosen search, thy senses' beauteous Right,
Which still had been the hunger of thy frame
In central heaven, hadst thou been still the same?
Wouldst thou have asked aught else from any god,

Whether with gleaming feet on earth he trod
Or thundered through the skies, as other share
Of mortal good, than in thy soul to bear
The growth of song, and feel the sweet unrest
Of the world's spring-tide in thy conscious breast?
No, thou hadst grasped thy lot with all its pain,
Nor loosed it any painless lot to gain
Where music's voice was silent; for thy fate
Was human music's self incorporate:
Thy senses' keenness and thy passionate strife
Were flesh of her flesh and her womb of life.
And greatly hast thou lived, for not alone
With hidden raptures were her secrets shown,
Buried within thee, as the purple light
Of gems may sleep in solitary night;
But thy expanding joy was still to give,
And with the generous air in song to live,
Feeding the wave of ever-widening bliss
Where fellowship means equal perfectness.
And on the mountains in thy wandering
Thy feet were beautiful as blossomed spring,
That turns the leafless wood to love's glad home,
For with thy coming melody was come.
This was thy lot, to feel, create, bestow,
And that immeasurable life to know
From which the fleshly self falls shrivelled, dead,
A seed primeval that has forests bred.
It is the glory of the heritage
Thy life has left, that makes thy outcast age:
Thy limbs shall lie dark, tombless on this sod,
Because thou shinest in man's soul, a god,
Who found and gave new passion and new joy,
That nought but Earth's destruction can destroy.
Thy gifts to give was thine of men alone:
'T was but in giving that thou couldst atone
For too much wealth amid their poverty."

The words seemed melting into symphony,
The wings upbore him, and the gazing song
Was floating him the heavenly space along,
Where mighty harmonies all gently fell
Through veiling vastness, like the far-off bell,
Till, ever onward through the choral blue,
He heard more faintly and more faintly knew,
Quitting mortality, a quenched sun-wave,
The All-creating Presence for his grave.

GEORGE ELIOT.

A WEEK AT DULUTH.

AS the two little steamers found their way out from among the windings of the St. Louis River (where half the time one boat appeared, to those on board the other, to be gliding about, not on any stream, but breast-deep in a grassy sea of flat meadows), and desperately puffing and panting, put their noses into the white teeth of an easterly gale on St. Louis Bay, a bleak cluster of new-looking wooden houses, on a southward-fronting hillside, was pointed out to us as the Mecca of our pilgrimage.

The first sight, to us shivering on deck, was not particularly cheering. But as we passed on into Superior Bay, and a stroke of light from a rift in the clouds fell like a prophetic finger on the little checkered spot brightening in the wilderness, the view became more interesting. The town lies on the lower terraces of wooded hills which rise from the water's edge, by easy grades, to the distant background of a magnificent mountain range, — a truly imposing site, to one who can look beyond those cheap wooden frames, — the staging whereby the real city is built, — and see the civilization of the future clustering along the shore, and hanging upon the benches of that ample amphitheatre.

The two bays were evidently once an open basin of the lake, from which they have been cut off, one after the other, by points of land formed by the action of its waves meeting the current of the river. Between the lake and Superior Bay is Minnesota Point, — an enormous bar seven miles in length, covered by a long procession of trees and bushes, which appear to be marching in solid column, after their captain, the lighthouse, across the head of the lake, towards the land of Wisconsin. It is like a mighty arm thrust down from the north shore to take the fury of the lake storms on one side, and

to protect the haven thus formed on the other. Seated on the rocky shoulder of this arm, with one foot on the lake, and the other on the bay, is the infant city of Duluth.

Approaching a wharf on the bay side of the narrow peninsula, we perceive a very large crowd for so small a town awaiting our arrival. On landing, we are made fully aware of the hospitable intent of the citizens. They not only sent the two steamers up the river to fetch us, but here they are crowding to welcome and carry us off to their homes. As there is no hotel in the place (though spacious ones are building), we are glad to fall into the hands of these new friends, some of whom have hastened the completion of their summer-built houses on our account. We are regarded as no ordinary guests, the real fathers of the city being of our party. A few papers signed in Philadelphia have made a great Northwestern port and market possible — nay, inevitable — at this point. The idea of such a city had long been in the air; but it was these men who caught the floating germ and planted it here. In other words, it is the Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad that builds Duluth, and they are the builders of the railroad.

The "avenue" laid out on Minnesota Point is not yet the remarkably fine thing it looks on paper, and is no doubt destined to be in the future, — a grand thoroughfare extending some seven miles along this natural breakwater, betwixt lake and bay. At present one sees but a rough, pebbly road, which looks more like a line of very tremendous handwriting, italicized by a wooden sidewalk drawn under it. It is flanked by a few stores, dwellings, and Indian huts, and by a good many trees in the neighborhood of the wharf; and it leads up thence to the real city front, half or three quarters of a mile above.

As we walk up thither (that is, such of us as are not lodged on the Point), under a strong escort of citizens on foot (carriages are still scarce in Duluth), we can hear the roar of the great lake on the other side of the bar, and catch glimpses of its white breakers and blue distance through openings among the trees.

Civilization is attracted to the line of a railroad like steel-filings to a magnet; and here appears to be the point of a magnet of more than ordinary power. "Four months ago," our guide tells us, as we mount the wooden steps which lead up to Superior Street, "there were only half a dozen houses in Duluth; now there are over a hundred." These are not mere shanties either, but substantial wooden buildings, for the most part. We look up and down Superior Street, and see stores, shops, dwellings, a church, a school-house, a post-office, a bank, a big hotel, and, strangest sight of all, a large jewelry store going up in the woods. In the midst of all which visible preparations for an early influx of trade an astonishing quiet reigns. There are unfinished roofs and open house-sides all round us, yet not a sound is heard.

Our first thought was that business had been suspended in honor of our arrival. Then we remembered that it was Sunday,—a fact which had been constantly jostled out of our consciousness by the secular circumstance of travel on that day, and of which we had been particularly reminded, I think, but once; that was, when a smile was raised by a worthy elderly gentleman going about in a very public manner, on the steamboat, innocently inquiring for a euchre pack.

Two of us are taken into custody by a dealer in hardware; and it is like getting home, after our journey through the wilderness, to find ourselves in comfortable quarters, with the prospect of a real bed to sleep in, dinner awaiting us, and the kind faces of Mr. N—and his sister beaming upon us as if we were old friends, for whom enough cannot be done. We have front rooms,

the windows of which command a view that can hardly be beaten by any windows in the world; on the left, the stormy lake tumbling shoreward its white surges; and in front, just across the dividing bar of Minnesota Point, the comparatively tranquil bay, studded with "floating islands," and stretching far off yonder, between forest-fringed shores, to Superior City, in Wisconsin, eight miles away.

The next morning (Monday, August 16th) shows a changed aspect of things. The wind has gone down, the weather is inviting, and we go out to view the town, which, so quiet the day before, is ringing now with the noise of axes and hammers and saws, and clanking wheels, and flapping boards flung down, and scenes of busy life on every side. Wood-choppers are cutting trees, piling sticks and brush, and burning log-heaps,—clearing the land, not for wheat and potatoes, but for the planting of a city. The streets have not yet been graded, but the rude wagon-tracks go curving over hillocks and through hollows, amid rocks and stumps and stones, and the plank sidewalks span many a deep gully and trickling stream.

The plan of the town well befits its really superb situation. Superior Street occupies the front of the lower terrace of the hills. Behind this, and parallel with it, are the numbered streets,—First, Second, Third, and so on,—rising step by step on the gentle acclivity. Crossing the streets are the avenues, which go cutting their tremendous gaps through the dense forest growth, up the wild mountain-side.

Going down to the lake shore, I am surprised to find under the cliff an old wharf and warehouse in the angle formed by Minnesota Point. I afterwards meet the owner and learn of him how they came here. Included in what is now Duluth is the old town of Portland, which had a name and a location at this point, but never any real existence. Here was an Indian agency, and that was about all. Good maps of the States show several such towns scattered along the north shore,—Clif-

ton, Buchanan, Burlington,—like flies on the back of that monstrous forefinger of the lake, which is seen pointing in a southwesterly direction across the continent. Of these paper towns Portland was always deemed the most important. Situated at the western extremity of the grandest lake and river chain in the world,—that vast freshwater Mediterranean which reaches from the Gulf of St. Lawrence almost to the centre of North America,—it required no great degree of sagacity to perceive that here was to be the key to the quarter of a hemisphere,—here or hereabouts. Wherever was established the practical head of navigation between the northern range of States and the vastly more extensive undeveloped region beyond, there must be another and perhaps even a greater Chicago.

"This," said Mr. L—, "looked to me to be the spot. There's no good natural harbor here; neither is there anywhere about the end of the lake. But here is the best chance to make a harbor. Superior Bay is deep enough for small vessels, and dredging will make it deep enough for large ones. On the lake side of the Point we have depth of water enough to float a navy; and it only needs a breakwater thrown out from the north shore, parallel with the Point, to make as much of a haven as is wanted. There are rocks on the hills that will dump themselves into the lake, only help 'em a little. I knew the expense of the thing was n't going to stand in the way of a good harbor here many years. My mistake was in thinking the millennium was coming so soon. There began to be talk of a railroad here fifteen years ago, and I thought we were going to have it right away. So I went to work and built a wharf and warehouse. I expected great quantities of lumber would be shipped and supplies landed at once. But the railroad did n't come, and the lumber did n't go. It cost me two hundred dollars a year to keep my wharf in repair, exposed, as you see it, to the lake storms, and I never got a cent for it."

Then it appeared that the railroad was not coming to the north shore at all, but to the other end of Superior Bay, in the State of Wisconsin. This was the project of Breckenridge and his Southern associates, who got a land-grant through Congress, and founded Superior City, and were going to have a stronghold of the slave power in the enemy's country,—a Northern metropolis to which they could bring their servants in summer, and enjoy the cool breezes of the great lake. Superior grew up at once to be a town of considerable size and importance, and stupendous hopes. But the war of the Rebellion came and put an end to schemes of that sort. The new city grew dejected, and fell into a rapid decline; if true, what its friends still loudly claimed for it, that it was "looking up," it must have been (like that other city a fellow-traveller tells of) because, lying flat on its back, it could not look any other way.

Portland, quite overshadowed for a while by the mushroom-umbrella of its rival, now peeped forth and took courage. Minnesota was determined, after all, to have the railroad which had so nearly fallen into the hands of her fair neighbor, Wisconsin. By running it from St. Paul to the north shore, crossing the St. Louis River at its falls, above Fond du Lac, she could keep it entirely within her own borders. But while the young State had abundant enterprise, she lacked the financial resources of her older sisters. Fortunately, when the project seemed on the point of failure, the attention of eminent capitalists of Pennsylvania was called to it, and its success insured. The bonds of the newly organized Lake Superior and Mississippi Railroad Company—amounting to four and a half million dollars, secured by a lien upon its magnificent land-grant of over sixteen hundred thousand acres—were put upon the market by Jay Cooke, and sold within a week's time, so great was the confidence of financial men in the scheme and its supporters. An immense force of laborers was in the mean while

thrown upon the line of the road, and the work was pushed forward rapidly towards completion.

Then the three or four faithful ones, who had held on so long here under all discouragements, began to see their reward. A new town had been laid out, including Portland and that part of the township of Duluth lying on Minnesota Point and the head of the bay, and called Duluth (pronounced *Doolooth*), after the adventurous Frenchman, Daniel Greysolon Du Luth (or De Luth, or De Lut, or even Delhut, for his name appears spelled in various ways), a native of Lyons, — soldier, Indian-trader, and explorer, — whose canoes scraped the gravel on these shores nearly two hundred years ago. The land-owners made liberal grants to the railroad, and it has enriched them in return. One who came here fifteen years ago as an "Indian farmer" (sent out by the government to teach the Indians the cultivation of the soil) sells to-day, of land he "pre-empted" then, a single house-lot on Superior Street for forty-five hundred dollars.

The coast scenery is very fine. The waves break upon a beach of red shingle and sand, which stretches for miles along Minnesota Point (like an edge to that sickle), and crops out again in beautiful colored coves and basins under the jutting rocks and romantic wood-crowned cliffs of the north shore. The water is deep and transparent, and it is delightful in calm weather, afloat in a skiff, or lying on the shelf of a projecting ledge, to look down through the softly heaving, indolent, cool, crystal waves, and see the curiously tinted stones and pebbly mosaic at the bottom. The beaches abound in agates, which are constantly gathered, and which are as constantly washed up afresh by every storm. This shore is noted for them; and it is amusing to see newly arrived tourists run at once to the water, and, oblivious of all the grander attractions of the place, go peering and poking in the shingle for these not very precious stones.

Returning from a ramble on the

rocks, I am attracted by a crowd on a street corner, discussing a murder committed on the spot a couple of days ago. Some Philadelphia roughs employed on the railroad got into a row at the door of a saloon from which they had been ejected, and made an attack upon a young man passing by, pursued him, crying, "Kill him! kill him!" and did kill with a stab from a knife his brother who came to his rescue. The victim was a brave young man, belonging to a highly respected family living here; his death created an intense excitement, and I hear stern-faced men talk with dangerous, settled calmness of tone of taking out the offenders and promptly hanging them, — justice being as yet scarcely organized in the place.

Nine of the rioters had been arrested, and were having an examination in the office of a justice of the peace close by. I look in, and see a hard-visaged set of fellows with irons on their legs, listening with reckless apathy to the testimony of the murdered man's brother. The history of one of the prisoners would serve to point the moral of a tale. Sitting there on the rude bench, in coarse, soiled clothes, one of the villanous-looking row, he is recognized by some of our party as the son of a wealthy and respectable Philadelphian, — a youth who might now be enjoying the advantages which money and social position can give, had he not preferred the way of the transgressor. The fable of Poor Tray does not apply to the case of one who can hardly have gone into company worse than himself. His father had given him up as irreclaimable; and here he was, at last, a day-laborer on a railroad, and the companion of assassins.

With no grand jury, and no jail in the State nearer than St. Paul, but with a powerful gang of railroad laborers at hand threatening the rescue of their comrades, it was certainly a strong temptation to a hot-blooded young town to solve the difficulty by the simple device of a vigilance committee and a rope. Better counsels

prevail, however, and five of the nine, proved to have been concerned in the murder, are imprisoned in a lager-beer brewery back of the town, where they spend a thirsty night, — lager, lager everywhere, and not a drop to drink. To prevent a rescue, the streets are patrolled after dark by a strong guard of citizens, who can be heard walking up and down on the sidewalks all night long, and challenging each other under our windows.

“Who goes there?”

“Friend.”

“Advance, friend, and give the countersign.”

The countersign is whispered loud enough to let any one within easy ear-shot know that it is the popular name of the aforementioned innocent beverage; and once it is bawled out prematurely by an inexperienced sentinel.

“Who goes there?” is the challenge.

“Lager!” is the bold response; followed by the rather unmilitary rejoinder, “Advance, Lager, and give us a drink, will you?”

There is happily no rescue attempted; and the next day the five are sent off, under a sufficient escort, to be lodged in prison at St. Paul. I hope that when they come to be tried and sentenced, the jolt through the woods will be taken into merciful consideration, as something that should mitigate their final punishment.

While our business-men are conferring with the citizens, and discussing plans for dredging the inner harbor, building a breakwater for the outer harbor, and making one grand harbor of the two by cutting a canal across Minnesota Point, the rest of us have ample time to enjoy ourselves. One day we accompany them on a trip up the St. Louis River, to inspect the grade of the railroad at various points. Now it is a steamboat excursion down the bay to the end of Minnesota Point, where it tosses the seas upon the curved horn of a breakwater thrown out into the lake for the protection of Superior Harbor; and a visit to Superior

City itself, lying on a low plateau across the channel, — a desolate-looking town of deserted wharves, broken-windowed warehouses, dilapidated shops and dwellings, and one hopeful newspaper which keeps up a constant warfare with the rival sheet at Duluth. Then it is a fishing excursion up the trout streams of the north shore, a morning or moonlight row upon lake or bay, and a visit to the “floating-islands.”

These are among the most interesting curiosities of the place. They lie in full view of the town, mostly off Rice’s Point, which separates Superior Bay from the bay of St. Louis, — a pretty sisterhood of green-wooded islets, each gracefully topped by the shaggy spires of its little group of tamaracks. They are actually floating, though anchored apparently by the roots of trees reaching down through them to the bottom of the shallow basin in which they rest. They undulate and rock in storms, and are sometimes moved from their moorings by high winds and seas, when they float about till lodged in some new position. Not long ago one of these green-masted ships parted its cables in a westerly gale, crossed the bay under a full sail of tamarack boughs, and grounded on Minnesota Point, where it still remains. We touched at it in one of our excursions, and found it to all appearances a mere raft of living roots imbedded in an accumulation of vegetable mould. It is overgrown with moss and bushes, and trees twenty or thirty feet high. We did not land upon it (if setting foot on such an amphibious, swampy mass could be called landing), but satisfied ourselves with thrusting our oars under it, as we rowed about its edge.

The existence of these islands appears a great mystery to most people; and it is amusing to hear the ingenious theories suggested regarding their origin. The phenomenon is not, however, peculiar to this region. Pliny the Younger noted, on a lake near Rome, reed-overgrown islands which sometimes floated off with sheep that had

ventured upon them from the shore. The "floating gardens" of Mexico, seen by the Spanish discoverers, were similar formations, which the natives had put to a picturesque use, by covering them with rich sediment from the lake bottom, planting them with the luxurious fruits of the tropics, and even building huts upon them. There are now on a lake in Prussia floating islands of sufficient size and solidity to give pasturage to herds of cattle. The great rivers of the world—those of South America, the Ganges, the Mississippi—frequently send forth from their mouths wandering islands, which are sometimes seen bearing out to sea the serpents, alligators, or wild animals that had found a home upon them. To these last the commonly received theory as to the origin of floating islands,—namely, that rafts of drift-wood became covered with flying dust and sand, forming a deposit in which plants could take root—may be applicable. But how about such curious appearances in waters where drift-wood is out of the question? There they must have had a very different beginning. I have myself witnessed, in the State of Vermont, a phenomenon which seems to afford a simple key to the riddle. There is in Rutland County a small lake or pond, at one end of which is a cove entirely overgrown, to the extent of two or three acres, I should say, by a substance very similar to that which forms the base of these islands of Superior Bay. It is very spongy, it heaves and shakes as you tread or jump upon it, and I have thrust a fish-pole through it into a greater or less depth of shallow water beneath. There are no large trees upon it, but it is covered with various water-loving shrubs and plants, whose roots form a compactly quilted mass, thinnest at the outer edge, where it appears still to be in process of formation. One can easily imagine how such a mass grew out from the land, pushing forward first perhaps a vegetable scum, "the green mantle of the standing pool," on which falling and drifting leaves lodge and decay, and

which the minute fibres of shore plants soon penetrate and attach. The march of vegetation tends in the direction in which it finds sustenance; and soon, following the little foragers, an army of reeds and rushes and bushes advances even upon the unstable surface of the water, mortality in the ranks helping yearly to build the bridge on which the small feet find support, and so gradually preparing it for the approach of heavier battalions. This is no unfrequent phenomenon; and doubtless many ponds are at last quite quilted over in this way. If shallow, they may soon be filled by the thickening and sinking of the mass; or a subterranean lake may remain to astonish some future digger of well or cellar. But let the deposit take place on the borders of a larger body of water, let trees root themselves in it, then let fragments of it be torn off by storms, or the lifting and wrenching power of thick ice, and you have something very like the floating islands of Duluth.

Crossed by a forest road a little way northeast of the town are two mountain streams,—one of considerable size,—which fill the deep-wooded solitudes with their enticing music and pictures. They come down from the heights beyond, and fall into the lake through wild gorges, whose leaning rocks and trees overhang many a dark pool of fascinating depth and coolness, many a chasm of rushing rapids tumbling over ledges and stones, many a white cascade leaping clear from some high shelf, through an embroidered gateway of green boughs. A summer residence here, commanding a view of the lake on one side, and having a bit of nature's own park, with two or three of these delicious waterfalls in the rear, would not be very objectionable. Methinks one could hang up his hat here very contentedly during two or three months of the year.

The hillside immediately back of the town is not quite so enchanting, as I discover one morning, somewhat to my cost. Over the hummocks and hollows and springy places of the new clearing,

where hammers resound on the roofs of hotel, church, and dwellings, I pass on,—amid stumps and rocks and piles of lumber and cord-wood,—and enter a solitary “avenue,” opened by the axe, and extending up the mountain slope. On each side is a perfect wall of woods, which it is not hard to fancy a wall of grand house-fronts twenty years hence. The morning is soft and still, a few birds twitter among the trees, but otherwise the silence of the place is broken only by the far-off hammers of the carpenters and the echoing strokes of axes at the upper end of the avenue. There wood-choppers are at work cutting still farther into the forest their gigantic swath. Straight, smooth stems of pale poplar and birch, of pine and cedar and spruce, fall before them, letting in sunlight upon the overgrown thicket. My way lies over cut boughs, strips of birch bark curled up on the ground, fresh chips, moss-covered, rotten trunks, a trickling brook bridged by a fallen fir-tree, and a few delicate, shade-loving plants nestled beside rocks and roots,—all soon to be swept from the pathway of a great thoroughfare.

The wood-choppers show me a track by which they say I can reach the end of another avenue west of them, and I think it will be pleasant to return to town that way. But there is some mistake; it is soon evident that the path is carrying me too far up the mountain-side. I quit it at length, and, plunging into the intricacies of the untrodden woods, make for a light space which seems to indicate the opening I am in search of. After a terrible scramble over and about tangled tree-tops and trunks fallen and crossed, gullies and rocks and springs, I reach the space, which turns out to be no avenue, but a forest windfall. Here the tweaking forefinger of a tornado had upturned by the roots and thrown into twisted heaps a few acres of trees, to which fire had afterwards been set, leaving a melancholy waste of ruins. I now find that I have passed to the westward of the town, far above the reach of its avenues. The spot

is the haunt of hawks, pigeons, cross-bills, small birds, and mosquitoes. The birds are there for the raspberries, which have sprung up profusely all about the windfall; and the hawks are after the birds. The mosquitoes seem to be there chiefly on my account. But for their too persistent attentions, I should be content to pass the residue of the morning in this spot. The berries are abundant and sweet; and from the summit of a ledge I look out upon a wondrous picture of the world,—the windings of the St. Louis River, the sister bays, the great lake itself, with floating islands, dividing points of land, and blue lines of forest sweeping round distant shores, all lying enchanted under a misty spell. A steamer coming up the bay, an idle schooner, and a canoe on the lake, appear suspended in the glassy stillness. With which exquisitely lovely scene before my eyes, I sit on a half-burnt log, and fight mosquitoes, and think what a fine place this would be to have a Rip Van Winkle nap, and wake up some years hence, when all this jungle shall have been displaced by the paved and spacious streets of a city overlooking a harbor thronged with shipping. Then what gentle and easy way of descent will there be, where now to reach the town by a short cut I am forced to pass through the fanged jaws of a wild beast of a thicket!

There linger about Duluth a few degenerate Indians, who hunt with white man's powder, fish with white man's nets, and drink white man's whiskey. The most distinguished figure among them is a young brave with heroically painted features and a feather in his hat, who gets a living by picking blueberries, and selling them for white man's money.

It is a region of mirages. Nearly every day we discover baseless promontories across the lake, and forests magnified or growing downwards; and I am told that it is no very uncommon thing to see two or three steamers when only one is approaching,—the real steamer on the water, another

inverted above that, and perhaps still another in the clouds. Wonderful sun-dogs and moon-dogs are seen here and throughout the State. "You think the sun is rising in two or three places at once," said a lady to me; who also told of having seen five moons in the heavens on a winter's night. Around the real moon was a luminous circle, and this was quartered by a cross formed by four bright bars extending to four mock moons through which the circle was drawn. That is, the central orb appeared as the hub of a wonderful celestial wheel with four spokes, and a mock moon at the juncture of each spoke with the rim.

The winters are milder and the summers cooler at Duluth than at St. Paul, — the immense body of the lake water serving to modify the extremes of temperature. The lake is not always closed over with ice in winter, and it opens to navigation quite as early in the spring as Huron and Michigan.

I have already intimated my belief that here is to be one of the foremost cities of the West. Not even the infancy of Chicago gave such promise of early greatness, for Chicago had no settled country behind it, whereas Duluth will enjoy at once, on the completion of its railroad, an immense traffic with the Upper Mississippi and the region beyond. All the railroads radiating from St. Paul, penetrating the State in every direction, will be tributary to this grand trunk, which is to unite, by a brief connecting link, the two great navigable fresh-water systems of North America. The head of Lake Superior lies four degrees of longitude farther west than the head of Michigan, yet it is practically no farther (by water communication) from New York and the ports of Europe. On the other hand, it is only one hundred and fifty miles distant, while the head of Michigan is near four hundred and fifty miles distant, by railroad from St. Paul. At least four fifths of the grain of Minnesota, which now seeks the markets of the East through other channels, — by railroad to Milwaukee or Chicago, or

by water to some point of transshipment down the river, or by the hot and tedious passage of the Gulf, — will naturally find this easier and cheaper outlet. The shortening of the route, especially at the railroad end of it, — for it is the railroad transportation that costs, — will tend to raise the price of wheat in Minnesota, and to lower the price of flour in Boston; while the great returning tide of Eastern merchandise flowing to the far Northwest will be sure to pass this way.

Duluth has not immediately surrounding it the fertile prairies which attracted emigration, and fed the infant Chicago; but back of it lies a magnificent forest belt, invaluable in the first place for its timber, and next for its soil, which appears peculiarly adapted to grazing and wool-growing, and the cultivation of winter wheat. In the midst of the lumber district, where the railroad crosses the river, some twenty miles from its mouth, are the falls of the St. Louis, — the *dalles* of the French *voyageurs*, — which afford a water-power not inferior to that of St. Anthony. The *dalles* — flag-stones or steps over which the river falls — are the outcrop of one of the most extensive bodies of valuable slate in the world. It is available for all purposes to which slate is ordinarily applied; and experienced men, who have visited the quarries opened on the line of the road, declare that the whole surrounding country, and the entire valley of the Mississippi, may here be supplied with this useful material for centuries to come. Then there are the adjacent regions of copper and iron, whose importance in the future development of this now remote district cannot be calculated by any array of figures. With all which advantages of position, it is inevitable, as I see, that here must soon be built up a great commercial, agricultural, and manufacturing centre.

Yet here we are but just on the threshold of the great new empire of the Northwest. Here is the summit of the water-shed of near half a conti-

ment, the hills of Northeastern Minnesota pouring from their slope streams that flow to the lakes and the Atlantic on the east, to the Mississippi and the Gulf of Mexico on the south, and to Hudson's Bay on the north. The head of Lake Superior is about equidistant from Boston, New Orleans, and the sources of the Saskatchewan, towards which the course of empire is fast taking its way. Not far from this geographical centre we may look with Mr. Seward for the ultimate political centre of America; and it will not be many years before the frontier State of Minnesota will wake up and find herself in the heart of the Union.

A few landmarks show how powerfully the tide of human affairs is tending in this direction. In 1854 Minnesota had a population of twenty-four thousand. In 1864 she had sent more than that number of soldiers to the war. As late as 1858 she imported her breadstuffs. In 1868 she exported twelve million bushels of wheat, and was reckoned the fifth "wheat State" in the Union. This year (1869), with a population of near half a million, and more than a million acres of wheat under cultivation, — promising a crop of at least twenty million bushels, sixteen or seventeen millions of which will be for exportation, — she will take rank as the second or third wheat State; in a few years she will be the first, and that position she will retain until outstripped in her turn by some more youthful rival.

Rivals all about her she is destined soon to have. The North Pacific Railroad is now speedily to be built, running from the head of Lake Superior almost due westward to Puget Sound, through the most favored region of all the proposed transcontinental routes. It will sow cities on its borders, and link new States to the old. Already the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad — of which I have spoken in a former paper, and which is to unite with the North Pacific at Breckenridge — is penetrating the valley of the Red River of the North, and opening a way of commu-

nication with Lake Winnipeg, and our uneasy neighbors of the Selkirk settlement. Westward from this now isolated outpost of civilization lies by far the most fertile portion of British America, farther north indeed than Canada, but with a milder climate, which assimilates more and more closely to that of the same latitudes in Europe as we approach the Rocky Mountain spurs. Northward from the proposed line of the North Pacific Road one must travel some six hundred miles before he reaches the parallel of Edinburgh. What a region is here! rich in soils, rivers, forests, remote from the mother country, and adjoining our own, of which it must before many years form a part. Of the future of America, when all this old and new territory, stretching from Lake Superior to the Pacific coast, shall have become, with Minnesota, a cluster of populous and powerful States, who shall venture to prophesy?

It is Sunday again (August 22d), just a week after our arrival, when the larger of the two little steamers that brought us to Duluth is once more thronged, together with the wharf at which she lies, with a crowd of people. There is much cordial hand-shaking, and hurrying ashore, and hurrying aboard; and the crowd separates, one half remaining on the wharf, the other moving slowly away from it on the steamer's deck. A mutual waving of hats and fluttering of handkerchiefs, and adieu to Duluth, and its week-old friendships, and its never-to-be-forgotten hospitalities!

Down the bay we go tipsily staggering; the crank little "side-wheeler" rolling over first on one paddle-box and then on the other, to the breakwater at the end of Minnesota Point, where is moored a long, black-hulled lake steamer, the *St. Paul*, awaiting us; we are soon transferred on board of her; before us lies a dim horizon of waters, and soon behind us is trailing an endless black flag of smoke, miles away, over the darkening waves; and we are homeward bound.

ASPRONTE.

BEAUTY made glad the day, — and sadness glad ;
 So, without sorrow, to the grove we wandered
 Where lie the loved ones in their myrtle bed.
 Till then I never knew peace-parted souls
 Could unto souls on earth give benediction
 Of peace like that which they enjoy in heaven.
 For surely, as we sat there in the sun,
 On the fresh turf, there seemed a "*Pax vobiscum*"
 Descending on us with each dropping leaf ;
 And on their graves I think, almost, we laughed,
 Recalling words of theirs, and pretty customs,
 Until Death seemed, as 't were, a pleasant thing.
 And when we mused, "At home we miss them so !"
 One said, "They *are* at home, and He is with them
 Who said so sweetly, 'Children, come to me !
 And come to me, ye heavy-laden, worn,
 And half-spent soldiers of the bitter battle,
 And I will nurse you in my hospital.
 The hospitality of heaven is mine :
 I am the One Physician, — yours forever ;
 And, when your wounds are healed, we dwell as friends
 In the same mansion, and in purer air
 Than where you came from : that was fraught with peril —
 O most destructive ! I was also there.'"
 At this there seemed a whispering from beneath
 A certain mound that bare the name of "Mother" ;
 And we all heard a voice as plain as this.

THE VOICE.

Matters nothing to me now
 Who dispraised or praises me ;
 I am gone where they and thou,
 Fondest friend ! erelong must be.

Dread thou to severely scan
 Blame that is or may have been ;
 Meeter Judge there is for man
 Than his fellow-soul of sin.

I have known in evil hearts
 Rays of goodness, here and there ;
 And the saint, when he departs,
 Hath full need of human prayer.

All are brothers ; and the sole
 Hope of your hereafter rest
 Is that Heaven may bless the whole,
 For the One who was the Blest :

By that word he spake for them
 Who had speared the Sinless through,
 "Father, spare Thou to condemn
 Souls that know not what they do."

OUR MONEY PROBLEM,

IN THE LIGHT OF THE EXPERIENCE OF ENGLAND WITH AN
 INCONVERTIBLE PAPER CURRENCY.

FROM 1797 to 1821, a period of twenty-four years, the use of coined money and of its representatives was lost in England, through causes much the same as those which produced a like result in this country eight years ago, and an inconvertible paper currency became the medium of domestic exchanges. In the monetary phenomena of that interesting period, and in the history of events connected with them, there is much to be found that runs closely parallel with our own passing experience, and from which more light upon the currency problem at present perplexing us is to be derived than we can look for from any other source. No doubt the lessons of the English era of inflated paper, in their bearing upon the questions now testing American statesmanship, have been carefully studied by many persons, and have contributed to the formation of intelligent opinions in many individual cases ; but, strangely enough, there seems to have been no attempt, so far in the progress of the discussion of our monetary derangement, to place the facts of the two experiences in comparison before the public. Even an inadequate presentation of such a comparison is better than its neglect, and some errors may be corrected by the view in which the subject is here presented.

The suspension of cash payments in 1797 by the Bank of England, and, as a consequence, by all other banking institutions throughout the British kingdom, was permitted, or ostensibly commanded, by an act of Parliament, which became necessary by reason of an alarming stricture in the money market, resulting from the heavy expenditures of a costly war. That long conflict in which England had involved herself, first with revolutionary France, and afterwards with Napoleon, had then been four years in progress. The like causes which, in our more desperate internecine struggle, produced the same effects with rapidity, were slow in their operation. Even after the restriction of cash payments, gold retired tardily from the field of circulation, and several years passed before the depreciation of paper currency made itself observably manifest. The first clear symptom—for a long time misunderstood—of some departure in British trade from the general measurement of values appeared in the turning of the rates of foreign exchange against England. Exchange on Hamburg, for example, which had ruled low for several years, rose in 1801 to fourteen per cent, or seven per cent above the cost of transmitting gold,—a state of things for which no adverse balance of trade would ac-

count; although few economists of the day were prepared to look elsewhere for its explanation. When it had been found, however, and convincingly shown, that trade at the time was actually in favor of England, there seemed to be no escape from the conclusion that foreign bills were selling at a premium considerably above the cost of shipping gold, simply because the currency with which they were bought had lost something from its nominal value. Another token of the fact appeared about the same time in the advancement of the market price of gold bullion above the mint price. The "mint price" is that defined rate at which bullion is received at the Mint and returned in coin, — not so much a price, in fact, as a definition, by which the denominational terms of the money of barter and account are given an exact meaning, in fractions of an ounce of standard gold. At the period in question, the mint price of standard gold bullion in England was fixed at £ 3 17 s. 10½ d. per ounce. The market price, or the price of bullion purchased with bank-notes, had risen in 1804 to £ 4, in 1810 to £ 4 5 s., and in 1813, by a more rapid advance, to £ 5 10 s., — the highest quotation that I find recorded during the period of depreciated paper. When it sold at £ 4 5 s. in bank-notes, the ounce of bullion, which would exchange for only £ 3 17 s. 10½ d. in coined gold, showed what, in the wrong parlance of our day, we should call a "premium on gold" of 9½ per cent. At a market quotation of £ 5 10 s. the "premium" became 41 per cent, and the bank-note, which purported to be of the value of one pound sterling, or twenty shillings, exchanged for no more than fourteen shillings and two pence in gold.

It must be understood that no direct measurement of the market value of paper money against gold coin was allowed to be made at any time during the period of the suspension of cash payments, and that absolutely no such thing found opportunity to grow up as that gambling speculation in gold by

which all the natural symptoms of the disease of paper depreciation have been so violently exaggerated in our own corresponding case. Under an old statute of Edward VI. it was held to be a penal offence to sell guineas of good weight for more than twenty-one shillings, or their par, in paper, although clipped and light-weight guineas, which might be lawfully melted for exportation, were freely sold at twenty-five and twenty-six shillings. As late as 1810 three men were at one time lying under conviction of the crime of dealing speculatively in gold coin; and although the verdict against them, and the law on which it rested, were ultimately set aside by the Court of Common Pleas, the idea of unlawfulness in that kind of speculation was so effectually impressed upon the mind of a public for whom penal law had more terrors than belong to it in these days and on this side of the Atlantic, that no quotable dealing in gold money as a commodity of the market ever took place. The sale and purchase of bullion for shipment abroad alone furnished occasion or opportunity for bringing the value of the now incontrovertible bank-note into comparison with the ancient standard from which it had departed. Of the dealing in bullion, there was just so much as the transactions of foreign commerce gave rise to, and no more. The notes of the Bank of England being receivable by the government for all taxes, no demand for gold, such as that created here by the exaction of customs dues in coin, existed, to keep at an active strain and in powerful tension, as it does with us, the divergency of the paper and the metallic currency from each other. Although the notes of the Bank of England were not formally declared legal tender until several years after their specie basis had been restored, they were practically made so, first by the supposed operation of the ancient statute before referred to, and later by a new enactment which took its place in 1810, whereby any attempt to make a difference, either in payment or

prices, between guineas and bank-notes, was declared to be a misdemeanor, punishable by imprisonment and fine. Compared with this vigorous legislation, the Legal-Tender Act of Congress in 1862 was but a mild measure for forcing the credit of an irredeemable paper currency.

It is easy to see, from the circumstances, that the maximum "premium" of forty-one per cent, to which gold bullion rose in the English market during the reign of paper values there, is no fair index of the real depreciation or debasement of the paper currency of that period, as compared with the extreme price of \$2.85½ at which the dollar of gold coin was bought and sold among the brokers of Wall Street in the midsummer of 1864. In the one case, all the conditions attending, and most of the influences bearing upon, the inflation of paper were calculated to suppress or keep down those more immediate and palpable manifestations of its excess which the free and active marketing of gold as a commodity develops; while, in the other case, a wild and madly excited spirit of speculation has all the time been stimulating them to gross exaggeration. Mr. Fessenden said in his report as Secretary of the Treasury, in 1864, referring to the extraordinary fluctuations that had taken place that year in the gold market, or, more strictly speaking, in the arena of gold gambling: "In the course of a few days the price of this article rose from about \$1.50 to \$2.85 for \$1.00 in specie, and subsequently fell in as short a period to \$1.87, and then again rose as rapidly to \$2.50; and all without any assignable cause traceable to an increase or decrease in the circulation of paper money, or an expansion or contraction of credit, or other similar influence on the market tending to occasion a fluctuation so violent. It is quite apparent that the solution of the problem may be found in the unpatriotic and criminal efforts of speculators, and probably of secret enemies, to raise the price of coin, regardless of the injury inflicted upon the country, or de-

siring to inflict it." So transparently true is this observation, not only of the extraordinary price to which gold was carried in 1864, but more or less, also, of the fluctuating quotations of the whole period since it became a commodity of the market in 1862, that it is impossible to say of any quoted "premium," at any time, how much represents actual dilution of the purchasing currency, how much represents doubt of the national stability or credit, and how much is the purely artificial product of conspiracy and speculation. Very certain it appears, that with us the price of gold, as a supposed measure of the depreciation of currency, has all the time grossly exaggerated it, while it is equally certain that in England the market price of gold bullion never indicated fully the real decline in relative value of the paper money for which it was exchanged. Had a "gold room" been in operation at London, from 1812, say, to 1819; had lines of telegraph been transmitting hourly reports of hourly fluctuating quotations to every corner of the kingdom; had every importing merchant been a necessary purchaser of gold to the average amount of fifty per cent of his foreign invoices, for payments at the custom-house; and had no penalties of law restrained the sale or exportation of guineas, — it is hardly to be doubted that under such circumstances a mark very far above forty-one per cent would have been touched in the "premium" of gold during that period.

If we wish to ascertain the actual degree of the inflation and depreciation of English currency in the period under review, for the purpose of comparing that experience of monetary derangement with the similar one which we are now suffering ourselves, we must look (1) at the volume of currency brought into circulation in the two cases, relatively to the population and trade existing in each; and (2) at the state of prices produced in the one instance and in the other. Before entering upon these examinations, however, it is best to mention some facts descriptive of

the banking system under which the note currency of England from 1797 to 1819 — and several years later, indeed — was created.

The Bank of England acquired in 1709, by act of Parliament, an exclusive monopoly in England and Wales of the privilege of issuing bills or notes, payable on demand, to circulate from hand to hand, except as such bills might be issued by private individuals on their single credit, or by a limited number of persons associated in mere partnership. The act in question prohibited any company of persons exceeding six in number from "borrowing, owing, or taking up money on their bills or notes payable to bearer on demand." At the period of this legislation, and until long afterwards, when the modern system of drawing checks upon deposits was introduced, the privilege so monopolized constituted the essential privilege of all banking business. The effect, therefore, of the act, renewed at every extension of the charter of the bank, was to forbid the existence, anywhere within England or Wales, of joint-stock banks, or of any considerable aggregations of capital in banking, to interfere with the gains or dispute the controlling monetary power of the great corporation at London, which bribed government by frequent heavy advances and by taking upon itself the management of the public debt. And this exclusive monopoly the Bank of England maintained until 1826, when it was so far modified as to permit the organization of joint-stock banks at points not within sixty-five miles of London. During the period under notice it was in full effect, and it gave birth, by necessary consequence, to a system, or no system, of private banking throughout England, which rivalled the loose and reckless "wild-cat" banking of a somewhat later day in the United States. The Bank of England established no branches, even in the larger cities outside of London, for the accommodation of the business of the country, nor could any other responsible organization of capital be formed for

its accommodation. A swarm of private banks, of course, came into existence under these circumstances, multiplying thick and fast after the restriction of cash payments was enacted and the inflation of paper money began; banks without regulation by law, without public provision for the security of their obligations, without public question as to their management or the state of their affairs. "All sorts of petty tradesmen," as one historian of the time writes, "became bankers, each one the issuer of promissory notes *not* payable in gold, and finding abundant room for their circulation." In 1798 there were only about 270 of these banks in existence. Ten years later they had multiplied to 600; in 1810, to 782; in 1812, to 825; in 1813, to 922; and in 1814, the culminating year of inflation, and just before its first collapse, they numbered no less than 940. So entirely without surveillance of law was the management of these private banks, that no means ever existed for ascertaining, or even estimating by any nearer approximation than the merest guess-work, the amount of their notes in circulation. One witness examined before Mr. Peel's Bank Committee in 1819, — a prominent London banker, Mr. Lloyd, — testified his belief that the issues of the country banks amounted to £40,000,000 or £50,000,000, and that was after the crash of 1815-16 had swept over one hundred of them out of existence. The committee, however, in their report, — evidently disposed to make the facts appear as favorable as possible to the plan of resumption which they recommended, — declared that this country bank circulation had never exceeded £25,000,000. Mr. McLeod, in his "History of Banking," thinks it a very low estimate to calculate an average issue of £30,000 by each bank. Fairly judging from all that can be gathered upon the subject, it seems to be safe to assume that the paper currency set afloat by the private bankers in England amounted, at the period of greatest inflation, — say in the summer of 1814, — to not less than £35,000,000.

The issues of the Bank of England at the same time had risen to £24,801,080, by stages which appear in the following table, taken from the report of the Committee on the Bank Charter in 1832. It shows the average circulation of the Bank in each year from 1792 to 1815:—

1792	£ 11,307,380	1804	£ 17,077,830
1793	11,888,910	1805	17,871,170
1794	10,744,020	1806	17,730,020
1795	14,017,510	1807	16,950,680
1796	10,729,520	1808	18,188,160
1797	9,674,780	1809	18,542,860
1798	13,095,830	1810	21,019,600
1799	12,959,800	1811	23,360,220
1800	16,344,470	1812	23,408,320
1801	16,213,280	1813	23,210,930
1802	15,186,880	1814	24,801,080
1803	15,319,930	1815	27,261,650

The aggregate of currency set afloat in England and Wales (both Scotland and Ireland having distinct banking systems) by the Bank of England and the private bankers appears, therefore, to have been in 1814 not less than £60,000,000, against probably not more than £30,000,000 to £35,000,000 at the beginning of the century. Something more must be added for the circulation of the notes of the Scotch joint-stock banks in the English counties on the border, where they were in high credit and extensively used; and something more still for the silver coin that necessarily remained in circulation when the smallest bank-note permitted was for £1 (five dollars), and no such creation as "fractional currency" was dreamed of. Altogether, we can hardly err widely if we estimate the total of currency in use in England about the time mentioned at £70,000,000, or \$350,000,000.

To state the amount of currency in use in the United States within the past eight years, for the comparison to be instituted, is no easy matter, and cannot be done with accuracy. The elements in the computation are, (1) the specie in circulation in 1860-61; (2) State bank circulation from 1860 to 1865; (3) national bank-note circulation from 1864; (4) United States legal-tender notes issued and outstanding since 1862, less amount held in

treasury and amount held in national bank reserve; (5) fractional currency. Using all the data I have been able to obtain from official and other sources, the following is perhaps about as close an approximation as can be made to a correct statement of the currency actually in circulation in the United States each year from 1860 to 1869:—

1860	January	\$ 407,152,032
1861	"	390,255,977
1862	"	418,938,945
1863	June	550,000,000
1864	October	606,000,000
1865	"	595,000,000
1866	June	580,000,000
1867	"	522,197,930
1868	"	553,866,033
1869	September	592,316,644

The increase here shown in 1868 and 1869 over 1867 is mainly due to a reduction of the amount of currency held in the treasury, and to the substitution of three-per-cent certificates for legal tenders in the bank reserves. The three-per-cent certificates are no doubt properly to be included in a statement of the volume of currency; but I have omitted them, as well as the compound-interest notes, for the reason that whatever function they may perform in connection with our currency is no doubt fully offset on the English side by a corresponding use of exchequer bills, which were extensively afloat during the period with which our comparisons are drawn. It is equally safe to leave gold coin out of the account on both sides, because, being wholly retired from ordinary circulation in each instance, its uses and influences in trade were probably about the same in each.

We have, then, as the maximum of inflation in England, a circulation of about \$350,000,000, and as the maximum in the United States a circulating currency of \$606,000,000. But the population (England and Wales in 1814) using the former amount of currency was scarcely 11,000,000, while the population in the United States (excluding that of the eleven States in rebellion) employing the latter sum was not less than 24,000,000, and more probably 25,000,000. The ratio of currency to population in England was nearly

\$ 32 per head; in the United States it has been from \$ 25 to \$ 26. Population, however, as was forcibly argued by the Hon. George Walker in his instructive letter appended to the report of Commissioner Wells for 1868, is no proper measure of the relative requirements of currency in any two countries, except as one element in a comparison which takes account also of their wealth, of the magnitude and activity of their trade, and of the facility of transportation with which it is carried on. England, to-day, in a natural condition of things, requires no doubt a larger circulation of money than the United States, proportionate to the population employing it. But the England of fifty-odd years ago, with a total foreign trade, imports, domestic exports, and re-exports aggregating only \$ 256,000,000 (against \$ 1,955,000,000 in 1867), without railroads or steam-carriage, on the other hand, to accelerate the exchanges within her compact territory, can hardly be supposed to have had healthy use for a larger circulation per head than the United States in 1864. The necessary conclusion seems to be that the excess to which the volume of cur-

rency swelled in England, under the long restriction of cash payments after 1797, was at least as great as we have known at any time in this country since specie payments were suspended, in 1862.

If we look at the indication of general prices, comparing their advance in the two periods, above prices previously prevailing, we shall find reason to conclude that the depreciation of the value of currency in the English case, resulting from inconvertibility and excessive quantity, was fully equal to that we have experienced in our own. A remarkably valuable exhibit of the course of prices in England from 1784 to 1837, prepared for the Commons Committee on Commercial Distress in 1848, is quoted by Doubleday in his *Life of Peel*. It shows in centesimal proportions the comparative prices of ninety articles of commerce, averaged for successive periods of six years each, the price given in every case being without duty. We select from the table a few leading articles for citation. The price attached to each article at the beginning is taken as the standard, equal to 100:—

The Course of Prices in England from 1784 to 1837.

	1784 to 1790.	1791 to 1797.	1798 to 1804.	1805 to 1811.	1812 to 1818.	1819 to 1825.	1826 to 1832.	1833 to 1837.
Candles, per dozen lbs.	100	111	133	152	152	104	85	..
Coals, Newcastle, per caldron . . .	100	130	167	202	190	156	139	124
Coffee, Jamaica, best, per cwt. . .	100	118	158	151	124	153	106	128
Wheat, per bushel	100	121	165	189	193	130	130	103
Barley, per quart'n	100	128	165	177	191	134	186	121
Rye	100	127	168	179	184	122	120	109
Oats	100	118	157	170	181	131	135	122
Flour, per sack	100	123	183	214	223	155	162	137
Iron, pig, British, per ton	100	130	144	151	151	148	115	96
Beef, per tierce	100	134	185	195	188	151	142	152
Pork, per barrel	100	124	179	168	176	133	121	111
Butter, per cwt.	100	120	142	174	197	159	140	145
Spirits, British, malt, per gal. . .	100	166	193	233	230	193	112	82
Sugar, Jamaica, brown, per cwt. .	100	158	150	139	181	107	93	104
Tallow, London, melted, per cwt. .	100	113	143	164	169	112	98	102
Wool, Southdown, per lb.	100	128	180	238	221	150	92	166
Average of 90 articles	100	120	150	174	177	125	104	104

It is to be noted that the period in which an advance of prices is first shown—that from 1791 to 1797—was anterior to the suspension of cash payments. Within that period, therefore,

the average advance of twenty per cent is solely attributable to the disturbance of production and trade by war. After that, the two causes operated together, very much as in our own case, although

to us the disturbing effects of war were, no doubt, brought nearer home, and were somewhat more violently felt.

From a lately published statement of the prices of breadstuffs and provisions

in the New York market on the 1st day of January each year since 1860, I have prepared the following centesimal table similar to the above, for comparison with it. So far as may be judged from the

The Course of Prices at New York from 1860 to 1870.

	1860	1861	1862	1863	1864	1865	1866	1867	1868	1869	1870
Flour (Western) per bbl. \$5.29	100	100.5	103.9	118.1	130.4	197.5	168.2	215.1	180.5	113.4	82.2
Wheat (Mich.) per bus. 1.50	100	96.6	100	98	100	176.6	173.3	213.3	213.3	141.6	103.3
Corn (old Western) do. 0.90	100	80	71.1	86.6	144.4	207.7	105.5	124.4	156.6	122.2	122.2
Oats (Western) do. 0.464	100	79.5	90.3	150.5	197.8	...	133.3	148.4	187	167.7	139.8
Rye (Western) do. 0.92	100	31.5	90.2	92.4	138	188	106.4	133.7	195.6	163	110
Pork (Mess) per bbl. 16.37	100	97.7	73.3	88.5	122.1	250.4	177.8	116.8	128.2	171	181.7
Beef (plain West'n) do. 9.50	100	94.7	115.8	136.8	126.3	226.3	189.4	168.4	168.4	147.3	147.3
Hams (pickled) per lb. 0.091	100	86.5	64.8	75.6	108.1	210.5	172.9	123.4	129.7	164.8	162.1
Lard do. 0.104	100	98.7	82	88	114.2	228.5	188	123.8	121.4	166.6	164.2
Butter (Western) do. 0.16	100	87.5	93.7	125	162.5	281.2	218.7	200	281.2	250	187.5
Cheese (Factory) do. 0.11	100	90.9	63.6	109	145.4	218.1	170.4	154.5	136.3	177.2	159
Average of 11 articles	100	90.3	86.2	106.2	135.4	218.5	164	157.3	172.5	162.2	141.7

comparison of these two tables, the average range of prices in England, during the twenty-one years from 1798 to 1819, must have been fully as high, relatively to prices prevailing before war commenced, as the range of prices in this country has been since 1863, when their advance began. It is true that in the latter of the two tables the year 1865 shows an upward bound to a height very far transcending the highest mark made in the former; but the prices given in the English table, it must be remembered, represent each the average of a period of six years, and it is more than probable that in some single years — within the interval from 1812 to 1818, for example — the extraordinary level of 1865 must have been closely approached. Indeed, I learn from another table, in which the prices of wheat, rye, barley, and oats are given for each year from 1797 to 1815, that in 1812 the prices of those grains were at an average nearly three times greater than their prices before the war. For the whole period from 1798 (the year following the first restriction of cash payments) until 1825 (four years after resumption took place), the average of the prices of the ninety articles embraced in the English table was 56 per cent greater than their ante-war prices. For the whole period from the beginning of 1863 until 1870 the average of the prices of the eleven ar-

ticles embraced in the New York table was 57 per cent greater than their prices in 1860.

By the comparison of prices, then, as well as by a comparison of the relative volumes of inconvertible paper money afloat in the two instances, we seem to be led to the conclusion that the state of monetary derangement in England which followed the suspension of specie payments in 1797 bore a very close resemblance, in seriousness of extent, as well as otherwise, to that which has prevailed in the United States since 1862. The Parliamentary statesmen of England at that period had to deal with almost identically the same problem that our own legislators are now attempting to master, and these latter, it is plain, can look nowhere for surer instruction than is to be gathered from the operation of the measures that were tried by the former.

As before noted, it was not until several years after the restriction of cash payments in England, that the phenomena of the resulting monetary derangement began to be observed. They were developed rapidly after 1806 by the growth of speculation, incited, first, by the "paper blockades" which Napoleon's Berlin Decree and the English retaliating Orders in Council had established, and then further inflamed

by the occurrences which opened to British enterprise those Spanish American colonies that were still supposed to be inexhaustible depositories of mineral wealth. Under the influence of a speculative mania, for the stimulation of which all the conditions were prepared, the effects delineated, of an inflated and depreciated currency, were quickly produced. It was long, however, before their real significance and nature were discerned by more than a very few men of advanced intelligence. The whole banking and commercial world persisted for many years in attributing the rise of prices wholly "to the effect of the war," and in considering the so-called "premium" upon bullion as absolutely an advance in the value of gold, induced by scarcity resulting from unfavorable exchanges. The famous report of the Bullion Committee of 1810 found very few prepared to accept its incontrovertible principles. In that remarkable report, chiefly the work of Francis Horner, the now accepted principles of monetary science were first fairly defined. It erred unquestionably in taking the market price of bullion as an exact measure of the depreciation of paper currency, and in concluding that a summary restoration of the lost standard, by resumption of cash payments within two years, was at that period practicable; but it made thoroughly and with scientific precision a diagnosis, so to speak, of the disease of the time. Supported only by a small party in Parliament, who became known as the "Economists," its views encountered overwhelming opposition, and it was rejected by a large majority. More effectually to condemn and extinguish its heretical doctrine, that the currency of the country had undergone depreciation, and that values had lost all definiteness of measurement, a defiantly contradicting resolution was carried by the Ministry of the day, and Parliament reposed upon its work. Nine years later the doctrines of the Bullion Report had become the prevailing creed, and Sir Robert Peel, who voted against

them in 1810, became the instrument of their practical application.

The next four years after 1810 were marked by a prodigious extension of enterprise in all directions, and particularly in agricultural improvement. What railroad building became at a later time, and what the mania of oil production, under similar circumstances, became in this country a few years ago, the reclaiming of waste lands and the fertilizing of unproductive soils was in England in 1812. Men lost all sense, apparently, of the natural limits within which capital could profitably invest itself in farming. It was believed that permanence had been given to the high price of wheat, by the Corn Law of 1804, establishing a minimum price of sixty-three shillings per quarter, below which importation was prohibited by a duty of twenty-four shillings and three pence per quarter. Money was abundant. The banks, checked by no thought of a "pay-day" for their obligations, put no limit upon their discounts. Men with small means, or with no means, found themselves able to command and to handle the boundless capital of credit. Of course they were venturesome with it. Of course they were enterprising, and, as we have seen in our own country, under like circumstances, within these seven years last past, a wondrous unsubstantial and illusive show of prosperous activity grew out of the opening of a wide opportunity for risking really little to gain possibly much.

Toward the close of 1814 the crash came. Peace had been temporarily attained with Napoleon in exile at Elba, and the act restraining cash payments required their resumption within six months after a declaration of peace. At the first movement of preparation for resuming, the bubble began to fall to pieces, and, notwithstanding a prompt re-enactment of the restriction, the following year found the whole fabric of overgrown enterprise and speculation totally prostrate. Eighty-nine country banks went into bankruptcy at once, and those that did struggle through the

crisis so curtailed their issues that the currency from that source which had been in circulation is believed to have been diminished in amount nearly one half. The Bank of England, as a measure of relief to business, increased its issues about £3,000,000; but still there must have been a suddenly created vacuum left of £8,000,000 or £10,000,000.

This destructive catastrophe of "contraction" in 1814-1816 is one of the most important facts of the history to which we are reverting. It explains the possibility of the measure of resumption adopted three years later, and teaches by what a disastrous method the heroic cure of these monetary diseases is of necessity accomplished.

Two years of half-paralyzed trade and stagnant enterprise caused an accumulation of bullion in the vaults of the Bank of England, and lowered its market price from £5 8s. per ounce in February, 1814, to £3 18s. 6d. in October, 1816. At the latter quotation the market price of bullion had dropped to within seven pence halfpenny per ounce, or about four fifths of one per cent of the par of the Mint. Under these circumstances, the Bank felt itself able to undertake a partial resumption of cash payments, and was permitted in the autumn of 1816 to issue notices, offering the redemption of all its notes dated prior to January 1, 1812. Early in the following year another step in the same direction was taken by notice of the redemption of all notes of the Bank of England dated prior to January 1, 1816; and in October, 1817, the notice was still further extended to all notes except the issues of that year. When these steps were first taken, had prudent measures been adopted for restraining the general volume of currency within the limit to which it had been reduced by the collapse of 1814-15, there seems to be no reason for doubting that resumption might at that time have been made complete very easily, and with little if any addition to the effects of the existing prostration. The business of the country was nearly

flat; general prices had sunk enormously, and, in fact, everything had tumbled almost to the specie bottom, as it was. But, fatuously enough, a new expansion of the currency was begun simultaneously with the undertaking of the experiment of partial resumption. The Bank of England had increased its issues from £26,000,000 in the summer of 1816 to £29,000,000 in the autumn of 1817. The country banks, as they recovered their footing, threw out an increasing volume of paper again; and so, very soon, depreciation began to manifest itself anew. At the first offering of redemption by the Bank of England, the demand for gold seems to have been remarkably slight. But it steadily increased, and almost every ounce drawn from the Bank by the presentation of its notes was got by speculators for shipment abroad. Mr. Peel, in a subsequent speech, estimated the drain at £6,000,000, and as the market price of bullion rose above £4 per ounce, it became evident before the close of 1817 that the experiment of resumption must cease. An act of Parliament was accordingly passed, releasing the Bank from the fulfilment of its notices, and once more the suspension of specie payments was complete.

Three or four years of the state of things which thus recurred would unquestionably have brought affairs again to as bad a pass as they were in four years before. Speculation revived; prices readvanced; an enormous importation of foreign goods took place, and the old bursted bubble was refilling itself as fast as it well could. But those who apprehended the meaning of these symptoms were now more numerous than in 1810, and Parliament took alarm. A committee to report upon the state of the Bank, with Sir Robert Peel for its chairman, was appointed during the winter of 1819, and from that committee came the plan of resumption by a "sliding scale," which we often hear referred to nowadays, but very seldom intelligently discussed. The provisions of the bill in which

this plan was submitted to Parliament may be briefly recapitulated as follows:—

The acts restraining cash payments were to continue in force until May 1, 1823; but

After February 1, 1820, and until October 1, 1820, the Bank should be required to pay its notes on demand, in amounts not less than of the value or price of sixty ounces, at £4 1s. per ounce, in standard *gold bullion*, stamped and assayed at the Mint.

After October 1, 1820, and until May 1, 1821, it should be required to pay its notes in the same manner at the rate of £3 19s. 6d. per ounce of standard bullion.

After May 1, 1821, and until May 1, 1823, the rate of payment should be £3 17s. 10½d. per ounce, or the mint price of bullion, giving two years during which the notes of the Bank should be maintained at par *in bullion*, before payments in cash or coin should be undertaken. After May 1, 1823, the Bank must redeem in coin.

Within the first period mentioned, the Bank might pay, if it chose, at a rate less than £4 1s., but not less than £3 19s. 6d. on giving three days' notice; and in the second period it might pay at a rate not less than £3 17s. 10½d. If it once lowered the rate, however, it had no permission to raise it again.

The payments of the Bank were to be made in bars or ingots of sixty ounces each, and fractional sums of less than the value of forty ounces in silver coin.

All former restrictions upon trade in bullion and coin were totally repealed.

Such were the essential details of the law known as "Peel's sliding scale," under which the resumption of specie payments was accomplished in England. It encountered considerable resistance, both in Parliament and out, its chief opponents being a party which maintained ideas corresponding with those now inculcated in this country by Mr. Pendleton and his disciples. These persons objected to the restoration of the ancient metallic standard of value,

upon the ground that the vast debt of the nation, and the great amount of private obligations incurred during the previous twenty-two years, had been contracted in a depreciated currency, and could only with justice be paid by the same measure; that the restoration of the old standard after twenty-two years of suspension, became a public and private fraud. They contended that the Bank should regulate the payment of its notes, not by a fixed standard, but by the price of gold, whatever it might be. Then, as now, however, these specious arguments were powerless to corrupt the better sense of public honesty which prevailed, or to confuse in the minds of the majority a shrewd perception of the folly of attempting to carry on a successful foreign commerce with a currency not conformed to the common standard of exchangeable value. Mr. Peel in his speech said: "It is in vain to think that foreign nations can be imposed upon by such a deception, or that in their dealings with us they will not calculate upon the depreciation." To that consideration, at least, there was no answer to be made.

The bill passed Parliament without a division in May, 1819. At the time of its passage, the difference to be overcome between value in paper money and in gold was asserted by Mr. Ricardo and other economists to be no more than five per cent. They were betrayed into a great mistake, however, by accepting the market price of bullion as a true index of that difference. Had it really been so, the transition to cash payments would have been easily and safely accomplished. Within three months after the passage of the act, the market price of bullion had fallen to the mint price, and the accumulation of gold by the Bank was so rapid that early in 1821—two years in advance of the time fixed by law—it asked and obtained permission to resume payments in cash. But meantime mischievous consequences had been wrought, in which the real length of the leap taken to solid ground was dis-

closed. A ruinous fall of prices set in simultaneously with the passage of the Bank Act, and failures in every department of business followed thick and fast throughout the year. Whether these were consequences or coincidences remains to this day a question in dispute between different writers in England. But there can hardly be a reasonable doubt that, although the general fall of prices may have been considerably helped by the occurrence of a heavy harvest, and although the results of excessive importation may have been inevitable in any event, the commercial disasters of 1819 were mainly, nevertheless, the immediate consequence of the anticipation of diminished nominal values, produced by the passage of the Bank Act.

Six years afterwards, when the operation of the act was made a subject of Parliamentary investigation, the Directors of the Bank of England asserted that no contraction of currency took place under it, and that it had no practical effect upon resumption. Mr. Tooke also claims, I believe, that the circulation of notes and coin in 1822 was actually greater than the circulation of notes in 1819. But if it be true that no contraction of currency took place, then all the more marked do we see the moral effect of the apprehension of it, and the practical mischief of the sudden preparation of every business man for a new system of things ordered and fixed in time by an act of legislation. The contrivance, of the sliding scale of resumption obviously worked with no appreciable effect in the manner intended, and failed utterly to distribute the strain of the transition from one measure of values to another over a protracted period of time. So far as can be discovered, the passage was accomplished no less by one perilous leap than if the act had omitted altogether its careful scale, and had commanded resumption absolute to take place on the first day of January following. If the whole shock of transition was not felt in 1819, the little that was spared must have gone into the

tremendous revulsion of 1825, only six years afterwards, which is remembered as one of the most destructive financial catastrophes that England ever knew. It is claimed that Mr. Ricardo, before he died, acknowledged that he had been entirely mistaken in supposing that the return to cash payments would make no more than five per cent difference in the value of the currency, confessing that the fall of prices had shown it to have been not less than twenty-five.

And now that we have reviewed the history of the long experience through which England passed with an inconvertible and depreciated paper currency, what conclusions can we deduce from it that will apply to the treatment of our own corresponding case? Can they be such as will favor the plans of those who would arbitrarily compel the restoration of specie payments, either by an act of Congress fixing some certain date on and after which the banks and the government shall pay their obligations in coin, or by an act of Congress establishing a graduated scale of rates at which notes shall be exchanged for coin, diminishing from month to month until all difference between the two is extinguished? I think not, and for several reasons:—

1. The operation of the restoring act of 1819 in England was preceded by one great collapse of the bubble of inflation, and yet, after that, was accompanied by a repetition of disaster throughout the kingdom.

2. Although the *actual* transposition of values to be made in our case, as we now stand, seems, by the comparison of general prices, to be not far from the same that it was in England in 1819, yet the *apparent* difference in value between coin and paper currency is far greater, and the practical difficulties of an enforced resumption are complicated with us by that speculative or gambling employment of gold in the market for which no opportunity was allowed in England.

3. It is plain that after 1815 the re-

sumption of specie payments would have naturally followed in no long course of time, without other interference by Parliament than the repeal of its restriction, if the issues of the English banks had been restrained within any limit, and had not been free to re-expand themselves at will. In our case the currency has that limitation, and every inch we have gained in the return toward substantial values we have held by reason of it.

4. The effect of contraction which for England was to be produced in no other way than by the disastrous operation of a great commercial catastrophe, we have had more fortunately prepared for us. The restored South since 1865 has been gradually absorbing millions of the currency which before that found its circulation in the Northern States alone. The new system of free labor now fairly established in that section requires, for the payment of wages and for the more complicated modes of dealing introduced, a far more considerable use of circulating money than was needed in the old slaveholding era; so that, month by month, as the development of a prosperous industry goes on, the South is acting like a

thirsty sponge upon our currency, drinking up the excess. The same process goes on in the expanding West, and in those great mid-Territories into which trade has been carried by the opening of the transcontinental line of rail. Nevada and California, too, on the farther slope, monetarily isolated from us hitherto, are preparing themselves for some use, at least, of the lawful currency of the nation, as the necessary consequence of a closer commercial intimacy. More than the effectual contraction of currency produced in this natural way by a steadily expanding need the country cannot bear without disaster.

If there is, then, a lesson to be drawn from the history that we have reviewed, in its comparison with the circumstances of our own monetary situation, I should write it thus: Let the currency alone, and wait a little for the needs of the country to grow until they have stretched this shrunken paper out to the full dimensions of the ancient standard of value. It will be but a year or two, — America grows fast, — and we can better afford to wait than to risk the production of a ruinous catastrophe by impatient force.

THE DUEL OF THE SPANISH BOURBONS.

(LETTER FROM MADRID.)

IF there is one fact which shows more clearly than others the lack of modern civilization in Spain, it is the continued subservience of the better classes to the point of honor. In England the duel has fallen into the same disrepute in which it is held in America. In Germany it is given over to boys. In France it is a rare occurrence that a gentleman fights. The daily rencounters in the Bois de Boulogne are invariably among journalists and jockeys, — men uncertain of their position and standing, who feel in their uneasy self-

consciousness the necessity to *donner des preuves*. The hired bravo of the Empire is Mr. Paul de Cassagnac, whose real name is Paul Granier. He has fought six duels with men who called him by his proper name, and the press of Paris has been cowed into accepting his usurped agnomen. He has great coolness, great skill in the use of arms, great readiness of foul invective, but there is probably no man in Paris less respected, unless we except his Imperial master.

But in Spain the duel is the resort of

gentlemen. The point of honor is absolute in society. The phrase itself has been used so much, that its angles have been worn off and the three words rubbed into one, — *pundonor* (*punto de honor*). Not satisfied with that, the Spaniards have started from the basis of this barbarous abbreviation to build an adjective, *pundonoroso*, which conveys the highest compliment you can pay to a cavalier of Castile. To be touchy and quarrelsome, — bizarre, as they term it, — is the sure index of a noble spirit. If you are not bellicose yourself, you must at least always be ready to accept a quarrel with alacrity. This is a *corvée* to which every one is subject who pretends to be in the world.

You must not be too nice, either, in the choice of an adversary. The son of one of the most important families of the kingdom was recently killed in a duel with a man of greatly inferior social position. The Governor of the Philippine Islands fought a few weeks ago with a young clerk, whom he had imprisoned at Manilla for not taking off his hat when His Excellency passed by for his airing. The clerk bided his time and buffeted the Governor at the door of the Casino in Madrid, and hence the fight.

Neither youth nor age is a just cause of exemption. Two gray-haired lieutenant-generals went out this winter for a friendly interchange of shots. Two boys at the military school rode in from Guadalajara with their friends and fought before sunrise in the shadow of the monument of the Dos de Mayo in the Prado. One was left dead in the frosty grass at the foot of the obelisk, and the rest mounted their horses and hurried back to be in time for morning prayers at the college.

The duel is, therefore, in Spain not the absurd anachronism that it is in countries more advanced. It is a portion of the life of the people. It is an incident of the imperfect civilization which still exists in the Peninsula. It is believed in and respected as a serious and dignified end to a quarrel.

There are men who see the utterly false and illogical character of the custom; but even these, while deploring it, do not dare oppose it.

It is natural, in consequence of this attitude of public opinion in the country, that the duel which has just resulted in the death of Prince Henry of Bourbon, at the hands of his cousin the Duke de Montpensier, should meet with very different appreciation in Madrid from that which it receives in all other capitals. Yet we cannot but be pleased to see that even here it has occasioned wide discussion, and from the standing of the parties concerned has attained a vast publicity which must result in a salutary change of public sentiment.

No duel so important in the position of the parties, or in probable results, has taken place in recent times. The fight of Burr and Hamilton alone is to be compared to it. The combatants were both princes of the blood royal of Spain and France, — not only high in the hierarchy of two dethroned families, but of great importance in the actual situation, and factors of value in the problems of the future. Both were men of mature age and fathers of families. Montpensier is forty-five and Prince Henry was a year older. The first is a captain-general in the army, the second was an admiral in the navy. Both professed liberal sentiments. Both were exiled before the Revolution as dangerous to the dynasty, and the battle of Alcolea, in which neither took part, opened to both the gates of the country.

Here the parallel ceases. Montpensier returned rich, powerful, the head and hope of a large and active party, — the most prominent candidate for the vacant throne. Prince Henry came back poor, with few friends, with no interest, and so little influence that the government refused to restore him to his active rank in the navy of which he had been unjustly stripped by the government of Bravo. He was a man of a curious scatter-brained talent. He had great historical knowledge, a bright

and quick imagination, and in conversation a vivid and taking style, which would have been florid were it not subdued and flavored by a dry, hard cynicism, which found only too inviting a field of exercise in the politics of his country. He was an ardent Republican, — of the school of younger brothers, like Philippe Égalité, and Prince Napoleon, and Maximilian of Austria, whose Republicanism was the fruit perhaps more of *ennui* and unemployed powers than a profound conviction. It was hard to resist the brilliant and picturesque talk of Prince Henry while you were with him, and yet no one seemed to trust the witty blond Bourbon, and Monarchists and Republicans alike treated him with cold civility, and rather feared his assistance. His preference for the Republic was frankly and openly expressed; but "then," he would add with the same fatal frankness, "we Republicans are not honest nor sensible enough as yet. Orense will think it an outrage if Castelar is president, and Castelar will sulk if we elect Orense. We cannot do without our First Tenor, or our Heavy Father. We must take refuge in the provisional. Espartero is our only choice. He has no brains, but he is a noble old figure-head, and will launch us cleverly on our way for a year or two, and we must learn how to take care of the government before he dies."

It may easily be imagined that, with such a taste for the dangerous luxury of speaking his mind, Don Enrique did not get on rapidly in favor with either the situation or the opposition. He would not flatter the regency nor train with the Republicans. If he had confined himself to talking, it would have been far better; but from time to time he found an unlucky pen in his way and issued preposterous manifestoes which everybody read and most people laughed at, but which nevertheless always had some uncomfortable barbs that pierced and stayed in the sensitive vanity of men whom he had better have conciliated. So while other inferior men got place and influence, the Ex-Infante was left

to corrode his own heart in poverty and neglect. He was too proud to ascribe this to anything but his name. "I have an unlucky name," he would say, "but I did not give it to myself, and it seems to me unworthy of a democracy to proscribe a name. I am no better for being a Bourbon but — *dame!* I am no worse. There are Bourbons and Bourbons. They call me descendant of Philip V. *Eh bien!* I am descendant of Henry IV. as well. I cannot afford to hide my name, like my friend Montpensier." There was some little of bravado, even, in his resolving, after the Revolution, when the walls of Madrid were covered with curses on his name, to drop his title of Duke of Seville, which he gave to his son, and to assume his abhorred patronymic for constant wear. Enrique de Borbon, a Spanish citizen, was all the title he claimed.

Montpensier was always his special detestation. There was something in the grave formal life of the Duke, in his wealth, in his intense respectability, that formed perhaps too striking a contrast to the somewhat Bohemian nature of Don Enrique. He grew more and more violent as he saw his chances for rehabilitation in the navy fading away. He wrote a long letter to Serrano, which he sent through that irregular medium, the public press, and which caused great wincing in high quarters by its trenchant criticism and *naïve* indiscretion. It is remembered that Montpensier read it in Seville in his palace of San Temlo, and, crumpling the paper in his hand, said, "That man will be my ruin yet." Don Enrique appeared to have a like instinctive antipathy. When informed that Montpensier had come to Madrid he started, turned pale, and said, "*El ó yo!*" He or I!

The Duke passed through Madrid in February on his way to the baths of Alhama. In Spain people go to watering-places when they need the waters, with a shocking disregard of fashions or the calendar. He remained a few weeks at Alhama, and on his way back to Seville stopped at Madrid, — as if a

gentleman on his way from New York to Boston should halt for a rest at Washington. As in that case you would ask "what he was *after*," so asked the Madrileños of the Duke, although the Castilian language lacks the graphic participial force which we give to that useful adverb. The curiosity grew so irritating that Mr. Cruz Ochoa, the youthful Neo-Catholic, interpellated the government, sternly asking what the Duke was doing in Madrid. To which the government, speaking through the phlegmatic oracle of Don John Prim, replied that the Duke was in Madrid because he chose to be,—that Spain was a free country, and the Duke of Montpensier was a soldier on leave, and could fix his domicile where he liked. The only thing noticeable in the speech of Prim was that he called the Duke Don Antonio de Borbon, whereas the Duke calls himself, and all that love him call him, Orleans.

His position thus, in a manner, made regular and normal by the explanations of the government, Montpensier began a course of life which, though unobjectionable in itself, was calculated to annoy his enemies beyond measure. It was the season of Lent, and he went regularly to church. It was the end of a hard winter in Madrid, and he fed droves of paupers at his gate every morning. It was touching to see the squalid army, encamped before his pretty palace in the Fuencarral, patiently waiting for the stout angel to come and give them bread. The laurels of Peabody seemed to trouble his sleep. He projected a home for indigent printers, and asked the municipal government for some vacant lots to build it on. The municipal government promptly refused, but the indigent printers felt kindlier to Montpensier than before. The ragged and hungry squad he fed day by day were all voters too; and noisy and unemployed, of the class who could afford to devote all their leisure, which is to say all their waking hours, to politics.

That there was something like a panic

among the opponents of the Duke is undeniable. After his defeat last winter for Oviedo, he had seemed so utterly impossible as a candidate, that the attacks on him had become less frequent. But now he seemed to be regaining that faint appearance of popularity which might be used as a justification of a sudden election by the government and Cortes. He was the only candidate,—he had at least one ardent supporter in Admiral Topete,—he needed watching.

All this inflamed to the highest point the animosity of Prince Henry. He could not brook even the tepid goodwill his wealthy cousin was gaining in Madrid. He listened to imprudent or interested advisers,—it is widely rumored that the first impulse started from the Tuileries,—and resolved to put upon Montpensier an affront which, by the canons of Spanish honor, could only be met by a challenge *à mort*. Henry was a brave man, but he had accustomed himself to thinking so highly of Montpensier's prudence and so ill of his spirit, that he probably thought the insult would pass unnoticed. The same opinion was openly entertained and expressed by the entire Isabelino and Napoleon interest in Madrid.

It was probably, therefore, with no apprehension and little excitement that Don Enrique wrote and published that extraordinary manifesto to the Montpensierists, in which he declared himself not only not subservient to the Duke, but his decided political enemy, with a profound contempt for him personally; and further denounced Montpensier as a charlatan in politics, and ended by calling him a "bloated French pastry-cook."

It is difficult to imagine a man of sense taking so absurd a document seriously. Yet all Madrid was in a flurry of excitement over it. The question asked everywhere in the places where the idlers congregate was, "Will he fight?" And upon the answer depended the good name of Montpensier in Spain. The two or three days that elapsed before the duel showed plainly

that he was falling in public estimation by his presumed patience.

The patience was only apparent. As soon as the paper fell into his hands he sent his aide-de-camp to ask Don Enrique if it was genuine. The Infante promptly sent him a copy with his autograph signature, avowing his full responsibility. • The case was made up. The cousins were face to face, and, under the rules that both recognized, neither could recede. The next step of either must be over the prostrate body of the other.

The first proceeding of Montpensier was excessively politic. Instead of selecting his seconds from among his own personal and political friends, he sent for General Alaminos, the bosom friend of Prim, a leading Progresista, belonging to the faction which has been hitherto most hostile to the Orleans candidature. He associated with him General Cordova — the venerable Inspector-General of Infantry, a man of great and merited influence in the army — and Colonel Solis.

These veterans carried to the house of Prince Henry the hostile message of his relative. Several days elapsed before Don Enrique responded. The delay was occasioned, partly by his consulting the Masonic fraternity, of which he was a member of high rank, — of the 33d degree, — and whose sanction he received in the matter; and partly by the difficulty he found in procuring men of character and position to act as his seconds. Several grandees of Spain refused, — a circumstance unheard of in their annals. At last three Republican deputies consented to act. But they put in writing their protest against being considered as in the least responsible for the acts or opinions of their principal. This evident isolation seems powerfully to have impressed the unfortunate Prince.

The duel took place at eleven o'clock, in a desolate sandy plain southwest of the city, used as a ground for artillery practice. The officers on duty gathered round to enjoy this agreeable distraction from the monotony of garrison life.

Sentries were posted at convenient distances to keep away any officers of the law who might be prowling in the neighborhood, and to check the curiosity of the peasants of the vicinity, who had no right to be curious in affairs of honor. The parties were placed ten metres apart in the stubble, which was beginning to grow green with the coming spring. Fortune was obstinately favorable to Don Enrique. He won the choice of pistols, choice of ground, and the first shot. The Duke, a large and powerful man, stood before him with his arms folded. His seconds had difficulty in making him assume an attitude more *en règle*. Don Enrique fired and missed. Montpensier fired and missed. The Infante fired again, with the same result. Montpensier fired the second time, and his bullet struck the barrel of Prince Henry's pistol, splitting, and tearing his coat with the fragments. At this point Montpensier's veteran seconds thought the affair might be properly terminated. But the other party, after consultation, decided that the conditions of the meeting were not yet fulfilled.

There seems a cool ferocity about this decision of Don Enrique's seconds that is hard to comprehend out of Spain. If a duel is necessary, it must be serious. A great scandal was made a short time ago by two generals going out to settle a difference, supported by three other generals on a side; and on the ground they were reconciled, without a shot, by one of the seconds throwing his arms around their necks and saying that Spain had need of them, — two such gallant fellows must not cut each other's throats for a trifle. The party came in to breakfast in great glee, but all Madrid frowned ominously, and will not forgive them for forgiving each other. On the other hand, I have heard Spanish gentlemen speak with great enthusiasm of the handsome behavior in a recent duel of two naval officers of high rank, intimate friends, who had quarrelled over their cups. They fought twenty paces apart, to ad-

vance to a central line and fire at will. One walked forward, and when near the line the other fired and hit him. The wounded man staggered to the line and said: "I am dead. Come thou up and be killed." The other came up until he touched the muzzle of his adversary's pistol, and in a moment both were dead, — like gentlemen, added my informant.

It is possible that another motive may have entered into the considerations of the Republican deputies who stood as godfathers — for this is the name given to these witnesses in Spain — to Prince Henry. They could not help thinking that if Montpensier fell, he would be safely out of the way; and if he killed his cousin, he would be greatly embarrassed by it.

However this may be, they stood up for another shot, Prince Henry a little disordered by the shock of the last bullet. "The Duke has got my range," he said. He fired and missed. Montpensier, who had remained perfectly cool, fired, and Don Enrique turned slowly and fell, his life oozing out of a wound in the right temple, and staining his flaxen curls and the dry stubble and the tender grass.

Montpensier, when it was too late, began to think of what he had done. When informed of the death of his cousin, he was terribly agitated, so that Dr. Rubio, who was one of Don Enrique's seconds, thought best to accompany the Duke to his palace. When they reached the gate the Duke could scarcely walk to his door. When the crowd of mendicants saw him leaning heavily on the arm of the physician, they concluded he was wounded, and burst out in loud lamentation, fearing that the end of his bread-giving was near.

In an hour the whole city was buzzing with the news. The first impression was singularly illogical. Every one spoke kindly of Montpensier, and every one said he had lost his chance of the crown. But the general feeling was one of respect for the man who would toss away so brilliant a tempta-

tion at the call of honor. His prestige among army people was certainly improved. It seems that not a single voice was raised against him. The day had been fixed for the interpellation of Castelar. He heard of the duel a few minutes before the session opened, and was compelled to change the entire arrangement of his speech to avoid referring to Montpensier.

When the evening journals appeared, the same dignified reticence was observed. The *Universal*, which had been attacking Montpensier daily for months, stated in a paragraph of one line that the Infante Don Enrique had died suddenly that morning. The *Época*, the organ of the restoration, went further, and announced that the Prince was accidentally shot while trying a pair of pistols in the Campamento. The widely circulated *Correspondencia* made no mention whatever of the occurrence.

But the next day it became evident that the traditional treatment of silence could not be followed in this case. The Republican journals, without exception, made the incident the occasion of severe and extended comment. It was plain that the Spain of tradition and decorum had ceased to exist; that the democracy proclaimed by the Constitution was a living fact; and that this event, like all others, was to be submitted to the test of publicity. Heretofore it has never been the custom for newspapers to make any mention of duels. When death resulted, a notice was published in the usual form, announcing the decease of the departed by apoplexy, or some equally efficient agency, and no journal has ever dared hint a doubt of it. But in this instance the organs of absolutism and the advocates of the fallen dynasty vie with the Republicans in condemning an act that they hope may be used for their especial ends. As the hidalgos refused to act as Prince Henry's witnesses because he was a Democrat, so the Bourbon newspapers call for justice on Montpensier because he is an aspirant for a throne they claim.

I cannot help thinking that this shows progress. Party spirit is an incident of a better civilization than chivalry.

The first judicial proceedings were eminently characteristic. The gentlemen who witnessed the duel went before the Judge of Getafe, within whose jurisdiction the event occurred, and testified upon their honor and conscience, each with his hand on the hilt of his sabre, that the death of Don Enrique Maria Fernando de Borbon was pure accident; that he went out with his well-beloved cousin, my Lord of Montpensier, to try some new pistols; that while they were trying them one was unpremeditatedly discharged, and the ball entered the head of the said Don Enrique, causing his untimely death; that my Lord of Montpensier was overwhelmed with grief at this mournful fatality, and was unable to appear and testify. This was the solemn statement of two veteran generals, gray-headed and full of honors, who would have the life of their brother, if he cast a doubt on their veracity.

But if the truth was considered too precious to be wasted on a lawyer and a civilian, they did not spare it in reporting the facts to the Minister of War, President of the Council, acting Autocrat of all the Spains, John Prim. He heard the whole story, said everything was regular, and advised them all to keep quiet a day or two, and the town would forget it, and the clatter of tongues would cease.

The people of Madrid, the lower classes, who from the mere fact of being wretched should sympathize with the unfortunate, gathered in great masses around the house where Prince

Henry lay. It was, perhaps, not so much sympathy as the morbid appetite for horrors, so common in the Celtic races. It is probable that many of these beggars came full of meat from Montpensier's palace gate, to howl for vengeance on him at the modest door of his dead rival.

Every means was taken to make the funeral a political demonstration, with indifferent success. Placards were posted, inviting all Spaniards to come and do honor to a Spaniard who had died to vindicate the honor and independence of his country. On his house a verse, equally deficient in reason and rhyme, was posted, importing, "Here lived a Spaniard, the only loyal Bourbon, who, for telling the truth, died on the field of honor." A great crowd of idlers followed the Prince to his grave. But the means taken to attract the crowd kept away the better class. Mr. Luis Blanc, a man born with a predestinate name, made a little speech at the cemetery, in which he explained his presence there, by saying he came to the funeral of a Spanish citizen slain by a Frenchman.

If all this excitement results in subjecting duelling in Spain to the severe judgment of the press, and the impartial cognizance of the tribunals, Don Enrique will have done more good in his death than he could have done in life.

In a wider sense, there will be another result to this honorable fratricide that the world will not greatly regret. It places another barrier between Bourbons and thrones. I do not ignore the merits of the Orleans branch. There are good and bad Bourbons, and they are the best. But the whole family has been judged by history, and the case had better not be reopened.

REVIEWS AND LITERARY NOTICES.

The Luck of Roaring Camp, and other Stories. By FR. BRET HARTE. Boston: Fields, Osgood, & Co.

THE most surprising things in that very surprising publication, "The Overland Monthly," have been the stories or studies of early California life, in which Mr. Harte carried us back to the remote epochs of 1849 and 1850, and made us behold men and manners now passing or wholly passed away, as he tells us. Readers who were amazed by the excellent quality of the whole magazine were tempted to cry out most of all over "The Luck of Roaring Camp," and the subsequent papers by the same hand, and to triumph in a man who gave them something new in fiction. We had reason indeed to be glad that one capable of seeing the grotesqueness of that strange life, and also of appreciating its finer and softer aspects, had his lot cast in it by the benign destiny that used to make great rivers run by large towns, and that now sends lines of railway upon the same service. But we incline to think that nothing worth keeping is lost, and that the flower born to blush unseen is pretty sure to be botanized from a bud up by zealous observers. These blossoms of the revolver-echoing cañon, the embattled diggings, the lawless flat, and the immoral bar might well have been believed secure from notice, and were perhaps the last things we should have expected to unfold themselves under such eyes as Mr. Harte's. Yet this happened, and here we have them in literature not overpainted, but given with all their natural colors and textures, and all their wildness and strangeness of place.

The finest thing that could be said of an author in times past was that he dealt simply, directly, and briefly with his reader, and we cannot say anything different about Mr. Harte, though we are sensible that he is very different from others, and at his best is quite a unique figure in American authorship, not only that he writes of unhackneyed things, but that he looks at the life he treats in uncommon lights. What strikes us most is the entirely masculine temper of his mind, or rather a habit of concerning himself with things that please only men. We suppose women generally would not find his stories amusing or touching,

though perhaps some woman with an unusual sense of humor would feel the tenderness, the delicacy, and the wit that so win the hearts of his own sex. This is not because he deals often with various unrepresentable people, for the ladies themselves, when they write novels, make us acquainted with persons of very shocking characters and pursuits, but because he does not touch any of the phases of vice or virtue that seem to take the fancy of women. We think it probable that none but a man would care for the portrait of such a gambler as Mr. John Oakhurst, or would discern the cunning touches with which it is done, in its blended shades of good and evil; and a man only could relish the rude pathos of Tennessee's partner, or of those poor, bewildered, sinful souls, The Duchess and Mother Shipton. To the masculine sense also must chiefly commend itself the ferocious drollery of the local nomenclature, the humor with which the most awful episodes of diggings life are invested by the character of the actors, and the robust vigor, and racy savor of the miners' vernacular; not that these are very prominent in the stories, but that they are a certain and always noticeable quality in them. Mr. Harte could probably write well about any life he saw; but having happened to see the early Californian life, he gives it with its proper costume and accent. Of course, he does this artistically, as we have hinted, and gets on without a great use of those interconsonantal dashes which take the sinfulness out of printed profanity. You are made somehow to understand that the company swear a good deal, both men and women, and are not examples to their sex in any way; yet they are not offensive, as they might very well be in other hands, and it is the life beneath their uncouth exteriors that mainly interests. Out of this Mr. Harte has been able to make four or five little romances, which we should call idyls if we did not like them better than most recent poetry, and which please us more and more the oftener we read them. We do not know that they are very strong in plot; perhaps they are rather weak in that direction; but the world has outlived the childish age in fiction, and will not value these exquisite pieces the less because they do not deal with the Thrilling and the Hair's-

breadth. People are growing, we hope, — and if they are not, so much the worse for people, — to prefer character to situations, and to enjoy the author's revelations of the former rather than his invention of the latter. At any rate, this is what is to be liked in Mr. Harte, who has an acuteness and a tenderness in dealing with human nature which are quite his own, and such a firm and clear way of handling his materials as to give a very complete effect to each of his performances.

Amongst these we think "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is the best, for the range of character is greater, and the contrasts are all stronger than in the others; and, in spite of some sentimentalized traits, Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, is the best figure Mr. Harte has created, if, indeed, he did not copy him from life. The whole conception of the story is excellent; — the banishment of Oakhurst, Uncle Billy, The Duchess, and Mother Shipton from Poker Flat, their sojourn in the cañon, where they are joined by the innocent Tommy Simson, eloping with his innocent betrothed; Uncle Billy's treacherous defection with the mule; the gathering snows, the long days spent round the camp-fire listening to Tommy's version of Pope's Homer; the approaches of famine, and the self-sacrifice of those three wicked ones for the hapless creatures whose lot had been cast with theirs. As regards their effort to adapt their conduct to Tommy's and Piney's misconception of their characters and relations, the story is a masterpiece of delicate handling, and affecting as it is humorous. Mr. Harte does not attempt to cope with the difficulties of bringing those curiously assorted friends again into contact with the world; and there is no lesson taught, save a little mercifulness of judgment, and a kindly doubt of total depravity. Perhaps Oakhurst would not, in actual life, have shot himself to save provisions for a starving boy and girl; and perhaps that poor ruined Mother Shipton was not really equal to the act ascribed to her: but Mr. Harte contrives to have it touch one like the truth, and that is all we can ask of him. "It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than

she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton — once the strongest of the party — seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. 'I'm going,' she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, 'but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it.' Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. 'Give 'em to the child,' she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. 'You've starved yourself,' said the gambler. 'That's what they call it,' said the woman, querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away."

Even in "Miggles," which seems to us the least laudable of these stories, the author, in painting a life of unselfish devotion, succeeds in keeping the reader's patience and sympathy by the heroine's unconsciousness of her heroism, and the simple way in which she speaks of it. She has abandoned her old way of life to take care of Jim, a paralytic, who in happier days "spent all his money on her," and she is partially hedged in by a pet grizzly bear which goes about the neighborhood of her wild mountain home with her. If you can suppose the situation, the woman's character is very well done. When the "judge" asks her why she does not marry the man to whom she has devoted her youthful life, "Well, you see," says Miggles, "it would be playing it rather low down on Jim to take advantage of his being so helpless. And then, too, if we were man and wife now, we'd both know that I was bound to do what I now do of my own accord." Of course all the people are well sketched; in fact, as to manners, Mr. Harte's touch is quite unerring. The humor, too, is good, as it is in all these pieces. Miggles's house is papered with newspapers, and she says of herself and Jim: "When we are sitting alone, I read him these things on the wall. Why, Lord," says Miggles, with her frank laugh, "I've read him that whole side of the house this winter."

The Idyl of Red Gulch suffers from some of the causes that affect the sketch of Miggles unpleasantly, but it is more natural and probable, and the interview between Miss Mary and Tommy's mother is a skillful little piece of work. But we believe that, after "The Outcasts of Poker Flat," we have the greatest satisfaction in "Tennessee's Partner," though even in this we would fain

have stopped short of having the partners meet in Heaven. Tennessee is a gambler, who is also suspected of theft. He has run away with his partner's wife, and has got himself into trouble by robbing a stranger near the immaculate borders of Red Dog. The citizens rise to take him, and in his flight he is stopped by a small man on a gray horse.

"The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent; and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but, in the nineteenth, simply 'reckless.' 'What have you got there?' I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee; and, with this gamblers' epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor."

Tennessee refuses to make any defence on his trial before Judge Lynch. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," he says, and his partner appears in court to buy him off, to the great indignation of the tribunal, which sentences Tennessee at once. "This yer is a lone hand played alone, without my pardner," remarks the unsuccessful advocate, turning to go, when the judge reminds him that if he has anything to say to Tennessee he had better say it now. "Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying, 'Euchred, old man!' held out his hand. Tennessee's partner took it in his own, and saying, 'I just dropped in as I was passing to see how things was getting on,' let the hand passively fall, and adding that it was 'a warm night,' again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew." So Tennessee was hanged, and his body was given to his partner, who invited the citizens of Red Dog to attend the funeral. The body was borne to the grave in a coffin made of a section of sluicing and placed on a cart drawn by Jinny, the partner's donkey; and at the grave this pathetic speech was made:—

"'When a man,' began Tennessee's partner, slowly, 'has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wander-

ing.' He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: 'It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he could n't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and "Jinny" have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up, and so fetched him home, when he could n't speak, and did n't know me. And now that it's the last time, why—' he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—'you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen,' he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, 'the fun'l's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble.'"

As to the "Luck of Roaring Camp," which was the first and is the best known of these sketches, it is, like "Tennessee's Partner," full of the true color of life in the diggings, but strikes us as less perfect and consistent, though the conception is more daring, and effects are achieved beyond the limited reach of the latter. As in "Miggles," the strength and freshness are in the manners and character, and the weakness is in the sentimentality which, it must be said in Mr. Harte's favor, does not seem to be quite his own. His real feeling is always as good as his humor is fresh.

We want to speak also of the author's sentiment for nature, which is shown in sparing touches, but which is very fine and genuine. Such a picture as this: "A hare surprised into helpless inactivity sat upright and *pulsating* in the ferns by the roadside, as the *cortège* went by,"—is worth, in its wildness and freshness, some acres of word-painting. The same love of nature gives life and interest to "High-Water Mark," "A Lonely Ride," "Mliss," and some other pieces (evidently written earlier than those we have just been speaking of), with which Mr. Harte has filled out his book. These pieces, too, have the author's characteristic cleverness; and the people in "Notes by Flood and Field" are almost as lifelike as any in his recent work. The dog "Boonder" is a figure entirely worthy to appear in the most select circles of Red Dog or Poker Flat.

The Mystery of Life and its Arts. By JOHN RUSKIN. New York: John Wiley and Son. pp. 45.

THIS little book comes to us in the American edition without any explanatory

preface or introduction of any sort. It appears to be a lecture delivered before some society of young people in Ireland, the subject requested being Art. The lecturer, however, apologizes gracefully, — just relieving the reader from the fear of a touch too strong of egotism, — for not keeping exactly to the letter of his requirement, and proceeds to preach an excellent sermon on the text, "What is your life? It is even as a vapor that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away." In truth, Mr. Ruskin seems admirably fitted for the sacred desk, — we say it in all soberness, and not in the least as satire. His discourse is serious, earnest, and eloquent, blurred a little with the author's besetting infirmity of paradox and lack of homogeneousness in doctrine, and pervaded with a tone of sadness, as much from his own confessed disappointment and failure in having convinced the world of the truth and importance of his views of art, as from a sense of the deep mystery of life in general.

In Mr. Ruskin's mind all art is inseparably connected with life, character, religion, motive. So that in treating of the Mystery of Life he is treating of Art. The prevailing apathy of men about the future life (which Mr. Ruskin seems to think the same thing as being without high religious motives in life) is the first great mystery to him. Are we sure, he asks, that there is a heaven and a hell? And if we are not sure, and do not care to be sure, "how can anything we think be wise: what honor can there be in the arts that amuse us, or what profit in the possessions that please?" This apathy is a mystery of life. But at least, he says, we might have expected the great teachers to throw light on this future life. Have they done it? Dante and Milton, according to Mr. Ruskin, "are the highest representatives of men who have searched out these deep things." They are his representative men as *seers* (to sustain which *role* we suppose never entered their heads, certainly not Milton's), and he thus criticises their shortcomings and vagaries in this line: —

"Do you know, as I strive more sternly with this strange lethargy and trance in myself; it seems daily more amazing to me that men such as these should dare to play with the most precious truths (or the most deadly untruths) by which the whole human race, listening to them, could be informed or deceived; — all the world their audiences forever, with pleased ear and passion-

ate heart; — and yet to this submissive infinitude of souls, and evermore succeeding and succeeding multitude, hungry for bread of life, they do but play upon sweetly modulated pipes; with pompous nomenclature adorn the councils of hell; touch a troubadour's guitar to the courses of the suns; and fill the openings of eternity, before which prophets have veiled their faces, and which angels desire to look into, with idle puppets of their scholastic imagination, and melancholy lights of frantic faith, in their lost mortal love."

Now all this is very beautifully expressed, but it strikes us as a poetic flying away from the question, which seems almost too evident for argument. And yet we can fancy young and enthusiastic people thinking it all sound reasoning. But did Dante or Milton choose heaven and hell for their themes with the least idea that their readers would take their wonderful imaginings for facts, or even for crude and imperfect sketches of what they really believed? Is it not clearly understood that they are poets, not seers, not clairvoyants? And why is Mr. Ruskin so amazed that such poets as they are should people the great unknown world with the creations of their imagination? Is not every one free to paint what pictures he pleases on the great, dark, void spaces which the wisest mortal could never penetrate, and which are made easy and cheap and legible only to a blind faith in the letter of the Scriptures? And why is the mysterious future more sacred than the mysterious present in which we live?

In fine, the author, by a strange mental confusion, confounds here the office of seer and teacher with that of the poet, just as he confounds high art with religion.

He next proceeds to criticise Homer and Shakespeare from the same point of view. Concerning the latter, it is a mystery of life to Mr. Ruskin that he is not something different from what he is, — that the heavens are not ever open to him, — that so great an intellect and genius does not teach the perpetual presence of the Deity, — and that we find in his writings *only* the consciousness of a moral law, and the confession that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will."

Then the author questions the wise religious men and the wise contemplative men in vain. Next he shows that the practical people of the world, whose motives are self-

ish, — the wise worldly men, — don't clear up the mystery of life any better. But, lastly, he confesses to getting some light on the subject out of the sincere, honest workers of the earth. And here he seems to touch upon sounder doctrine; and concludes with several pages of wholesome, humane, and wise matter upon clothing, food, and houses for the working classes. The religious opinions he inculcates here are so broad and healthy in comparison with those expressed in the first part of his discourse, that we quote his words, wondering how the same writer could find room for both in the same creed. After speaking of the needs of the people for a proper social environment, and of the value of right action, and subservience to duty, he says: —

"On such holy and simple practice will be founded, indeed, at last, an infallible religion. The greatest of all the mysteries of life, and the most terrible, is the corruption of even the sincerest religion, which is not daily founded on rational, effective, humble, and helpful action. Helpful action, observe! for there is just one law, which obeyed, keeps all religions pure, — forgotten, makes them all false. Whenever in any religious faith, dark or bright, we allow our minds to dwell upon the points in which we differ from other people, we are wrong, and in the Devil's power. That is the essence of the Pharisee's thanksgiving, — 'Lord, I thank thee that I am not as other men are.' At every moment of our lives we should be trying to find out, not in what we differ with other people, but in what we agree with them; and the moment we find we can agree as to anything that should be done, kind or good, (and who but fools couldn't?) then do it; push at it together; you can't quarrel in a side-by-side push: but the moment that even the best men stop pushing and begin talking, they mistake their pugnacity for piety, and it's all over."

The truth must be that Mr. Ruskin, like many men of genius, is a man of moods; and this may account for much inconsistency. In this lecture, for instance, he begins in despair, and ends in hope. He is invited to talk of art; but he tells his hearers that "the main thing he has to say is that art must not be talked about." What a confession for Mr. Ruskin to make!

Modestly or despairingly he talks as if he had spent much vain labor in writing about art, though still holding to his old convictions. He hints, too, that his power

of saying apt and beautiful things is declining. We do not see any falling off in ideas or expression or rhetorical beauty. But we think that we do see that his moods color and even shape his ideas. And if this be so, it may help to give us a key by which we may in a measure explain much in his writings that seems paradoxical and capricious.

Casimir Maremma. By ARTHUR HELPS, Author of "Friends in Council" and "Realmah." Boston: Roberts Brothers.

HAD not Miss Martineau's "Illustrations of Political Economy" been discontinued some thirty years ago, this might pass for one of the series. The moral is emigration, which it was the hero's mission to organize and inaugurate. The author here gets him as far as matrimony and embarkation, and the next volume is to give his experiences in the colony. We are not to have him among us in these parts, though, for he is going among "intelligent Indians."

This may mean Boston, however, for Mr. Helps is not strong on American affairs; he thinks it would be much better if this Union were divided into three or four large States (p. 61), and he complains that for want of organized emigration "the great towns of the New World have nearly the same amount of squalidity, unhealthiness, and abject misery" as those of the Old (p. 383). He probably bases his whole comparison on New York; yet as New York has but 15,000 paupers out of a million inhabitants, while London has 150,000 out of three million, even this extreme case shows a rather hasty style of generalization. For the rest the story can be read, which "Realmah" could not (at least by this present witness), and is not more tiresome than most of the genteeler class of English novels. For his scheme of organized emigration, it is much like a hundred other schemes that we have seen rise and fall in America, and does not inspire any great interest. It is infinitely pathetic, however, to think of a nation where the prime object of statesmanship is to send the people out of the country; and where the interest of the experiment is so great, that families have to be "evicted" by hundreds to take part in it, their houses being pulled down over their heads to make "organized emigration" look more attractive.

The Bible in the Public Schools. Arguments in the Case of John D. Minor *et al.* versus the Board of Education of the City of Cincinnati *et al.* Superior Court of Cincinnati. With the Opinions and Decisions of the Court. Cincinnati: Robert Clarke & Co.

The Question of the Hour. The Bible and the School Fund. By RUFUS W. CLARK, D. D. Boston: Lee and Shepard.

A NEW storm is fairly upon us. It has been a long time grumbling in the distance, but now the loud thunder rolls over our heads, the lightning flashes into our very eyes, the big drops have begun to fall, and everybody whose business calls him to face it must reckon upon a tolerable drenching before he again sees the peaceful domestic hearth. The Catholic hierarchy, stimulated by the hope of inducing the state to divide the school fund, and set off a portion of it to their distinctive use, keep up a portentous howl over the injustice done the children of Catholics by the formal reading of the Bible in the common schools. And the Protestants, under pretext of the notorious enmity borne and sworn by the Catholic priesthood to the principles of civil and religious liberty, insist that the state shall maintain the reading of the Bible in the common schools as the safeguard of those principles. But the alternative is idle. For suppose it to be true that the blind fealty which the Catholic bishops pledge to the see of Rome makes them virtually the enemies of the human race, certainly the way to diminish their prestige, and abridge the power they already possess over their ignorant followers, is not to give them a respectable grievance, or colorable ground of complaint against any one else, but to leave them resolutely alone, that they may show themselves for what they are in the broad light of our modern day, and so perish at last of men's practical contempt or indifference. But so long as this obligatory reading of the Bible is kept up in the common schools, they have that exact ground of quarrel they desire with the state of things around them, in order to cover their spiritual indigence from sight, and attract a chance public sympathy. Let the state, then, resolutely vacate this plausible pretext, by ceasing to enforce the statute complained of, or rather by taking it off the statute-book forever, and we shall hear no more of the claim of the Catholics to a distinctive portion of the

school fund, that is, to the state's recognition.

Of course all this will be very objectionable to Dr. Clark and his fellow-zealots. It is obviously Dr. Clark's idea that the Bible will cease to exert any influence in favor of civil and religious liberty the moment it is excluded from the public schools. At least all his reasonings proceed upon this tacit postulate. We have diligently read his little book, and we can discover nothing whatever in it which does not run into the following syllogism: The state is bound to provide its offspring with moral and religious principles; now the Bible is identified with those principles; the state, therefore, is bound to make familiarity with the Bible a necessity of common-school education. Both the major and the minor premise of this conclusion are inadmissible. It is not true, in the light of modern science, that it is the duty of the state to provide its subjects with moral and religious culture. Neither is it true, in the light of our modern conscience, that the Bible is at all identified with such culture. No one, indeed, can deny that the Bible has done an inappreciable service to mankind in stimulating the free evolution of human life in every sphere of its manifestation. But this is heaven-wide of maintaining that the existence of such freedom any longer needs the authentication of the Bible. The Bible, doubtless, was the fixed star which cheered and guided human hope during the long night of its struggle with priestly despotism. But now that that despotism has given place to the right of private judgment, or the consecration of our secular consciences, every man possesses a mariner's compass in his private bosom, exempting him from any necessity to consult the stars. If we believe the fundamental truth of Christianity, heaven has come down to earth to reproduce itself evermore in all the features of our homely natural experience; and no man has any need henceforth to seek a heaven outside of himself and his kind.

But it is the major premise of this syllogism which invites special denial. The state is *not* bound to provide its children with moral and religious principles. It is bound to provide them with just and equal laws, and to leave their moral and religious culture to the benign social atmosphere thus engendered. The state has absolutely no responsibility for the spiritual welfare of its subjects, but only for their material welfare; and this it promotes in no other way

than by resolutely eliminating every vestige of privilege, ecclesiastical or political, which it finds surviving among them, and so removing every obstacle to the free evolution of their spontaneous life, their long latent but really infinite social and æsthetic force. It is surprising that Dr. Clark and those who reason with him do not see how directly they are playing into the hand of their adversaries by the view they take of the state's function. For if the state is bound to furnish religious training to its children, then our Catholic fellow-citizens have exactly the same right with any other to have their ideas respected and represented.

But, in opposition to what we have here said, we may be pointed to our prisons and scaffolds, and asked whether these institutions do not argue on the part of the state a just sense of its responsibility for at least the *moral* welfare of its subjects? To this we reply, that the state undoubtedly punishes Catholic and Protestant both alike, whenever they overtly injure the person or property of their neighbor. But why? Simply because the state alone represents the principle of force in the community, or is alone chargeable with the care of its material interests; and accordingly, whenever any of its citizens is found usurping the state's prerogative and forcibly helping himself at the expense of his neighbor, the state is bound to avenge the affront, and restore equilibrium by the summary punishment of the offender. The state represents the principle of force or necessity in the community, and this exclusively; but it does so only on behalf of those higher interests of freedom with which the life of the community is identified, so that whenever these interests are outraged by any person, the state is pledged to restore harmony by the removal of the evil-doer. But surely this is a very different office from conveying moral instruction to its subjects. The state is simply indifferent to the morals of its subjects, provided they do not result in any actual injury to person or property; in that case the state is bound to interfere, and to interfere remorselessly, until every man's freedom to lead a peaceable and honest life becomes universally respected. A man may, indeed, freely cherish in his private bosom any conceivable amount of selfishness or ill-will to his kind; but so long as this unholy and unhappy temper of mind begets no actual injustice or injury to others, the state exhibits the same kindly providence towards him that it does to all the world.

The title of the first book under notice sufficiently describes its character. All our readers have been made familiar by the newspapers with the recent controversy before the local courts in reference to the right of the Board of Education of Cincinnati to exempt the common schools of the State from the operation of the statute enjoining the reading of the Bible in those schools. The volume before us brings the controversy down to its present point of suspense; and we have found the various pleadings *pro* and *con* interesting reading. But the whole question at issue is prejudged, as it appears to us, by our acknowledged constitutional maxims. Dr. Clark's book is extremely loose in point of logic, though there is a good deal of incidental right sentiment to be found in it. He is ludicrously inconsequent with himself when he supposes that the exclusion of Bible-reading as a school exercise is going to abate the public reverence of the Bible. Surely every friend of the Bible would be bound in his judgment to become only all the more active and energetic in diffusing the influence of its vital principles.

A Day by the Fire, and other Papers hitherto uncollected. By LEIGH HUNT. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

If any lover of Leigh Hunt's were called upon to tell exactly why he liked that author, we think he would find it a hard matter, though he would never therefore doubt the fact of his liking, but would probably be all the more convinced of it because of the elusive nature of his reasons. You cannot say of Leigh Hunt that he is a great poet, or a fine wit, or an exquisite humorist, or, in fact, any of those compact and sententious things in which you are fond of expressing the quality of your favorite authors. You are aware that much of his poetry lies dangerously near the borders of prose; that his wit is often faint enough, and his humor pallid and thin; yet you know of at least one poem of his that is enchanting, and you recall some of his essays that are perfectly charming in spirit. He was an eminently graceful observer of literature and life, and his heart was so kind that he loved men almost as well as letters. He wrote about both in a facile and contented way, and as if he did not think that any book or soul would quite come to be damned, though he must have known that in strict justice a good many de-

served something like it. Yet he was very far from a sentimentalist, and he despised meanness of any kind heartily, and suffered, and was always ready to suffer, for what he believed the right in politics or literature. We all know how he spent two years in prison for saying that the Prince of Wales was an Adonis of fifty, and how he was a friend of Keats when there was nothing more contemptible than friendship with "Keats and Kangaroo-land," as Lord Byron, who had a delicate, light wit of his own, called the new poetic school. Hunt had a truly generous and manly spirit. As a critic he belongs to what you may call the Charles Lamb school, and is apt to pick a grain of wheat out of the bushels of chaff in an old poet, and to give you the idea that the rest is like it; he has Lamb's keen relish for titbits, and he helped on the bad fashion of judging work in parts rather than the whole. But his taste was more catholic than Lamb's, and his reading wider. We do not think of any essayist who affords the unlearned reader so much information about the whole body of poetical literature, in such a very graceful and pleasing way. Preferably he deals here with the lyrical and idyllic poets, but he has a great pleasure in the story-telling sort, though he will most likely make you think better of them than is just. His talent is so potent that he can almost tell you something about a subject of which he knows nothing, as, for instance, in this volume, where he speaks so entertainingly about a Welsh translation of Milton. "*Here*," says he, quoting a passage of the Welsh, "*are some fine words to the eye*." He does not pretend to understand them, and he is never wittingly dishonest, and when he writes of poetical themes and properties rather than particular poets, he is doubtless entirely trustworthy. In "*A Day by the Fire*, and other Papers" he has this advantage, and is often at his best in essays about the genii of the ancients, and of the poets, and of the East, about fairies, about tritons and mermaids, satyrs and nymphs, as they exist in poetry and superstition. These occupy him for half the volume, and the rest is made up of various desultory essays, which are each to be enjoyed. He is very desultory, as an essayist should be, and if the thread of his discourse grows a little thin, he splices it, true essayist fashion, with strands of gold from a poet, often taking all the poor fellow had; and he is apt at any time to help himself

out with some quaint or dainty bit of prose. So he never fails to instruct and interest you; and if you will yield to the placid humor in which he writes, he is delightful. In the first of these papers, "*A Day by the Fire*," he is in one of his most characteristic moods, full of subtle observation and comment, happy in his quotations and allusions, and, as ever, quite unaffected.

Those who like Leigh Hunt will be glad of the papers, which a very ardent lover of him has rescued from the uncertainty, if not oblivion, of old periodicals, identified as his, and here collected; and if this volume should persuade others to make the essayist's acquaintance, it will be in the interest of good taste and sweet and sound literature. Another affectionate and invaluable editorial labor is added to those which Americans have already performed for English authors; and to Mr. J. E. Babson, to whose taste and discrimination we are all indebted for it, we are glad to acknowledge the pleasure it has given us.

Hans Breitmann in Church, with other new Ballads. By CHARLES G. LELAND. Third Series of the Breitmann Ballads. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson and Brothers.

WE remember with tenderness quite unbecoming a critic the pleasure which former ballads of Hans Breitmann have given us, and we cannot condemn these with anything like the suitable ferocity. Yet we must say that Hans Breitmann has not gained in humor by going back to Germany (where Mr. Leland wrote the present ballads), and that in his absence he is edited after a fashion to make one shudder, if one has due terror of friendly pride and officiousness. In the preface the obvious points of the book are turned to the light, and the clear passages explained with an exultant satisfaction that is queer enough, and far too great for the modest merit of the poems. In these the keys touched before are touched again; there is a war-ballad, a legend, and a love-song, and neither is so good as previous pieces of the same kind. Whether the kind is susceptible of very much more reproduction, and whether it is not time for something mortal to occur to Hans Breitmann, are questions which Mr. Leland can ponder with equanimity greater than he could feel if his humor must perish with its creature.